This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google books

https://books.google.com

WALTER
STACKS

REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

THE LIBRARY

REVISED EDITION.

THE
SCHOOL READER.

FIFTH BOOK.

DESIGNED AS A SEQUEL TO SANDERS' FOURTH READER.

PART FIRST,
CONTAINING FULL INSTRUCTIONS IN THE RHETORICAL PRINCIPLES OF
READING OR SPEAKING, ILLUSTRATED BY NUMEROUS EXAMPLES.

PART SECOND,
CONSISTING OF ELEGANT EXTRACTS IN PROSE AND POETRY FROM VARIOUS
ELOQUENT WRITERS, ACCOMPANIED WITH NOTES, EXPLANATORY
OF SUCH HISTORICAL OR CLASSICAL ALLUSIONS, AS THE
SEVERAL LESSONS CONTAIN.

FOR THE USE OF ACADEMIES
AND THE
HIGHEST CLASSES IN COMMON AND SELECT SCHOOLS

BY CHARLES W. SANDERS, A.M.
AND
JOSHUA C. SANDERS, A.M.

NEW YORK:
IVISON & PHINNEY, 178 FULTON STREET.
CHICAGO: S. C. GRIGGS & CO.
PHILADELPHIA: SOWER & BARNES. DETROIT: MORSE & SELLECK.
CINCINNATI: MOORE, WILSTACH, KEYS & CO.
AUBURN: SEYMOUR & CO.
1855.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by
CHARLES W. SANDERS,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the
Southern District of New York.

STEREOTYPED BY
THOMAS B. SMITH,
82 & 84 Beekman Street, N. Y.

PRINTED BY
J. D. TORREY,
18 Spruce Street.

Gift
William J. [illegible]
7-28-31

428.6
Sa56

PREFACE

TO THE

REVISED EDITION.

The Fifth Reader, of which the present is a revised and corrected edition, differs from the preceding numbers of the Series chiefly in offering a wider range of instruction in the principles and practice of good reading. In aim, mode and spirit, it is one and the same precisely with all the other works in this department of education, at present so extensively and so favorably known in the schools, as "Sander's Series of Reading Books."

To those, therefore, who are familiar with the earlier numbers of the Series, all explanations of the *plan* of instruction adopted in this book, would be superfluous. For the sake of others, however, interested in the cause of practical education, it may be proper to specify, in this place, some of those features of the plan, which are the most prominent, because they have been found to be the most useful.

In the first place, it assumes, that the principles, which, in Reading, as in every other Art, always underlie and regulate the practice, must be clearly understood, before they can be intelligently applied; and accordingly, the student is conducted through a course of exercises in the science of Elocution, carefully adapted to the intellectual wants of youth, and yet

BINDERY USE ONLY

well suited to the exigencies of the school-room. By this process, he comes gradually, though early, to feel, that there is a *law* of utterance for every sentence, and, consequently, that the surest road to a just Elocution is through an intelligent application of principles.

In the second place, it proceeds upon the conviction, that every course of instruction in reading is, in an important sense, a course of instruction in taste and in morals. Hence, in order to the cultivation of delicacy and correctness in matters of taste, it furnishes, for imitation, some of the finest models of style in every variety of composition; while it labors for the improvement of the moral nature, by carefully excluding every thing unsound or unseemly in sentiment or diction.

In the third place, it everywhere heeds the intimations of experience, by throwing in timely *Notes*, *Definitions* and *Suggestions*, designed to give force and interest to the lessons, by explaining such matters as are likely to be misunderstood, or altogether unknown by the generality of pupils. In this way moreover, is imparted a large amount of information, historical, geographical, biographical and miscellaneous, not otherwise easy to be so well inculcated.

But, without further specification of the claims of the series, the present volume is commended to the public with the earnest hope, that it may not be behind any of its predecessors in subserving the purposes of sound education.

CONTENTS.

PART FIRST.

RHETORICAL PRINCIPLES.

LESSON PAGE

ELOCUTION,—Its Nature, ... 13

1. ARTICULATION,—Nature of the Elemental Sounds, ... 15
   Divisions of Elemental Sounds, ... 16

2. ARTICULATION,—Directions for Expressing Elemental Sounds, 17
   Table of Elemental Vowel Sounds, ... 17
   Table of Elemental Consonant Sounds, ... 18
   Table of Vocal and Aspirate Consonants, Correlatives, &c... 18
   The Organs used in Uttering Consonant Sounds, ... 19

3. ARTICULATION,—Syllables, Words, and Sentences, ... 19
   Difficult Combinations of Consonant Sounds, ... 20
   Accent, Primary and Secondary, ... 20
   Examples for Exercises in Articulation, ... 21

4. EMPHASIS, ... 24
   Degrees of Emphasis, ... 24
   Absolute and Antithetic Emphasis, ... 26
   Logical and Passionate Emphasis, ... 27
   Cumulative Emphasis, ... 28

5. INFLECTIONS OF THE VOICE, ... 29
   Rising Inflection, ... 29
   Falling Inflection, ... 30
   Circumflex, ... 30
   Monotone, ... 31
   Intensity of Inflection, ... 31

6. GENERAL RULES FOR THE USE OF INFLECTIONS,... 32
   RULE I.—Direct Questions, ... 32
   II.—Indirect Questions, ... 34
   III.—Antithetic Terms, ... 35
   IV.—Pause of Suspension, ... 38
   V.—Expressions of Tender Emotion, ... 40
   VI.—Penultimate Pause, ... 41

LESSON PAGE
RULE VII.—Expressions of Strong Emotion,.................. 42
VIII.—Emphatic Succession of Particulars,.............. 44
IX.—Circumflex—Rule for its use,..................... 46
X.—Monotone—Rule for its use......................... 46

7. MODULATION,.. 48
Pitch of Voice,—illustrated by Musical Scale,................ 49
Quantity,.. 52
Quality,... 54

8. EXPRESSION,.. 55
Notation in Modulation,...................................... 56
Various Exercises in Modulation,............................. 56

9. PERSONATION,... 59

10. RHETORICAL PAUSE,....................................... 64

11. POETICAL ELOCUTION,..................................... 65
Rhyme and Blank Verse,....................................... 65
Accented Syllables,.. 66
Poetic Feet,... 66
Iambus,.. 66
Trochee, Anapest, Dactyl,.................................... 67
Poetic Pauses,... 68
Cesural Pause, the Final Pause,.............................. 69
Demi-Cesural Pause,.. 69

PART SECOND.

1. The Intelligence of the People, the Security of the Nation,........ *Edward Everett*, 71
2. The Inquiry,.............................. *Charles Mackay*, 74
3 Moral Sublimity,.......................... *Wayland*, 75
" Sequel to the Same,.. 78
4. Imaginary and Real Endowments,............ *Bowles*, 79
5. Aspirations after the Infinite,........... *Akenside*, 79
6. The Vanity of Earthly Glory,.............. *Wayland*, 82
7. The Memory of the Just,................... *Prescott*, 84
8. The Pen and the Press,.................................... 85
9. Liberty and Greatness,.................... *Legare*, 86
10. The Indian's Revenge,.................... *Mrs. Hemans*, 87
11. Forgive and Forget,...................... *Charles Swain*, 93
12. Description of the Pyramids,............. *E. D. Clarke*, 94
13. The Ravages of Time,..................................... 98

LESSON	SUBJECT.	AUTHOR.	PAGE
14.	The Votary of Pleasure,	*Charles H. Lyon*,	99
"	Vanity of Pleasure,	*Burns*,	101
"	Real Pleasure,	*Young*,	101
15.	The Gladiator,		101
16.	The Song of the Simoom,	*James Stillman*,	104
17.	The Present Age,	*Story*,	106
18.	The Present Age,—*continued*,	*Channing*,	110
19.	The Magnetic Telegraph,	*Mrs. E. L. Schermerhorn*,	112
20.	Slander,	*Milford Bard*,	113
21.	The Proper Direction of the Intellectual and Moral Powers,	*Styles*,	114
"	Dignity of Man,	*Young*,	115
22.	Antidote to Despondency,	*Carlos Wilcox*,	117
23.	What is Patriotism ?	*Fisher Ames*,	118
"	Sequel to the Same,	*Sidney Smith*,	119
"	Patriotism,	*Walter Scott*,	119
24.	Creation,	*Thomas Fox*,	121
25.	The Days of Creation,	*From the German of Krummacher*,	124
"	"Let there be Light!"	*Darwin*,	125
26.	The Educational Policy of New York,	*Horace Mann*,	126
27.	Excelsior, or the Youthful Aspirant,	*H. W. Longfellow*,	128
"	Aspirations of the Heaven-Born Spirit,	*Mrs. Hemans*,	129
28.	The Union of the States,	*Edmund Randolph*,	130
"	The Constitution,	*Bryant*,	131
29.	Liberty and Union, One and Inseparable,	*Webster*,	131
30.	Damon and Pythias; or, True Friendship,	*William Peter*,	133
31.	Character and Condition of the Western Indians,	*G. Catlin*,	137
32.	Description of the Ruins at Balbec,	*French of Lamartine*,	140
33.	The Effects of Time,	*Selleck Osborne*,	143
34.	Time's Soliloquy,		144
"	Time, the Signal of Dispatch,	*Young*,	145
35.	The Just Retribution,	*Dimond*,	146
36.	Search after Wisdom,		150
37.	The Value of Wisdom,	*Bible*,	151
38.	The Voice of Wisdom,	*Pollok*,	153
39.	American History,	*Gulian C. Verplanck*,	154
40.	American Independence,	*A. B. Street*,	157
41.	Contemplation of the Starry Heavens,	*Thomas Dick*,	157
"	Sequel to the Same,	*Mrs. Welby*,	159
42.	Contemplation of the Starry Heavens,—*continued*,	*Thos. Dick*,	159
"	Vastness of the Universe,		161
43.	God,	*From the Russian of Derzhaven*,	162
44.	Majesty and Supremacy of the Scriptures Confessed by a Skeptic,	*Rousseau*,	165

LESSON	SUBJECT.	AUTHOR.	PAGE
45.	Estimation of the Bible by the Wisest Philosophers and Statesmen,	*Phillips*,	167
46.	Condition of the World without the Bible,	*Melville*,	168
47.	Happy Freedom of the Man whom Grace makes Free,	*Cowper*,	169
48.	Mount Tabor,	*J. T. Headley*,	172
49.	Mount Tabor,—*continued*,	*do.*	175
50.	The Battle-Field,	*Mrs. Hemans*,	177
51.	Hymn of Praise to the Creator,	*Thomas Chatterton*,	179
52.	Influence of Education on the Human Intellect,	*Melville*,	180
"	Dignity of the Laborer,	*R. S. Andros*,	180
53.	Honor due to all Men,	*Chalmers*,	181
"	Heaven's Munificence to Man,		184
54.	The Last man,	*Campbell*,	185
55.	The Jungfrau Alp, and its Avalanches,	*G. B. Cheever*,	186
56.	The Mountain Hymn,	*Coleridge*,	189
57.	Tell on the Alps,		192
"	Freedom of Switzerland,	*Knowles*,	193
58.	The Evils of War,	*H. Clay*,	194
59.	Peace, the Policy of a Nation,	*J. C. Calhoun*,	196
60.	The True Honor of a Nation,	*W. R. Prince*,	198
61.	The Warrior and the Poet,	*Wm. H. Prescott*,	199
62.	The Angel of Peace, and the Angel of Mercy,	*J. C. Prince*,	200
63.	The Universal Reign of Peace,	*Cowper*,	202
64.	Art of Oratory,		203
65.	Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy,	*Mrs. Hemans*,	208
66.	Indian Eloquence,		211
67.	Speech of Black Hawk,		216
68.	The Indian Hunter,	*Eliza Cook*,	219
69.	The Dying Archer,	*R. C. Waterston*,	219
"	Brevity of Life,		220
70.	Speech of Black Thunder,		221
71.	The Aged Indian's Lament,	*Mrs. Hemans*,	222
72.	A Visit to Mount Vernon,	*H. Greeley*,	224
"	The Tomb of Washington	*M. S. Pike*,	227
73.	Epitaph to Washington,		227
74.	Washington,	*Eliza Cook*,	228
75.	Despondency, or Cicero and Philiscus,		229
76.	Look Aloft	*J. Lawrence*,	234
77.	Monuments of Human Grandeur Perish,	*Collyer*,	234
78.	The Glory of Man Passeth Away,	*Watson*,	237
79.	The Eternity of God,	*Bible*,	238
80.	Omnipresence of God,		239
81.	Influence of American Liberty,	*Webster*,	240
82.	Responsibility of our Country,	*Madison*,	242

LESSON	SUBJECT.	AUTHOR.	PAGE
82.	Incentive to Perpetuate our Liberties,	*Webster*,	242
83.	The Dying Patriot's Bequest,	*C. M. Brosnan*,	244
84.	The American Flag,	*J. C. Pray, Jr.*,	245
85.	Memory and Hope,	*James K. Paulding*,	246
86.	The Christian's Hope,		250
"	Sequel to the Same,	*Campbell*,	251
87.	The Pure in Heart shall Meet Again,	*Wm. Leggett*;	252
88.	The Existence of a God,		252
"	Sequel to the Same,		253
89.	Atheism Reproved,	*From the Italian*,	254
"	Sequel to the Same,	*Mrs. Sigourney*,	256
90.	Life is What we make it,	*O. Dewey*,	256
91.	The World, the Mirror of the Mind,	*R. H. Dana*,	258
92.	The Convict Ship,	*T. K. Hervey*,	260
93.	The Evils of Ignorance,	*Watson*,	261
94.	The Student,		263
95.	Valley of the Jordan and Dead Sea,	*French of Chateaubriand*	266
96.	Elijah's Interview,		268
97.	Eulogy on the Lives of Adams and Jefferson,	*Story*,	269
"	Sequel to the Same,	*Webster*,	272
98.	The Gray Forest Eagle,	*A. B. Street*,	273
99.	Insignificance of the Earth,	*Chalmers*,	275
100.	A Name in the Sand,	*H. F. Gould*,	276
101.	Happiness,	*Pollok*,	279
102.	Analogy between the Decay of Nature and of Man,	*Alison*,	281
103.	Re-union of Friends,	*Montgomery*,	283
104.	God, the True Object of Confidence,	*Greenwood*,	284
105.	Hymn to the Creator,	*Rowe*,	287
106.	Advice to a Young Lawyer,	*Story*,	288
107.	The Discoveries of Geology Consistent with the Spirit of Religion,	*Everett*,	289
108.	The Andes,	*Hine*,	291
109.	Address to the Condor,	*Mrs. Ellett*,	292
110.	Perceptions of the Beautiful,	*Mrs. Sigourney*,	293
"	Bounties of Nature,		295
111.	Pleasures Derived from the Beauty of Nature,	*Dwight*,	295
"	Poetry on the same,	*Mrs. Hemans*,	296
112.	The Mammoth Cave,	*Geo. D. Prentice*,	296
113.	Mental Improvement, a Progressive Work,	*Ira Harris*,	299
114.	Life and Death Contrasted,	*Young*,	302
115.	Veneration for the Tomb, a Proof of the Soul's Immortality,	*Chateaubriand*,	304
"	The Consolations of Death,	*John Foster*,	305
"	The Dying Christian to his Soul,	*Pope*,	305

LESSON SUBJECT. AUTHOR. PAGE
116. Indian Mode of Killing the Buffalo,............ *George Catlin*, 306
117. Indian Mode of Killing the Buffalo,—*continued*, *do.* 308
118. The White Rose of Miami,.......... *Mrs. E. L. Schermerhorn*, 311
119. Remorse of Conscience; or, Catiline,.................. *Croly*, 312
120. An Appeal to the Patriotism of South Carolina,.... *A. Jackson*, 318
" Land of our Birth,.. 321
121. Christ in the Tempest,.............................. *J. G. Whittier*, 322
122. The Pauper's Death Bed,........................ *Mrs. Southey*, 323
123. Public Announcement of the Death of John Quincy Adams,.................................. *R. C. Winthrop*, 324
124. Eulogy on the Life and Services of John Quincy Adams,.. *Holmes*, 326
125. What is Life?.................................... *John Clark*, 329
126. Farewell of the Soul to the Body,............ *Mrs. Sigourney*, 330
127. Examples of American Patriotism,.................... *Everett*, 332
" Influence of the Present, on the Future Destiny of our Country,.................................. *Gulian C. Verplanck*, 333
128. Freedom's Song,.................................... *C. W. Sanders*, 334
129. The Star in the West,................................ *Eliza Cook*, 335
130. Plea for Ireland,.. *Philips*, 336
131. Moral Culture,... 338
" Admonition to the Young,.......................... *S. S. Randall*, 340
" Sequel to the Same,.. 341
132. Ruins of Pompeii,.. 341
133. Destruction of Pompeii,................................ *Macaulay*, 342
134. Destruction of Pompeii,—*Continued*,.............. *do.* 346
135. Universal Providence of God,........................ *Melville*, 349
36. Elegant Extracts,.. 351
" Varied Changes of Creation,.............................. *Young*, 351
" Result of Procrastination,.......................... *Longfellow*, 352
" Divine Compassion,...................................... *Cowper*, 352
" Nature's Loveliness,.................................. *Chalmers*, 352
" Vice.. *Pope*, 353
" Value of the Soul,.. 353
" Mercy,.. *Shakspeare*, 353
" The Poor Cared for,...................................... *Melville*, 354
" Long-Suffering,...................................... *Lope de Vega*, 354
" Improvement,.. *Campbell*, 354
137. The Printing Press,.................................. *Cumming*, 355
" Sequel to the Same,...................................... *H. Greeley*, 356
138. Modern Greece,.. *Byron*, 357
139. Character of La Fayette,.......................... *J. T. Headley*, 358
140. La Fayette's last Visit to America,.............. *do.* 361
" Welcome to General La Fayette,........................ *Everett* 363

LESSON	SUBJECT.	AUTHOR.	PAGE
141.	Death, the final Conqueror; or, the Old Baron's last Banquet,	*A. G. Greene,*	364
142.	Starved Rock; or, the Last of the Illinois,	*Lanman,*	367
"	Sequel to the Same,	*H. Hale,*	370
143.	The Voices of the Dead,	*O. Dewey,*	370
144.	The Grave,	*R. Blair,*	373
145.	Advantages of Small States,	*Alison,*	375
146	The Prisoner of Chillon,	*Byron,*	376
47	The Prisoner of Chillon,—*Continued,*	*do.*	380
148.	Insufficiency of Natural Religion,	*Collyer,*	382
149.	Effects of Christianity,	*Watson,*	385
150.	The Lord, the King of Glory	*Bible,*	386
151.	Rome,	*J. A. Maynard,*	387
152.	Detraction,		389
153.	Value of Reputation,	*Phillips,*	390
154.	The Pleasures of Memory,	*W. G. Clark,*	392
155.	The Ruins of Chi-Chen,	*B. M. Norman,*	393
156.	Reflections on the Ruins of Chi-Chen,	*do.*	397
157.	Reflections from the Summit of an Egyptian Pyramid,		400
158.	Superiority of the Works of Nature over those of Art,		401
159.	Nature,	*A. B. Street,*	405
160	Music of Nature,	*Dryden,*	408
"	Sequel to the Same,	*J. H. Clinch,*	409
161	Former and Present Condition of New York,	*Bancroft,*	409
162.	Philosophy,	*Thompson,*	411
163.	Progress of Civilization,	*Samuel Young,*	414
"	Progress of Science,	*J. Chase,*	417
164.	Immortality of the Soul.	*Addison,*	418
165.	Consolations of Immortality,	*Robert Montgomery,*	419
166.	Europe and America Contrasted,	*Webster,*	420
167.	The Beauty of the Scene enhances the Beauty of the Deed,	*R. W. Emerson,*	422
168.	Address of Leonidas,	*Richard Glover,*	424
169.	Soliloquy of the Dying Alchemist,	*N. P. Willis,*	425
170.	Duties of American Citizens,	*Wayland,*	429
171.	Duties of American Citizens,—*Continued,*	*do.*	432
172.	The Value of Time,	*Young,*	436
173.	Advertisement of a Lost Day,	*Mrs. Sigourney,*	438
174.	Eulogy on Noah Webster,	*Chancellor Kent,*	439
175.	The Uses of History,	*W. Irving,*	440
"	True Fame,	*Jay,*	441
176.	Manifest Presence of the Deity,	*R. Montgomery,*	442
177.	Intellectual and Moral Power,	*E. L. Magoon,*	444
"	The Light of the Gospel,	*Hoffman,*	447

LESSON	SUBJECT.	AUTHOR.	PAGE
178.	Scotland and New England,	*Robert Turnbull,*	448
"	Address to New England,	*G. D. Prentice,*	449
179.	The Closing Year,	*do.*	450
180.	The American Revolution,	*Jared Sparks.*	452

RHETORICAL NOTATION.

INFLECTIONS.

(´)	Rising Inflection.
(`)	Falling Inflection.
(⌣)	Circumflex.
(–)	Monotone.

MODULATION.

(°)	High.*
(° °)	High and loud.
(˳)	Low.
(˳ ˳)	Low and loud.
(=)	Quick.
(″)	Short and quick.
(*sl.*)	Slow.
(*p.*)	Soft.
(*pp.*)	Very soft.
(*f.*)	Loud.
(*ff.*)	Very loud.
(*pl.*)	Plaintive.
(<)	Increase.
(>)	Decrease.

NOTE.—The student will find it advantageous to determine the inflection and modulation of the voice, which the reading or speaking of a passage requires, from the *sense;* and afterward to denote the same by the use of the foregoing notation, as well as to designate, in the usual manner, the emphatic words and sentences. This exercise will lead the mind to perceive the various intonations of voice, in which *natural* reading or speaking consists.

---

* Some of these signs are the same as used in Porter's Rhetorical works

THE

SCHOOL READER.

FIFTH BOOK.

PART FIRST.

RHETORICAL PRINCIPLES.

"FALSE Eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colors spreads in every place;
The face of Nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay;
But TRUE Expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none."

1. ELOCUTION is vocal Nature. Her speech is ever distinct, varied, and expressive—ever eloquent. Every sentiment and emotion of the soul, as fear, surprise, love, anger, she expresses in her own appropriate style. The lively expressions of youth, in their ordinary pastimes, are but the spontaneous language which Nature utters. To elucidate Nature's modes of expression, to develop the powers of the voice, and to acquire skill in its management, in conformity with her established laws, are the leading objects of Elocutionary Science. Its design is not, as is too often supposed, to establish certain imaginary and arbitrary rules, by which the voice is to be regulated, but to explain those *natural* laws, in which *natural* reading or speaking consists.

2. Though the human voice, in its natural state, is rich in "sweet sounds;' yet, like every other faculty, by proper dis-

cipline, it is susceptible of wonderful improvement. In its highest state of cultivation, there is music in its tones. They fall on the ear in choicest melody,

> "Untwisting all the chains that tie
> The hidden soul of harmony."

3. The importance of a practical acquaintance with the PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION, can not be too highly appreciated by all who wish to become elegant readers or speakers. The advantages which it affords, are not only beneficial to public speakers, but are of great value even to persons engaged in the ordinary avocations of life. A practical knowledge of this science, enables the reader or speaker to render effective whatever he utters—to express his thoughts with

> A power which awakens, and a grace that charms.

These principles, properly understood and applied, do not, as some suppose, tend to form forced, mechanical, and studied habits of expression; but they promote a natural, easy, and graceful mode of delivery, on the part of the reader or speaker, which, while it embellishes thought, enchains the attention of the hearer.

4. Beside these advantages, when it is considered that proper exercise in the various departments of Elocutionary Science, is adapted to promote the health and vigor of the vocal organs, its importance is greatly enhanced. In view of these facts, that the ORGAN of the voice—the most wonderful of musical instruments—should remain uncultivated, unimproved, no regard being had to the development of its powers, or to the acquisition of skill in its management, is a neglect which can not be regarded otherwise than culpable.

5. Elementary instructions on the subject of Elocution, are presented in "THE SCHOOL READER, FOURTH BOOK," of this Series, with which the student should become familiar before proceeding to the following lessons, which are designed to exemplify those principles more fully than a work of that size would permit.

LESSON I.

ARTICULATION.

1. The first essential department of Elocution, refers to distinctness of utterance, or ARTICULATION.

2. ARTICULATION, in its present comprehensive sense, has reference, not only to distinctness in the utterance of the various sounds of the language, but also to their proportionate fullness in the enunciation of words and sentences.

3. As *written* language is composed of small characters, called LETTERS, so *vocal* language is made up of small portions, called SOUNDS. The number of these elemental sounds, employed in speaking the English Language, is FORTY-ONE.

4. An ELEMENTAL SOUND is one which is not compounded, but is peculiar in itself. Therefore, each elemental sound differs from every other employed in vocal language.

5. The elemental sounds differ from each other, in *quality* or *quantity,* or in both *quality* and *quantity.*

6. QUALITY refers to the *nature* of a sound, requiring a peculiar position or movement of the vocal organs to express it.

QUANTITY has reference to the *volume* of a sound.

NOTE I.—The quality of an elemental sound, is never varied; but the quantity is frequently varied, as from long to short. Thus, the sounds of *a* in *fall* and in *wad,* differ from each other only in quantity, being alike in quality. The first is a *long broad;* the second, a *short broad.* But the sounds of *a* in *fate* and in *fat,* are unlike both in quality and quantity.

NOTE II.—Sounds differ from each other in quality, mainly by a difference in the pitch of the voice, in which they are naturally uttered. Thus, the sound of *a* in *full,* is low and

---

What is meant by Articulation? Of what is Vocal Language composed? What is an Elemental sound? How many are used in speaking the English Language? In what do the Elemental sounds differ? What is meant by QUALITY? What, by QUANTITY? How do sounds differ mainly in Quality?

deep, while that of the same letter in *fate,* is higher and more acute. It may be illustrated thus:

●	*a*——in *at.*
●	*a*——in *ale.*
●	*à*——in *all.*

8. The elemental sounds are divided into two general classes;—Vowel and Consonant.

9. The Vowel Sounds are those which are made by the open mouth or organs.

10. The Consonant Sounds are those which can not be fully made without the aid of a vowel sound.

Note.—The consonant sounds are those which are interrupted in their utterance, by some of the vocal organs. The vowel sounds are those which are not thus interrupted in their utterance. Thus, the sounds represented by *f* and *v,* are interrupted by the meeting of the under lip and upper teeth.

11. From the nature of the vowel and consonant sounds, it is obvious that the vowel sounds are expressed with readiness and ease; but it is not so with consonant sounds. The voice may be made to dwell on the vowels, and can be swelled to a great extent. But as the voice is interrupted in the utterance of the consonants, it can not be thus extended much beyond its ordinary degree of fullness. Therefore, much exercise is necessary in uttering the consonant sounds, in order to give them a clear and distinct enunciation.

12. To be able to give a graceful and easy enunciation to the elemental sounds in their combination into words and sentences, it is first requisite that the student be able to express them with propriety, separately. Without such skill, there can be no certainty of an accurate and perfect enunciation, when they are sounded in connection. This exercise, though seemingly of slight importance, is most efficient in securing accuracy in articulation, and in developing the vocal powers,—an acquisition which most readily distinguishes the educated from the uneducated, and which every reader or speaker should secure, who would be listened to with interest and attention.

How are the elemental sounds divided? In what respect do they differ? Which can be uttered with the greater ease? What practice is recommended to acquire a graceful and easy enunciation?

LESSON II.

ARTICULATION.—CONTINUED.

General Directions for Expressing the Elemental Sounds.

1. In this, as in every elocutionary exercise, the body should be in an erect and easy posture,—the shoulders thrown gently back.

2. Let the exercise be conducted in a very low WHISPER at first, afterward gradually increasing the sound in force to the utmost extent of the *whispering* voice. After this, let the sound be VOCALLY expressed in the same manner—gradually increasing from soft to loud.

3. At first, the several sounds should be given in a slow and deliberate manner, afterward the exercise may be increased in rapidity. Nor should the stress of voice be too EXCESSIVE at first, lest it prove an injury, instead of a benefit, to the vocal organs.

4. The following table exhibits the elemental sounds of the language,—the first column presenting one or more letters, by which the sound is represented,—the second column containing words, in which the sound is heard.

ELEMENTAL VOWEL SOUNDS.*

1. Long *a*, as in l-*a*-te, th-*ey*.
2. Flat *a*, " f-*a*-r, p-*a*-st.
3. Short *a*, " h-*a*-t, m-*a*-n.
4. Broad *a* and *o*, f-*a*-ll, f-*o*-r.
5. Short br'd. *a*, *o*, w-*a*-d, n-*o*-t.
6. Long *e*, " m-*e*, p-*i*-que.
7. Short *e*, " m-*e*-t, *a*-ny.
8. Long *i* and *y*, f-*i*-ne, m-*y*.
9. Short *i* and *y*, f-*i*-n, h-*y*-mn.
10. Long *o*, " t-*o*-ne, n-*o*-te.
11. Slender *o*, " d-*o*, pr-*o*-ve.
12. Long *u*, " t-*u*-ne, f-*ew*.
13. Short *u*, " t-*u*-n, h-*e*-*r*.
14. Broad *u*, " f-*u*-ll, b-*oo*-k.
15. *Ou* and *ow*, *ou*-t, n-*ow*.
16. *Oi* and *oy*, *oi*-l, b-*oy*.

What directions should be observed in expressing the elemental sounds?

---

* This table is designed to exhibit the various sounds of the English Language, without any reference to the particular letters which represent them. Instructions with regard to the sounds which letters represent, are presented in the fore part of SANDERS' SPELLING BOOK.

ELEMENTAL CONSONANT SOUNDS.

1.	B, as in	*b*-it, or-*b*.
2.	D, "	*d*-i-*d*, *d*-one.
3.	F "	*f*-ate, lea-*f*.
4.	G, "	*g*-ood, fi-*g*.
5.	H, "	*h*-and, *h*-ead.
6.	J, "	*j*-ewel, *g*-em.
7.	K, "	*k*-ing, *ch*-ord.
8.	L, "	*l*-ame, ca-*ll*.
9.	M, "	*m*-ate, tri-*m*.
10.	N, "	*n*-ote, si-*n*.
11.	P, "	*p*-in, li-*p*.
12.	R, (trill),	*r*-ight, *r*-obe.
13.	R, - - -	ca-*r*, ba-*r*-d.
14.	S and C,	*s*-in, *c*-ite.
15.	T, - -	*t*-ime, *t*-one.
16.	V, - -	*v*-ile, *v*-i-*v*-ify.
17.	W, - -	*w*-eep, *w*-hen.
18.	Y, - -	*y*-et, *y*-outh.
19.	Z and S,	*z*-one, i-*s*.
20.	Ch, - -	*ch*-in, *ch*-ur-*ch*.
21.	Sh, - -	*sh*-ip, *ch*-aise.
22.	Th, - -	*th*-in, *th*-irst.
23.	Th, - -	*th*-y, *th*-ee.
24.	Ng, - -	si-*ng*, ri-*ng*.
25.	Zh, - -	gla-*zi*-er.

5. The consonant sounds are divided, according to their nature, into two general classes;—the *Vocal* and *Aspirate*.

6. The VOCAL CONSONANTS are those which are uttered in an under or suppressed tone. The ASPIRATE CONSONANTS are those which are merely modified breathings, or emissions of the breath.

7. CORRELATIVES are those consonant sounds which are mutually related,—one being an *aspirate*, and the other a *vocal*; as that of *f* and *v* in *fine*, *vine*.

VOCAL CONSONANTS.

B, - -	*b*-it.	R, - -	ca-*r*.
D, - -	*d*-one.	V, - -	*v*-ile.
G, - -	*g*-ood.	W, - -	*w*-eep.
J, - -	*j*-ew.	Y, - -	*y*-et.
L, - -	*l*-ame.	Z, - -	*z*-one.
M, - -	*m*-ate.	Th, - -	*th*-y.
N, - -	*n*-ote.	Ng, - -	ri-*ng*.
R, (trill),	*r*-ight.	Zh, - -	a-*z*-ure.

ASPIRATE CONSONANTS.

F, - -	*f*-ate.	T, - -	*t*-in.
H, - -	*h*-and.	Ch, - -	*ch*-in.
K, - -	*k*-ing.	Sh, - -	*sh*-ow.
P, - -	*p*-in.	Th, - -	*th*-in.
S, - -	*s*-in.		

CORRELATIVES.

F,	and	V.	T,	and	D.
K,	"	G.	Th-*in*,	"	Th-*e*.
P,	"	B.	Sh,	"	Zh.
S,	"	Z.	Ch,	"	J.

How are the consonant sounds divided? What is meant by *vocal consonants*? What, by *aspirate*? What is meant by *correlative consonant sounds*? How are they sounded?

8. The organs employed in uttering the consonant sounds, are the *lips*, *teeth*, *tongue*, *palate*, and *throat*.

9. The consonant sounds may also be classed with reference to the organs, principally employed in forming them. Those which are mainly formed by the *lips*, are called LABIALS; as, *b*, *p*, *m*, &c. Those, by the *teeth*, are called DENTALS; as, *d*, *t*. Those, by the *tongue*, are called LINGUALS; as, *l*. Those, by the *palate*, are called PALATALS; as, *k*. Those, by the *throat*, are called GUTTURALS; as, *g* in *good*.

NOTE.—In pronouncing some vowels before certain consonants, by a sudden change of the vocal organs in sounding the latter, the vowel seems almost like a different sound from what it really is. Thus, long *a* before *r*, appears almost like a different sound from *a* in *late*. But such is not the case. The seeming variation is caused merely by a sudden change in the organs in closing the sound of *a*, preparatory to the sounding of the *r* following.

LESSON III.

ARTICULATION.—CONTINUED.

Syllables, Words, and Sentences.

1. The next department of Articulation, relates to the utterance of the Elemental sounds in their various combinations, in forming SYLLABLES, WORDS, and SENTENCES.

2. A SYLLABLE is expressed by one emission, or impulse, of the voice. A word of one syllable is called a *monosyllable*; a word of two syllables, a *dissyllable*; a word of three syllables, a *trisyllable*; a word of four or more syllables, a *polysyllable*.

NOTE.—A distinct syllable can contain but *one* elemental vowel sound

---

What organs of the voice are employed in uttering the consonants? With reference to these organs, how may they be classed? What change is apparently made in sounding some vowels before certain consonants? How is it caused?

To what does the second department of Articulation relate? What is a syllable? How many vowel sounds does a syllable contain? Does every syllable contain a vowel sound?

though some syllables do not contain any vowel sound, as the second syllable in *staple*, *marble*.

3. Let the student give utterance, in a distinct and forcible manner, to the following,

DIFFICULT COMBINATIONS OF CONSONANT SOUNDS.

bl
cl
dl
gl
pl
sl
br
cr
dr
fr
gr
pr
ld
lk
lp
md
nd
nk
rb
rd
rk
rl
rm
rp
sk
sp
st
spl
spr
str
sts
nst
dst
rdst
pld
ngs
shr
ngd
dld
sld
rbd
rmd
ncts
blst
mdst
thms
pts
ngldst
mdst
gldst
spdst
dths
lfth
lmdst

4. After a thorough practice in the foregoing combinations of sounds, let the following words be pronounced with distinctness and accuracy:

helms
thrusts
shrieks
fledge
breadths
fifths
nymphs
prompts
depths
spheres
chasms
dwarfs
writhes
wasps
shrimp
twelfth
respects
harm'st
call'dst
smil'st
thousandth
maim'd
clasp'dst
triumph'd
sweet'n'd
black'n'dst
reas'n'st
peopl'dst
rippl'dst
strangl'dst
microcosm
overwhelm'dst

5. In the pronunciation of words, containing two or more syllables, one syllable is sounded with more stress of voice than the others. This distinction of certain syllables, is called

ACCENT.

1. Accent is a stress of voice on a particular syllable in a word, to distinguish it from the others.

2. Most words of three or more syllables, have two accented syllables. The *more* forcible stress of voice, is called the Primary Accent,—the *less* forcible, is called the Secondary Accent. Thus, *Ex'-tem-po-ra''-ne-ous.*

3. In pronouncing words of several syllables, the unaccented

What exercise is proposed to acquire skill in the articulation of difficult combinations of consonant sounds? What is Accent? What is Primary Accent? What, Secondary?

syllables are liable to be suppressed, or too slightly marked by the voice. For exercise, pronounce the following words, denoting, with due degree, the several syllables which compose them.

Dem′-on-strate, — ex-u′-ber-ance, — cem′-e-te-ry,—ar-tif′-i-cer,— hor-ti-cul′-tur-ist,—com-mu′-ni-ca-bil″-i-ty,—coun′-ter-rev-o-lu″-tion-a-ry,—val′-e-tu-di-na″ri-an, — in-com-pre-hen′-si-bil″-i-ty,— char′-i-ta-ble-ness,—con-sid′-er-a-ble,—in-stan-ta′-ne-ous-ly,—un-cer-e-mo′-ni-ous-ness,—di-a-met′-ric-al-ly,—hyp-o-crit′-ic-al-ly—im-pen-e-tra-bil′-i-ty.

4. For further exercise in Articulation, let the following sentences be read with rapidity, and the differences in sense be denoted by the difference in articulation.

1. { He can maintai*n* either position.
{ He can maintai*n* *n*either position.

2. { They never imagined such a*n* ocean to exist.
{ They never imagined such a *n*otion to exist.

3. { The magistrate*s* ought to arrest the offender.
{ The magistrate *s*ought to arrest the offender.

4. { They discovered naught but waste*s* and deserts.
{ They discovered naught but waste *s*and deserts.

5. { Are we in life through one grea*t* error led?
{ Are we in life through one great *t*error led?

6. { Lo! unvailed the scenes of those dar*k* ages.
{ Lo! unvailed the scenes of those dar*k* *c*ages.

7. Did you say "*ice cr*eam," or "*I scr*eam?"

5. Let the following examples be repeatedly read,—giving each sound its due degree of expression,—until they can be uttered with distinctness and accuracy.

1. *L*ie *l*igh*tl*y on he*r*, *ear*th! her step was *l*ight on thee.
2. No*ne* *now* was le*ft* *t*o *t*ell *t*he *t*ru*t*hful *t*ale.
3. Dar*k* *c*olored *c*lou*ds* *sp*read o'er the heavens.
4. *H*ad *h*e *h*eeded *h*is *h*umble advice, *h*e *h*appily might *h*ave escaped.
5. They came *t*oo la*t*e *t*o a*tt*end *t*he *t*riennial mee*t*ing.
6. He co*m*mitted to *m*e*m*ory the *m*ysterious *m*u*m*mery, *m*ost *m*indful of its *m*agnitude.
7. His co*m*position was co*m*pared with his co*m*petent co*m*petitors.
8. The a*ct*, of all the a*cts* of gover*n*ment, was the mo*st* *st*ringent.
9. Thou loo*k'st* from *Th*y *th*rone in *th*e clou*ds*, and laug*h'st* at the *st*orm.

What error are we liable to commit in pronouncing words of numerous syllables?

10. Brigh*t* angels! *st*rike your loude*st* *st*rings,—
Your sweete*st* voices raise.

11. I love my country's pine-cla*d* *h*ills,
Her thousa*nd* brigh*t* an*d* *g*ushing rills,
Her sun*s*hine an*d* her *storms;*
He*r* *r*ough an*d* *r*ugged *r*ocks that *r*ea*r*
Their *h*oary *h*eads *h*igh in the air,
In wil*d* fantastic fo*rms*.

12. The *cr*icket ke*pt* *cr*eeping a*cr*oss the *cr*evices.

13. *F*or *f*ear o*f* o*ff*ending the *f*rightful *f*ugiti*v*e, the *v*ile *v*agabond *v*entured to *v*ili*f*y the *v*enerable *v*eteran.

14. *Wh*ile *w*andering *wh*ere the *wh*irlpool *w*en*ds* its *w*inding *w*ay,
*W*e *w*istfully *w*atched the *w*rathful *w*aters *w*ildly play.

15. The *str*ippling *str*anger *str*ayed *str*aight *t*oward the *str*uggling *str*eam

16. The *sl*eepy *sl*uggard *s*its *sl*umbering *s*ilently.

17. All that's brigh*t* mu*st* fade,—
The brighte*st* *st*ill the fleete*st;*
All tha*t's* sweet was made
But to be lo*st* when sweete*st*.

18. He carves with classic chisel the Corinthian capital that crowns the column.

19. Now on his couch he *shr*unk and *sh*ivered.

20. Morn that now mee*t'st* the orie*nt* sun, now fly'*st*.

21. Yet say, should tyra*nts* learn a*t* la*st* *t*o feel,
And the lou*d* *d*in of battle cease to bray;
Woul*d* *d*eath be foiled? Would health, an*d* *st*rength, an*d* youth,
Defy his power? *H*as *h*e no a*rts* in *st*ore,
No other sha*fts* *s*ave those of war? Alas!
Even in the smile of peace—that smile which she*ds*
A heavenly *s*un*sh*ine o'er the soul,—there ba*sks*
That serpe*nt*—Luxury.

22. The Almighty sustai*ns* an*d* condu*cts* the universe. It was He who se*p*arated the jarri*ng* eleme*nts!* It was He who hu*ng* up the wo*rlds* in e*mpt*y space! It is He who *pr*eserves them in their cir*cles*, an*d* impe*ls* hem in their course!

23. The bli*ss* of man,—coul*d* *pr*ide that ble*ss*ing fi*nd*,—
I*s* no*t* *t*o ac*t* or thin*k* beyo*nd* manki*nd*.

24. All the orienta*l* *l*uster of the riche*st* ge*ms*, all the encha*nt*ing beauties of exterior shape, the exquisite of all fo*rms*, the loveline*ss* of color, the harmony of sou*nds*, the heat an*d* brightne*ss* of the enlivening sun, the heroic virtue of the brave*st* mi*nds*, with the purity an*d* quickne*ss* of the highe*st* intelle*ct*, are all em*a*nations from the Deity.

5. The foule*st* *st*ain an*d* *sc*an*dal* of our nature,
Became i*ts* boa*st*. One murder makes a villain.
Millions, a hero. War i*ts* thousa*nds* slays;
Peace, i*ts* te*ns* of thousa*nds*.

6. In attempting to avoid the errors which there is a liability to commit in reading, as in passages like the foregoing, some readers protract the sounds which they are inclined to inarticulate, to an undue length, give too much stress on unaccented syllables, and render emphatic unimportant words. Such a practice renders the reading or speaking too studied, labored, and affected; and it should be as studiously avoided as the most careless habits of utterance. While the several syllables and words should be distinctly noted by the voice, yet they should be pronounced "trippingly on the tongue."

7. The four principal faults which are often committed, are particularly noticed on page 13 of "THE SCHOOL READER, FOURTH BOOK," which, it is presumed, have received due attention. But perhaps the most common fault, and the one which particularly deserves notice, is the habit of carrying forward the last sound of a syllable or word, to a succeeding one. Thus, "He brought *some m*ice," instead of, "He brought *some ice*."

8. The origin of these faults, is attributable, to a great extent, to the habit which generally prevails, of reading too rapidly. It is sometimes, however, owing to physical defects in the vocal organs. In some persons, these organs are more stiff and unwieldy than in others; yet by a vigorous discipline, they may be rendered pliant and tractable. For instance, if the muscles around the lips and mouth, are heavy, much practice on sounds which bring them into exercise, will render them sprightly and manageable. Thus, sound *b* or *p* several times in quick succession; or repeat rapidly such a sentence as,

"The *sw*an *sw*am over the river, *w*ell *sw*um *sw*an."

What *error* is sometimes committed in attempting to avoid errors? What are some of the faults which we are liable to commit in articulation? To what is the origin of these faults attributable? What exercise is recommended to acquire skill in controlling the organs of the voice?

9. To give a clear and distinct enunciation to the various combinations of letters in the formation of words and sentences, requires much skill and practice; but the attainment of so important a qualification, will amply repay for the labor bestowed.

LESSON IV.

EMPHASIS.

1. In the reading of any passage, some words are more specially marked by the voice than others. This distinction of certain words, is called EMPHASIS. It is defined thus:

EMPHASIS is that peculiar stress of voice on a certain significant word, or words, in a sentence, by which their due importance and meaning are best expressed.

EXAMPLES.

1. The *drying* up a single *tear* has more
Of honest *fame*, than *shedding* seas of *gore*.

2. Our *doubts* are *traitors*,
And make us *lose* the *good* we oft might *win*,
By *fearing* to *attempt*.

3. *Judge* not, that *ye* be not judged. For with what *judgment ye* judge, ye *shall be judged*; and with what *measure ye* mete, it *shall be measured* to you again.

4. 'Tis a strange *mystery*, the *power* of *words!*
Life is in them, and *death*. A *word* can send
The crimson *color* hurrying to the cheek,—
Hurrying with many *meanings*; or can turn
The *current* cold and deadly to the *heart*.
Anger and *fear* are in them; *grief* and *joy*
Are in their *sound*; yet slight, impalpable;—
A *word* is but a *breath* of passing *air*.

2. EMPHASIS varies in *degrees* of intensity. The DEGREE of emphasis, which a word should receive in reading, depends on its importance in expressing the *sense*. A word, generally of infe-

What is meant by Emphasis? Is emphasis uniformly the same? How, and by what is it varied? What words receive emphasis? On what does the degree of emphasis depend?

rior importance, may, by some circumstance, become important, and proportionately emphatic. Thus, "he spoke *for* religion, not *against* it."

3. The degree of emphasis which any word should receive, must be considered *relatively*,—depending on the importance of the other words, with which it is connected, and the manner, in which they are to be uttered in expressing the sense. In the foregoing examples, those words only which should receive the most intense emphasis, are marked in the print; though there are other words which are important when compared with others, and should receive, accordingly, a corresponding degree of emphasis in the reading.

4. The intensity of Emphasis does not always depend on the degree of loudness employed, but it may be denoted as expressly by an undertone, or whisper.

EXAMPLES.

1. Thou that didst bow the billow's pride
Thy mandate to fulfill!
Oh, speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak, and say, "PEACE, BE STILL!"

2. The hollow dash of waves!—the ceaseless roar!—
SILENCE, ye billows!—vex my soul no more!

3. Who call the *dead*
Conqueror or lord?—HUSH! BREATHE it not ALOUD,
The wild WINDS must not HEAR it!—Yet, again,
I tell thee—WE ARE FREE!

5. Emphasis has the same relation to the words of a sentence, which accent has to the syllables of a word. Accent, however, is often subservient to emphasis, and is frequently changed by it from its ordinary position. This is especially the case, when words are contrasted, which vary but slightly in sound, in order to mark distinctly in what the difference consists.

EXAMPLES.

1. There is a *pos'*sibility of such an occurrence, though there is no probability.

How is its intensity to be expressed? What relation has emphasis to accent? When does emphasis require a change in the accent of a word?

2. This *cor'*ruptible must put on *in'*corruption, and this mortal must put on *im'*mortality.

6. The sense of a passage is readily varied by changing the position of the emphasis.

EXAMPLES.

1. The *fashion* of this world passeth away.
2. The fashion of *this* world passeth away.
3. The fashion of this *world* passeth away.
4. The fashion of this world *passeth away*.

As the emphasis is transferred to succeeding words, the sense of the passage is materially varied.

7. There are two kinds of emphasis;—*Absolute* and *Antithetic.*

8. ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS is that which is employed merely to bring out, prominently to the mind, the important words contained in a passage, without any direct reference to other words.

EXAMPLES OF ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS.

1. Man's *caution* often into *danger* guides.

2. True *fortitude* is seen in great *exploits*
That *justice* warrants, and that wisdom guides;
All else is tow'ring *frenzy* and *distraction.*

3. GOD has given *man feet* to *tread* the *earth*, a *face* to *behold* the *heavens*, and a SOUL to *soar* into the *heaven* of heavens, on the *wings* of *hope*, aspiring through temporal *shades* to eternal *light.*

4. LIBERTY! FREEDOM! TYRANNY is dead!
Run hence, PROCLAIM, CRY it about the streets.

5. *Rise*, Freedom, RISE! and, breaking from thy trance,
Wave the dread banner, SEIZE the glitt'ring lance!
With arm of might, *assert* thy sacred cause,
And CALL thy champions to defend thy laws.

9. ANTITHETIC EMPHASIS is that which is founded on the contrast of one word or clause with another.

EXAMPLES OF ANTITHETIC EMPHASIS.

1. He's armed *without*, that's innocent *within.*
2. To *err* is *human*; to *forgive*, *divine.*
3. *Just men* are only *free*, the *rest* are *slaves.*

How is the sense of a passage varied by emphasis? How many kinds of emphasis are there? What is *absolute* emphasis? What is *antithetic*?

4. **Truth**, crushed to earth, shall *rise* again,—
The eternal years of God are hers;
But ERROR, wounded, *writhes* with pain,
And *dies* among her worshipers.

5. *Lands*, mortgaged, may return, and more esteemed;
But *honesty* once pawned, is ne'er redeemed.

6 *Sense* is our *helmet*, *wit* is but the *plume*;
The plume *exposes*,—'tis our helmet *saves*:
Sense is the *diamond*, weighty, solid, sound;
When cut by *wit*, it casts a brighter beam;
Yet *wit* apart, it is a diamond still.
Wit, widowed of good *sense*, is worse than naught,
It hoists more sail to run against a rock.

10. Emphasis is not applied merely to words, but is also applied to whole clauses and sentences.

EXAMPLES.

1. *Hope*—the sweet bird!—while *that* the air can fill,
Let earth be ice—*the soul hath summer still.*

2. Immortality o'ersweeps
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears,—and peals
Into my ears this truth—THOU LIV'ST FOREVER!

3. Fond man! though all the honors of your line,
Bedeck your halls, and round your galleries shine
In proud display, yet take this truth from me,—
VIRTUE ALONE IS TRUE NOBILITY!

4. The warrior's name,
Though pealed and chimed on all the tongues of fame,
Sounds less harmonious to the grateful mind,
Than his—WHO FASHIONS AND IMPROVES MANKIND.

11. Emphasis expresses either *thought* or *passion*. When it is expressive of *sense* only, it is called LOGICAL; when, of *feeling*, as well as *sense*, it is called PASSIONATE.

The following example is illustrative of both,—the former part of *logical*; the latter part, of *passionate*.

1. In the *happiest* state of social *life*, all the *noblest* faculties of *humanity* would bear legitimate sway within the spirit's ample domains. There, *Genius* would be *honored*. But to such a *state* there can, under the most

---

To what is emphasis applied beside words? What does emphasis express? When it is expressive of thought, what is it called? What, when of feeling as well as thought?

favoring skies, be no more than an *approximation*; and the *time* never was when *Virtue* suffered no *persecution*; *Honor*, no *shame*; *Genius*, no *neglect*; and *fetters* were not imposed by tyrannous *power* on the *feet* of the *Free*. The *age* of *Homer*, the *age* of *Solon*, the *age* of *Pericles*, the *age* of *Augustus*, the *age* of *Scott* and *Byron*, have they not been all *bright* and *great* ages? Yet had they been faithfully *chronicled*, over the *misery* and *madness* of how many *despairing spirits*, fraught with heavenly *fire*, might we not have been called to *pour* forth our unavailing *indignations* and *griefs*.

12. When emphasis is applied to several successive words, or to the several members of a climax, it is called

CUMULATIVE EMPHASIS.

13. CUMULATIVE EMPHASIS is employed where great earnestness of feeling is to be expressed. It is applied to passages embracing successive particulars, each increasing in importance, and also to the repetition of words or clauses. The emphasis cumulates or increases on each additional repetition or assertion, being more intense on the last than the first.

EXAMPLES.

1. How *poor*, how RICH,—how *abject*, how AUGUST,—
How *complicate*, how WONDERFUL, is man!

2. His hand the good man *fastens* on the *skies*,
And BIDS EARTH ROLL, nor FEELS HER IDLE WHIRL.

3. The *war* is *inevitable*—and LET IT COME! I repeat it, Sir,—LET IT COME!

4. I have thus shown, from the gentleman's own arguments, that the doctrine advanced by him, is not at present received,—that it *never was received*,—that it NEVER CAN BY ANY POSSIBILITY BE RECEIVED, and that if admitted, it MUST BE BY THE TOTAL SUBVERSION OF LIBERTY!

5. Stay, *speak*;—SPEAK I charge thee, SPEAK.

6. Tell me, my soul, *why* art thou restless? WHY dost thou look forward to the future with such strong desire? The *present* is thine,—and the PAST,—and the FUTURE shall be!

14. The sense is the only criterion, by which to judge in regard to the words or sentences, to which emphasis should be applied, as well as the degree and character required in expressing the sentiment with elegance and effect.

When is emphasis called *Cumulative*? How are emphatic words and sentences determined?

LESSON V.

INFLECTIONS OF THE VOICE.

1. In expressing the thoughts and emotions of the mind, the voice slides up or down, from a given point, on certain emphatic vowel sounds. These slides are called Inflections. They may be thus defined:

Inflections are turns or slides of the voice, on certain emphatic vowel sounds, heard in reading and speaking; as, Will you go′ or stay‵ ?

2. In reading the above example, the voice begins low in sounding the *o* in *go*, and suddenly rises; and it begins at the same point where it closed in sounding *o* in *go*, and slides downward on the *a* in *stay*.

3. These slides of the voice, occur on the vowel sounds of accented syllables, and not on the entire word, as is sometimes supposed. Besides, the words, on which these slides principally occur, are emphatic, though they may, to a very slight degree, be given to unemphatic words.

4. There are properly but *two* Inflections;—the *Rising* and the *Falling*. These sometimes unite and form the *Circumflex*, or wave slide. The want of an inflection constitutes a *Monotone*, or uniformity in sound. Hence, under this head, there are *four* modifications of the voice;—the Rising Inflection, the Falling Inflection, the Circumflex, and the Monotone.

5. The Rising Inflection is an upward turn or slide of the voice, or the voice ends higher than it begins. It is marked thus, (′).

EXAMPLES.

1. Are all apos′tles? Are all proph′ets? Are all teach′ers? Are all workers of mir′acles?

What are Inflections? On what *sounds* and *words* do inflections occur? How many inflections are there? How is the Circumflex formed? What constitutes the Monotone? How many modifications of voice are considered under the head of inflections? What are they? What is the Rising Inflection?

2. Canst thou by searching find out God′? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfec tion?

NOTE.—Though the inflections occur on the vowel sounds of accented syllables, yet for convenience, the signs denoting them, are placed at the end of the syllables.

6. The FALLING INFLECTION is a downward turn or slide of the voice, or the voice ends lower than it begins. It is marked thus, (ˋ).

EXAMPLES.

1. Who can number the cloudsˋ in wisdom?

2. Who provideth for the raˋven his food?

3. How shall they call on him, in whom they have not believˋed? and how shall they believe in him, of whom they have not heardˋ? and how shall they hear without a preachˋer? and how shall they preach, except they be sentˋ?

7. The CIRCUMFLEX is a union of the two inflections, beginning with the falling, and ending with the rising. It is marked thus, (◡́).

EXAMPLES.

1. Thĕy follów an adventurer whom they fŏar,—wĕ serve a monarch whom we love.

2. Thĕy do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but wŏ, an incorruptible.

3. I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such hŏnorable men.

8. The *Circumflex*, if properly used, is very expressive;—yet there is danger in using it too frequently, or of employing it in instances, in which the direct rising or falling inflection would prove more expressive. In some instances, it has been thought that the circumflex is formed by beginning with the rising inflection, and ending with the falling. But in such cases, the direct falling inflection will be found far more appropriate. This practice of seesawing, as it may be styled, should be avoided as at variance with good taste.

9. The Rising Inflection and Circumflex are nearly allied, and it is not uncommon that the one may be substituted for

---

What is the Falling Inflection? What is the Circumflex? What is said of the rising inflection and circumflex?

the other, and the sense be as well expressed. But it is not so in regard to the falling inflection and the circumflex; for while the circumflex implies *condition*, the falling inflection expresses any thing *positively*.

10. The Monotone is a uniformity of sound on a succession of syllables. It is marked thus, (¯)

EXAMPLES.

1. Dēath! Grēat prōprietor of āll! 'tis thine
To trēad out ēmpires, and to quēnch the stārs.

2. Hē weēps!—the fālling drōp pūts oūt the sūn;
Hē sighs!—the sigh ēarth's deēp foūndātions shākes.

3. Then the ēarth shōōk ānd trēmbled; the foūndātions also of the hills mōved and wēre shāken, becāuse he wās wrōth. There wēnt ūp a smōke oūt of his nōstrils, and fīre oūt of his moūth devoūred; cōals were kindled by it. He bōwed the hēavens also, and cāme dōwn; and darkness wās ūnder his feēt. And he rōde upon a chērub, ānd did flȳ; yeā, he did flȳ upōn the wings of the wind. He māde dārkness his sēcret plāce; his pāvilion roūnd about him were dārk wāters, and thick cloūds of the skies. At the brightness thāt wās before him, his thick clouds pāssed, hāil-stōnes and cōals of fīre.

11. The intensity of inflection, necessary in expressing the various sentiments and emotions of the mind with propriety, is variable; and the degree of intensity must be determined by the sense and circumstances. For instance, the repetition of a word or clause, requires a more intense inflection than when first uttered. Also, expressions of strong feeling or earnestness, are indicated by a corresponding intensity in the degree of inflection.

12. It is often thought a matter of little or no importance, to be able to distinguish the various inflections which the appropriate reading of a passage may require, or to be able to give at pleasure whatever inflections sentiment may demand; but when it is considered that the inflections of the voice in reading a passage, have the important influence of determining or varying its sense, it cannot be regarded as a matter of indif-

---

What is the Monotone? By what is the intensity of inflection determined? What influence does the inflection of voice frequently have on the sense of a passage?

ference. For example, if the rising inflection is given on the word "*pauper*," in the following passage, the sense will be totally perverted.

A person who neglects his business, if he does not become a *pauper* will not be likely to amass wealth.

13. By the use of the rising inflection on *pauper*, the passage is made to mean that if he should become a pauper, he would amass wealth!—an absurdity. But if an intense *falling* inflection is employed on the same word, instead of the rising, the sense is obvious.

14. To determine in all cases the proper inflections and the degree of intensity, which should be employed in the reading of a passage, requires much practice, and the exercise of judgment and discrimination.

LESSON VI.

1. The Inflections of the voice in appropriate reading or speaking, being governed by sentiment, conform to certain leading principles which are set forth in the following

GENERAL RULES FOR THE USE OF INFLECTIONS.

RULE I.

Direct questions, or those which may be answered by *yes* or *no*, usually take the rising inflection, but their answers, generally, the falling.

EXAMPLES.

1. Are they He'brews? So am I`. [or *yes*.] Are they Is'raelites? So am I`. Are they the seed of A'braham? So am I`.

2. Think'st thou the mountain and the storm
Their hardy sons for bondage form'?
Doth our stern wintry blast instill
Submission to a despot's will'?
No`! *we* were cast in other mold
Than theirs by lawless power controlled.

3. Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Ple'iades?
Or loose the bands of Ori'on?

Give an example? What inflection do direct questions take?

Canst thou bring forth Mazza'roth in his season ?
Or canst thou guide Arctu'rus with his sons' ?
Knowest thou the ordinances of heav'en ?
Canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth' ?
Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds',
That abundance of water may cover thee' ?
Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go',
And say unto thee, Here we are' ?

4. Is honor's lofty soul forever fled' ?
Is virtue lost' ? Is martial ardor dead' ?
Is there no heart where worth and valor dwell' ?
No patriot WAL'LACE ? No undaunted TELL' ?
Yes`, Freedom, yes`! thy sons, a noble band,
Around thy banner, firm, exulting stand.

5. What! have I come here to mimic nature in her grandest en'terprise, and add *my* caricature of one of the wonders of the world to those which I here see' ? No`.—I give up the vain attempt. I will look on these mighty cataracts, and imprint them where they alone can be represented.——on my mind.

6. To purchase heaven has gold the pow'er ?
Can gold remove the mortal hour' ?
In life can love be bought with gold' ?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold' ?
No`—all that's worth a wish—a thought—
Fair virtue gives, unbribed, unbought`.

NOTE I.—When the direct question becomes an appeal, and the reply to it is anticipated, it takes an intense *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. *Can`* he be guilty of so great an inconsist`ency ?
2. *Must`* we be driven to this *dreadful* alter`native ?
3. *Is* he not a *dar`ing* adven`turer ?
4. Is this rea`son ? Is it law` ? Is it human`ity ?

NOTE II.—Exclamations, when they become questions, are expressed, agreeably to this Rule, with the *rising* inflection,—being in the form of direct questions, and susceptible of being answered by *yes* or *no*.

EXAMPLES.

1. *Servant.*—Pray, get you out` !
Coriolanus.—Away !

When do they take the falling inflection ? When do exclamations take the falling inflection ?

Serv.—Awayˋ! Get you away!
Cor.—Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.
Serv.—Where dwellest thou?
Cor.—Under the canopy.
Serv.—Under the can'opy! Where's that?
Cor.—In the city of kites and crows.
Serv.—In the city of kites and crows'! Then thou dwellest with daws too

2. *Gesler.*—You look upon your boy,
As though instinctively you guessed it.
Tell.—Look upon my boy'! What mean you?
Look upon my boy, as though I guess'ed it!
Guessed the trial you'd have me make'!
Guessed it instinct'ively! You do not mean—no—no—
You would not have me make a trial of
My skill upon my child'! Impossible!
I do not guess your meaning.

3. Plant of celestial seed, if dropp'd below,
Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow.
Where grows'! Where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.

RULE II.

Indirect questions, or those which can not be answered by *yes* or *no*, usually take the falling inflection, and their answers the same.

EXAMPLES.

1. Whose is this imˋage and superscipˋtion?
They say unto him, Ceˋsar's.

2. Who would be doomed to gaze upon
A sky without a cloud or sunˋ?

3. Ah! why will kingsˋ forget that they are men,
And men, that they are brethˋren? Why delight
In human sacˋrifice? Why burst the ties
Of nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amˋity and loveˋ?

4. Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earthˋ?
Declare, if thou hast understanding.
Who hath laid the measˋures thereof, if thou knowˋest?
Or who hath stretched the lineˋ upon it?
Whereupon are the foundaˋtions thereof fastˋened?
Or who laidˋ the corner-stone thereofˋ,
When the morning starsˋ sang together,
And all the sons of God shouted for joyˋ?

What does Rule II. denote?

NOTE I.—When the indirect question asks a repetition of what at first was not understood, it takes the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Where have you been? To New York.
   Where did you say′? To New York.
2. The President of the United States receives a yearly salary of $25,000? How much did you say′? Twenty-five Thousand Dollars.

NOTE II.—Answers to questions, whether direct or indirect, when expressed in an indifferent manner, take the *rising* inflection, or the circumflex.

EXAMPLES.

1. Will you accept my proposition? Well′, I do not know′
2. Where shall he go? Why′, it is no matter where′.

NOTE III.—In some instances, direct questions become indirect by a change of the inflection from the rising to the falling.

EXAMPLES.

1. Will you surren′der or retreat′? No.
   Will you surren′der or retreat‵? I will retreat.
2. Ought we to fear God′ or man′? Yes.
   Ought we to fear God′ or man‵? To fear God.

REMARK.—The first question of the first example, asks if the person addressed will do *one of two* acts, and it can be answered by *yes* or *no*; but the repetition of it asks *which of the two* he will do, and it can not be thus answered.

RULE III.

Antithetic terms or clauses usually take opposite inflections; generally, the former has the *rising*, and the latter the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1 Sink′ or swim‵, live′ or die‵, survive′ or per‵ish, I give my hand and heart to this vote.

2. There are also celes′tial bodies, and bodies terres‵tria : but the glory of the celes′tial is one′, and the glory of the terres‵trial is anoth‵er.

3. If you seek to make one rich, study not to increase′ his stores′, but to dimin‵ish his desires‵.

When do indirect questions take the rising inflection? When do answers to questions take the rising inflection or circumflex? How does a direct question become indirect? What inflection do Antithetic terms take?

4. Negligence is the rust of the soul, that corrodes through all her best resolutions. Dil′igence alone is a good patrimony, but neglect‵ will waste the fairest fortune. One′ preserves′ and gath′ers; the oth‵er, like death‵, is the dissolu‵tion of all.

5. Labor not for the meat which per′isheth; but for that meat which endu‵reth unto everlasting life.

6. The e′vil that men do, lives′ after them,
The good‵ is oft inter‵red with their bones.

7. The moral′ity of peaceful ties′, is directly opposite to the max‵ims of war‵. The fundamental rule of the for′mer, is to do good′; of the lat‵ter, to inflict in‵juries. The for′mer commands us to suc′cor the oppress′ed: the lat‵ter to overwhelm‵ the defense‵less. The for′mer teaches men to love′ their en′emies; the lat‵ter to make themselves ter‵rible even to stran‵gers.

Note I.—This Rule embraces the one commonly given in regard to words or clauses, connected by *or;* and also that which pertains to a NEGATION, opposed to an AFFIRMATION. The negation generally requires the *rising* inflection; and the affirmation, the *falling;* though the reverse is sometimes true.

EXAMPLES.

1. I am come to save‵ life, not to destroy′ it.

2. We live in deeds‵, not years′,—in thoughts‵, not breaths′,
In feel‵ings, not in fig′ures on a di′al.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives,
Who thinks most,—feels the noblest,—acts the best.

3. I come to bury‵ Cesar, not to praise′ him.

4. It is not the business of virtue to extir′pate the affections of the mind, but to reg‵ulate them.

Remark.—The reason of the rising inflection on the word contrasted in the negative clause, is because the *negative particle* itself, as NOT in the foregoing examples, has an intense *falling* inflection. Hence, in order to present to the ear a pleasing variety, the *rising* inflection is given on the word or clause contrasted with the affirmative. Thus, "*Not*‵ that I loved Ce′sar less′, but that I loved Rome‵ more‵."

Note II.—Antithetic expressions connected by *than,* generally observe the same principle as those of negation, opposed

---

What inflection does the negative clause of an antithesis generally require? Why? What is said of antithetic expressions connected by *than?*

to an affirmation; since *than* may often be changed to *not*, and the sense remain the same.

EXAMPLES.

1. It is a custom
More honored in the breach′, *than* the observ′ance.

2. Yet, it may be, more lofty courage dwells‵
In one weak heart‵ which braves an adverse fate,
Than his′, whose ardent soul indignant swells,
Warmed by the fight, or cheered through high debate.

3. It is better to go to the house of mourn‵ing, *than* to go to the house of feast′ing.

4. It is better to trust‵ in the Lord‵, *than* to put con′fidence in prin′ces.

NOTE III.—It often happens that but one term of an antithesis is expressed, and the inflection of the voice, given to it, suggests, to some extent, the nature of the other.

EXAMPLES.

1. No sens′ual pleasures can render us hap′py. (Implying that *religious pleasures can.*)

2. The region beyond the grave is not a sol′itary land′. (Implying that *there are our friends.*)

3. True politeness is not a mere compli′ance with arbitrary cus‵tom.

NOTE IV.—The converse of the foregoing Rule, is likewise true, that terms or clauses used in APPOSITION with others in sense, require *like* inflections.

EXAMPLES.

1. What is His‵tory—the *mas‵tery* of the past—the *spell‵* which calls up buried generations—but the devel‵opment of humanity?

2. John Quincy Ad′ams, Ex-Pres′ident of the United States, the states′man and schol′ar, the philan′thropist and pa′triot, died Feb. 23, 1848.

3. Hail, Al‵bion, hail, thou land′ of freedom's birth!
Pride′ of the main, and Phœ′nix of the earth!
Thou second Rome′, where mercy, justice, dwell,
Whose sons in wisdom as in arms excel!

NOTE V.—In many instances of antithetic inflections, the CIRCUMFLEX may be used instead of the *rising*, and they are often used alternately, the one for the other; but in most instances, the *rising* inflection is to be preferred.

What inflection do apposite clauses and terms require? What is sometimes used instead of the rising inflection?

RULE IV.

The Pause of Suspension, denoting that the sense is incomplete, usually has the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Although the fig-tree shall not bloss′om,
Neither shall fruit be in the vines′;
The labor of the olive shall fail′,
And the fields shall yield no meat′;
The flock shall be cut off from the fold′,
And there shall be no herd in the stalls′;
Yet I will rejoice‵ in the Lord‵,
I will joy‵ in the God of my salva‵tion.

2. Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue′,
Than ever man pronounced or angel sung′;
Had I all knowl′edge, human and divine′,
That thought can reach′, or science can define′;
And had I pow′er to give that knowledge birth′,
In all the speech′es of the babbling earth′;
Did Shadrach's zeal′ my glowing breast inspire′,
To weary tor′tures, and rejoice in fire′;
Yet, gracious char′ity, indulgent guest′,
Were not thy power′ exerted in my breast′,
Those speeches would send up unheeding pray‵er—
That scorn‵ of life would be but wild despair‵;
A cymbal sound were better than my voice′,—
My faith were form′, my eloquence were noise‵.

3. When I beheld her* halls and chap′els, filled with the mon′uments, and stat′ues, and pic′tures of the illustrious men who had been educated in her several col′leges; when I saw the walls covered with the portraits of those great scholars and eloquent divines′, whose doctrines are taught′, or whose works are daily consulted by the clergy of all sects throughout our repub′lic,—of the states′men, and judg′es, whose opinions and decisions are every day cited as authorities, at our bar and in our legislative bodies′,—of the poets and or′ators whose works form the study of our youth′, and the amuse′ment of our leis′ure,—I could not but confess that the young man who lived and studied in such a pres′ence, must be dull and brutal indeed, if he was not sometimes roused into aspira′tions after excellence, if the countenances of the great men who looked down upon him′, did not sometimes fill his soul with generous thoughts′ and high contem‵plations.

What is Rule IV.?

---

* Referring to the University of Oxford.

Note i.—The direct address, or call, not emphatic, or expressive of strong feelings, receives the *rising* inflection, on the principle of the pause of suspension.

EXAMPLES.

1. Peter, standing up with the eleven, lifted up his voice, and said unto them, Ye′ men of Jude′a, and all ye′ that dwell at Jeru′salem, be this known unto you, and hearken unto my word.

2. Ye living flow′ers that skirt the eternal frost′!
Ye wild goats′, sporting round the eagle's nest′!
Ye ea′gles, play′mates of the mountain storm′!
Ye light′nings, the dread ar′rows of the clouds′!
Ye signs′ and won′ders of the el′ements!
Utter forth God‵, and fill the hills‵ with praise!

3. No! though the orbs of heaven expire,
Thine, Free′dom, is a quenchless fire.

Note ii.—In some instances of a pause of suspension, the sense requires an intense *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLE.

The moderate use of ardent spirits, if it does not lead to drunk‵enness, will prove injurious to both the mental and physical faculties.

Remark.—In the foregoing example, if the *rising* inflection is given on the word *drunkenness*, the sense will be perverted, and an absurdity be expressed. But if the *falling* inflection is employed instead, the sense will be appropriate.

Note iii.—Frequently the sense may be complete so far as the words employed are concerned, yet the use of the rising inflection, may indicate an incompletion, and the mind be led to expect some additional remark.

EXAMPLE.

Reason, eloquence, and every art which ever has been studied among mankind, may be abus′ed, and may prove dan′gerous in the hands of bad men′; but it would be perfectly childish to contend that, upon that account, they ought to be abolished.

Note iv.—Though the use of the rising inflection when the sense is incomplete, leads the mind to anticipate something to follow, it does not, consequently, hold true that the falling in-

---

What inflection does the direct address receive? Why? What inflection is sometimes required by a pause of suspension? What may the rising inflection generally denote, in cases where the sense is complete? Does a completion of sense always require the falling inflection?

flection is always proper where the sense is complete, or its use denotes a completion. The rising inflection is often used where the sense is complete. Thus, if one simply states the proposition, "By in′dustry, we obtain wealthˋ,"—the rising is given on *industry*, and the falling on *wealth*. But if it is desired to enforce the truth, and one says, "By *inˋdustry*, we obtain wealth′",—the inflections are reversed. This change is caused by the emphasis falling on *industry* instead of *wealth*.

RULE V.

Expressions of *tender* emotion, as of grief, or kindness, commonly incline the voice to the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went, thus he said, O′ my son Ab′salom! my son′, my son Ab′salom! Would God′ I had died for thee′, O′ Ab′salom, my son′, my son′!

2. My moth′er! at that holy name′,
Within my bosom there's a gush
Of feeling, which no time can tame′,—
A feeling which for years of fame′,
I would not,—could not crush′!

3. He bleeds′! he falls′! his death-bed is the field′!
His dirge the trump′et, and his bier the shield′!
His closing eyes the beam of valor speak′,
The flush of ardor lingers on his cheek′;
Serene he lifts to heaven those closing eyes′,
Then for his country breathes a pray′er—*and dies!*
Oh′! ever hallowed be his verdant grave′!
There let the laurel spread, the cypress wave′!
Thou, lovely Spring′! bestow′, to grace his tomb′,
Thy sweetest fra′grance, and thy earliest bloom′;
There let the tears of heaven descend in balm′,
There let the poet consecrate his palm′!
Let honor, pity, bless the holy ground′,
And shades of sainted heroes watch around′!
'Twas thus, while Glory rung his thrilling knell′,
Thy chief,* O Thebes′, at Mantinea fell;

What inflection do expressions of tender emotions receive?

---

* **Epaminondas**, a celebrated general of the Theban army, who was killed in the battle at Mantinea, just as his army had achieved the victory.

Smiled′, undismayed within the arms of death′,
While Victory, weep′ing nigh, received his breath!

4. The chord′, the harp's full chord′ is hush′ed,
The voice′ hath died away,
Where mu′sic, like sweet waters, gush′ed,
But yes′terday.
The wakening note′ the breeze-like swell′,
The full o'er-spreading tone′,
The sounds that sighed—"Farewell′, farewell′!"
Are gone′—all gone′!

5. Me let the tender of′fice long engage′,
To rock the cradle of reposing age′;
With lenient arts′ extend a moth′er's breath′,
Make languor smile′, and smooth the bed of death′;
Explore the thought′, explain the asking eye′,
And keep at least one pa′rent from the sky′.

NOTE I.—The emotions of the mind may be divided into two general classes;—the *tender* and the *strong*. The former, as grief, joy, kindness, &c., are not expressed in a strong emphatic manner; the latter, pertaining to the sterner feelings of our nature, as anger, revenge, hatred, &c., are thus expressed, and incline the voice to the falling inflection, according to Rule VII.

NOTE II.—The cause of the rising inflection in expressions of tender emotions, is the want of a strong and marked *emphasis*; for emphasis ever inclines the voice to the falling inflection,—the want of it has the opposite tendency, and inclines it to the rising inflection.

RULE VI.

The Penultimate Pause, or the last but one, of a passage, is usually preceded by the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. These through faith subdued king‵doms, wrought right‵eousness, obtained prom‵ises, stopped the mouths of li‵ons, quenched the violence of fire‵, escaped the edge of the sword‵, out of weakness were made strong‵, waxed valiant in fight′, turned to flight the armies of the aliens‵.

2. Time is the greatest of tyrants. As we go on toward age, he taxes our health‵, our limbs‵, our fac‵ulties, our strength′, and our fea‵tures.

How may the emotions of the mind be divided, and how expressed? What is the cause of the rising inflection in expressing tender emotion? To what does Rule VI. pertain?

3. Discomposed thoughts`, agitated passions, and a ruffled tem'per, poison every pleasure of life.

NOTE I.—The rising inflection is given before the penultimate pause, in order to prevent too great a *sameness*, since the voice generally falls at the end of a passage.

NOTE II.—If the words immediately preceding the penultimate pause, are emphatic, the Rule is departed from, and they receive the falling inflection, corresponding in intensity with the degree of emphasis.

EXAMPLES.

1. What I say unto you, I say unto *all`*,—watch!

2. Man would not only be an unhappy, but a *rude`* and *unfin`ished crea`ture*, were he conversant with none but his own make.

RULE VII.

Expressions of strong emotion, as of anger or surprise, and also the language of authority and reproach, are expressed with the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Throw years away?
Throw em`pires, and be blame`less; mo`ments seize`,—
Heaven's` on their wing`!—A moment we may wish,
When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid` day` stand still,—
Bid` him drive back` his car, and re-import`
The period past`,—re-give` the given hour`.
O for yes`terdays to come!

2. Come` one, come all`!—This rock` shall fly
From its firm base`, as soon as I.

3. Begone`! run` to your homes, fall` on your knees,
Pray` to the gods to intermit the plagues`
That needs must light on this ingrat`itude!

4. *Hamlet.*—An`gels and ministers of grace` defend` us!
King`, Fath`er, Royal Dane`! O, an`swer me!
Let me not burst` in ignorance! but tell`,
Why thy canonized bones`, hearsed in death,
Have burst` their cerements! why the sep`ulcher,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urned`,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws`,
To cast thee up again`! * * *

Why is the Penultimate Pause preceded by the rising inflection? In what instance is Rule VI. departed from? What is the Rule for the inflection of expressions of strong emotions?

Ghost.— ————List\`, list\`, O list\`!
If thou didst ever thy dear fa'ther love! * *
Brief let me be;—Sleeping within mine orchard
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed heb'enon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour\`
The leprous distill'ment. * * * *
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life\`, of crown\`, of queen\`, at once dispatch'ed;—
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin\`,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfec'tions on my head.
Hamlet.—O, hor'rible! O, hor'rible! most\` horrible!
Ghost.—If thou hast nature in thee, bear\` it not.
* * * * * Fare\` thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire;—
Adieu', adieu', adieu\`! Remem'ber me.
Hamlet.—O all you host\` of heaven! O earth\`!
* * * Hold\`, hold\`, my heart!
And you, my sin'ews, grow\` not instant old,
But bear\` me stiffly up! Remember thee'?
Aye\`, thou poor ghost\`, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe\`. Remem'ber thee?
Yea\`, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records\`,
All saws\` of books, all forms\`, all press'ures past,
That youth and observation copied there\`;
And thy command'ment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with ba'ser matter. * *
O vil'lain, vil'lain, smiling vil'lain!—
My tables.——Meet it is, I set it down,—
That one may smile, and smile, and be a vil'lain!

NOTE I.—The expressions of emotion, to which this Rule relates, are the reverse of those, to which Rule V. pertains. The feelings which are expressed with the falling inflection, agreeably to this Rule, are generally of a stern character, as anger, revenge, hatred, envy, and the like. They are marked by a strong *emphasis* in expression, which is the cause of the falling inflection.

In what do the emotions to which Rule VII. relates, differ from those to which Rule V. pertains? What is the cause of the difference in inflection?

NOTE II.—The *direct address*, when emphatic, or expressive of denunciation,—emphatic exclamations,—contemptuous language of any kind,—take the falling inflection, according to this Rule.

EXAMPLES.

1. O ye hypˋocrites! Ye can discern the face of the skyˋ; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?

2. Woeˋ unto you, Scribesˋ and Pharˋisees, hypˋocrites! for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extorˋtion and excessˋ.

3. Fireˋ! murˋder! thievesˋ! my goldˋ! my iron chestˋ! They will break in, and robˋ my iron chest!

4. This is proud freeˋdom! Now my soul may cast,
In generous scornˋ, her mantle of dissemˋbling
To earthˋ forever! And it is such joyˋ,
As if a captive from his dull, cold cellˋ,
Might soar at once, on chartered wing, to range
The realms of starr'd infinˋity! Awayˋ!
Vain mockˋery of a bridal wreathˋ! The hour,
For which stern paˋtience ne'er kept watch in vain,
Is comeˋ; and I may give my bursting heart
Fullˋ and indigˋnant scope. Now, Erˋibert!
Believeˋ in retribuˋtion! Whatˋ! proud manˋ!
Princeˋ, ruˋler, conˋqueror! didst thou deem Heaven slept?
Or that the unseen immortal ministers,
Ranging the world, to note e'en purposed crime,
In burning characters, had laid aside
Their everlasting attributes for *thee?*
O blind secuˋrity!—He, in whose dread handˋ
The lightnings viˋbrate, holds them back, until
The tramˋpler of this goodly earth, hath reached
His pyramid-hight of powˋer; that so his fall
May, with more fearˋful oracles, make paleˋ
Man's crowned oppressˋors!

RULE VIII.

An emphatic succession of particulars, and emphatic repetition, require the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. The splenˋdor of the firmament, the verˋdure of the earth, the varied colˋor of the flowers which fill the air with fragˋrance, and the muˋsic of those artless voices which mingle on every tree,—allˋ conspire to captivate our heartsˋ, and to swellˋ them with the most rapturous delight.

What is said of emphatic address, exclamations, &c. What is Rule VIII?

2. Bewareˋ what earth calls happiness; bewareˋ
All joysˊ but joysˋ that never can expire.

3. Not in a closed and bounded atmosphere,
Does life put forth its noblest and its bestˋ;
'Tis from the mountˋain's top that we look forth,
And see how small the worldˋ is at our feet;
There the free windsˋ sweep with unfettered wingˋ;
There the sunˋ rises firstˋ, and flingsˋ the last,
The purple gloˋries of the summer eve;
There does the Eaˋgle build her mighty nestˋ;
And there the snowˋ stains not its puˋrity.
When we descend—the vaˋpor gaˋthers round,
And the pathˋ narˋrows; small and worthless things
Obstructˋ our way; and in ourselves, we feelˋ
The strong compulˋsion of their influence.
We grow like those, with whom we daily blendˋ.

4. The tearˋ,
The groanˋ, the knellˋ, the pallˋ, the bierˋ,
And allˋ we knowˋ, or dreamˋ, or fearˋ
Of agˋony, are thine.

5. There is a certain untroubled serenˋity in truthˋ and justˋice,—there is a felt and native digˋnity in honˋor,—there is a quiet and secure restˋing-place in genˋtleness and humilˋity,—there is, we shall not say a proudˋ, but at least a triumphˋant complaˋcency in all the virˋtues of self-command,—there is a cheerˋfulness to the spirit in the temˋperance of the bodˋy,—there is in puˋrity such a peace as well as transparent beauty and loveliness, that it is like breathing in the third heavˋens instead of this world's gross and troubled atˋmosphere, when under the guardˋianship of strictest delicacy, the heart becomes that hallowed abode, in which no wrong or tainted imagination is permitted to dwell.

NOTE I.—As before stated, emphasis inclines the voice to the falling inflection, corresponding with it in intensity. To fix the mind definitely on the several particulars of a succession, each is expressed with a strong emphasis, and consequently with the falling inflection. For a like reason, as a repetition requires an increase in emphasis, it therefore receives the falling inflection, although the rising inflection may have been used in the expression when first uttered.

NOTE II.—The inflections, like the emphasis, increase in intensity on each succeeding particular, or repetition, being more intense on the last than the first.

What influence has emphasis on inflection? What is said of the intensity of inflection on a repetition or succession of particulars?

NOTE III.—The passages, to which this Rule refers, are similar, in numerous instances, to those coming under Rule IV., pertaining to the pause of suspension; and it may often be difficult to determine which reading is preferable. Whichever is the more applicable, will depend on the degree of emphasis required; if a *slight* degree, the rising inflection, agreeably to Rule IV.; if an *intense*, the falling should be employed, agreeably to this Rule.

CIRCUMFLEX.—RULE FOR ITS USE.

RULE IX.

The Circumflex is mainly employed in the language of irony, and in expressing ideas implying some condition, either expressed or understood.

EXAMPLES.

1. Go to—you are a child,
Infirm of feeling and of purpose, blown
About by every breath, shook by a sigh,
And melted by a tear,—*a prĕcious jŭdge.*

2. The rich măn doeth wrong, and yet threateneth withal; the poor' is wronged, and he must entreat also.

3. *Queen.*—You have your father much offended.
Hamlet.—Yŏu have your father much offended.

4. Virtue is not a mere sensătion, but everlast'ing truth'.

NOTE I.—In the fourth example, by the use of the circumflex on the word "*sensătion*," a positive idea is implied, which is expressed with the falling inflection in what follows. If one says, "That is a gŏod book," it is implied by the circumflex, that *another is better.* But if the falling is used instead, a positive idea is expressed.

MONOTONE.—RULE FOR ITS USE.

The Monotone is employed in expressing emotions of sublimity, reverence, and awe; or in reading passages of lofty description.

In certain passages, how may we determine whether the rising or falling inflection is preferable? What is the Rule for the use of the Circumflex? What, for the Monotone?

EXAMPLES.

1. O thōu whōse fiat lūlls the stōrm aslēēp!
Thōu, at whōse nōd sūbsides the rōlling dēēp!
Whōse āwful wōrd restrāins the whirlwind's fōrce,
And stāys the thūnder in its vēngeful cōurse!
Fōuntain of life! Omnipotēnt Sūprēme!
Rōbed in perfēction! crōwned in glōry's bēam!
O sēnd ōn ēarth Thȳ cōnsecrāted dōve,
To bēar the sācred ōlive from abōve;
Restōre agāin the blēst, the hōlcyōn time,
The fēstal hārmony of nāture's prime!

2. Sōund ōn, thōu dārk ūnslūmbering sēa!
My dirge is in thȳ mōan;
My spirit finds respōnse in thēē,
To its ōwn cēaseless crȳ—"Alōne, alōne!"

Yēt sēnd mē bāck ōne ōther wōrd,
Yē tōnes thāt nēver cēase!
Oh! lēt yōur sēcret cāves be stirr'd,
And sāy, dārk wātērs! will yē give mē *peace?*

3. Yē gōlden lāmps of hēaven, fārewēll, with āll yōur fēēble light,
Fārewēll, thōu ēver-chānging mōon, pāle ēmprēss of the night;
And thōu, refūlgēnt ōrb of dāy, in brighter flāmes arrayed,
My sōul which springs beyōnd thy sphere, no more demands thy āid
Ye stārs āre būt the shining dust of mȳ divine abōde,
The pāvement of thōse hēavenly cōurts, where I shall reign with Gōd

Note I.—The monotone is often employed in reading passages, on which it is especially desired to fix the attention. By a departure from the ordinary style of reading, to that of the monotone, a passage is rendered peculiarly expressive.

EXAMPLES.

1. Let Thy word control
The earthquakes of that universe—*the soul;*
Pervade the depths of passion—speak once more
The mighty mandate, guard of every shore,
"*Hēre shāll thȳ wāves bē stāyed.*"

2. Yet should we mourn thee in thy blest abode,
But for that thought,—"*It is the will ōf Gōd!*"

3. If, immortal in its thoughts, the soul
Shall live in Heaven, and spurn the tomb's control,
Angels shall re-transcribe with pens of fire,

For what purpose is the Monotone sometimes employed?

Thy* forms of Nature's terror, love, and ire,—
Thȳ cōpied wōrds of Gōd—whĕn dēath-strŭck sŭns expire.

4. Thou that didst bow the billow's pride
Thy mandate to fulfill!
O, speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak, and say, "*Pēace, bĕ still!*"

LESSON VII.

MODULATION.

1. Modulation implies those variations of voice, heard in reading and animated conversation, which are prompted by the feelings and emotions that the subject inspires.

EXAMPLE.

God said—"*Let there be light!*"
Grim darkness felt his might,
And fled away;
Then startled seas and mountains cold
Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,
And cried—"'TIS DAY! 'TIS DAY!"
"HAIL! HOLY LIGHT!" exclaimed
The *thunderous cloud* that flamed
O'er daisies white;
And lo! the rose, in crimson dressed,
Leaned sweetly on the lily's breast;
And blushing, murmured—"LIGHT!"

2. The voice is modulated in *three* different ways. *First,* it is varied in PITCH; that is, *up* and *down,*—from *high* to *low* tones. *Second,* it is varied in QUANTITY, or in *loudness,* or *volume,* of sound. *Third,* it is varied in QUALITY, or in the *kind* of sound expressed.

3. The importance of skill in this department of Elocution, must be obvious to any one who considers how tedious it is to listen even for a short time to one who "speaks right on" in one uniform style, regardless of those variations in his voice, which are suggested by the sentiments uttered.

What is Modulation? In how many different ways is the voice modulated?

---

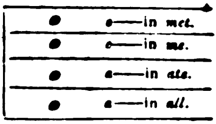
* Audubon, the celebrated Ornithologist.

4. Though proper variations are so pleasing to the ear, yet it must not be inferred that they should be adopted merely for the sake of *variation*. The modulation of the voice should be entirely subservient to sentiment and emotion. Sameness itself is preferable to any *mechanical* movements, as sudden leaps up and down, and the reverse.

PITCH OF VOICE.

1. **Pitch of Voice** has reference to its degree of elevation. Every person, in reading or speaking, assumes a certain pitch, which may be either *high* or *low*, according to circumstances, and which has a governing influence on the variations of the voice, above and below it. This degree of elevation, or pitch, is usually called the KEY NOTE, or *initial sound*.

2. The variation of the voice in pitch may be illustrated by the utterance of *a* in *all*, *ate*, and *e* in *me*, *met*, according to the following diagram. Thus,



3. For exercise in varying the voice in pitch, and for the purpose of acquiring skill in its management, the practice of uttering a sentence on the several degrees of elevation, represented in the following scale, will be found beneficial. First, utter the musical syllables, then the vowel sounds, and lastly the proposed sentence.

8.—do—●—*e*—in—*me*.—The-good-alone-are-great.
7. si ● *i* in *die*. The good alone are great.
6.—la—●—*o*—in—*do*.—The-good-alone-are-great.
5. sol ● *o* in *no*. The good alone are great.
4.—fa—●—*a*—in—*at*.—The-good-alone-are-great.
3. mi ● *a* in *ate*. The good alone are great.
2.—re—●—*a*—in—*far*.—The-good-alone-are-great.
1. do ● *a* in *all*. The good alone are great.

4. After becoming skilled in uttering the foregoing, first ascending and then descending, rising or falling gradually

---

By what should the modulations of the voice be governed? What is meant by "Pitch of voice?" Illustrate the pitch of voice by the diagram.

according to the scale, utter the sentence on the lowest or highest possible pitch, and then ascend or descend by several degrees at once. When this can be done with readiness and accuracy, take any other sentence of greater length, and utter it after the same manner. For examples, take the following:

1. A smile re-cures the wounding of a frown.
2. What mighty contests rise from trivial things!

5. In ascending from any given pitch, or point, by regular degrees, the eighth is merely a repetition of that pitch, or first note. Hence, there are but *seven* primary sounds. So that the eighth is properly the *first* of a new scale, or series of sounds, above; thus on, as high as it is possible to conceive a sound to be. Accordingly, the pitches of sound are numerous, varying from the deep, hoarse thunder, or ocean murmur, to the shrill chirp of the cricket,—or the lowest and the highest degrees which it is possible to conceive of.

6. Notwithstanding there are numerous pitches of sound, yet for practical purposes in reading and speaking, they may, in general, be considered as *three*;—the *low*, the *middle*, and the *high*.

7. The LOW pitch is adopted in expressing emotions of sublimity, awe, or reverence. The MIDDLE is that pitch usually employed in common conversation. The HIGH is used in calling to a person at a distance. The terms *high* and *low* must not be considered as synonymous with *loud* and *soft*. They are used in the sense of *shrill* and *grave*.

8. Under ordinary circumstances, the *middle* pitch should be adopted as the *key note;* since the voice is able to range both above and below, and hence admitting of greater and more pleasing variety than the *high* or *low;* whereas if the *low* or *high* pitch is adopted, the voice can not conveniently depart from it, except above, if it is *low;* and below, if it is *high.*

9. As before stated, the variations of the voice in every respect, should be such as are suggested by sentiment and emo-

---

To what extent may sound be varied in pitch? How many pitches of sound are considered? For what purpose is each adopted? Which should be ordinarily adopted? Why?

tion. Quite every emotion requires its own peculiar pitch of voice to express it. But as a general principle, *tender emotions*, as *joy, love, grief*, or such as incline the voice to the rising inflection, require an elevated pitch; *strong emotions*, as *horror, awe, reverence*, and the like, which incline the voice to the falling inflection, are best expressed in a low pitch. But no definite rule can be given in regard to it. It must be wholly determined by good taste, founded on sentiment and circumstances.

10. The advantages of a proper variation of the voice, in any respect, are not confined to the hearer alone, but are equally valuable to the reader or speaker; since a variation prevents the organs of the voice from becoming wearied as soon as otherwise, and if they become wearied by long exercise on one pitch, they are relieved by a change to a different degree of elevation.

11. For further exercise in acquiring skill in the management of the voice in pitch, read the following

EXAMPLES FOR EXERCISE.

1. I had an Edward,—till a Richard killed him;
I had a husband.—till a Richard killed him;—
Thou hadst an Edward,—till a Richard killed him;
Thou hadst a Richard,—till a Richard killed him.

2. A flourish, trumpets!—Strike alarums, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed;—strike, I say.

3. *K. Richard.*—Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds;
————Soft; I did but dream.
O coward Conscience, how thou dost afflict me!—
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.—
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear?—myself?—there's none else by;—
Richard loves Richard;—that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No;—yes, I am;—
Then fly,—what, from myself? Great reason,—why?
Lest I revenge. What? Myself on myself?
I love myself. Wherefore?—for any good,

What pitch of voice should expressions of tender emotions receive? What, those of strong emotions? What advantages are derived from a variation of the voice?

That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no! Alas! I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain!—yet I lie. I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well;—Fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury! in the high'st degree;
Murder, stern murder! in the dir'st degree,
All several sins, all used in each degree;
Throng to the bar, crying all,—"Guilty! guilty!" * *
A horse!—a horse!—my kingdom for a horse!

QUANTITY.

1. QUANTITY has reference to *fullness* and *duration* of sound.

2. Any sound may be rendered, in utterance, either *soft* or *loud*, *slow* or *quick*. The slight and heavy strokes on a bell, produce sounds alike in pitch, but differing in *quantity*, being soft or loud in proportion to the weight of the strokes.

3. Quantity is two-fold;—consisting in FULLNESS, or VOLUME, of sound, as *soft* or *loud*; and in TIME, as *slow* or *quick*. The former has reference to STRESS; the latter, to MOVEMENT.

4. Quantity is mainly confined to the vowel sounds; though it slightly affects the consonant sounds. By dwelling too much on the consonants, the utterance is rendered heavy and labored.

5. Quantity increases in ratio with the emphasis and inflection. The more intense emphasis or inflection requires a greater degree in quantity.

EXAMPLES.

1. *Strike*—for the *sires* who left you *free!*
STRIKE—for their SAKES who bore you!
STRIKE—for your *homes* and LIBERTY,
And the HEAVEN you worship o'er you!

2. The *isles* of *Greece!* the ISLES of GREECE!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,

What is meant by Quantity of sound? In what does quantity consist? To what sounds is it mainly confined? What influence have emphasis and inflection on the degree of quantity?

Where grew the arts of war and peace,
  Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

6. If the foregoing examples are read without dwelling on the vowal sounds, as denoted in the print, the reading will be rendered ineffectual in expressing the sentiment. But by imparting quantity to the utterance, the reading will be rendered effective, corresponding in elegance with the sentiment.

7. The degrees of variation in quantity, are numerous, varying from a slight, soft whisper, to a vehement shout. Though, in general, they may be considered as *three*, the same as in pitch;—the *soft*, the *middle*, and the *loud*. But whatever the degree to be employed, depends on the nature and extent of the emotion to be expressed; for by it does the hearer judge in regard to the amount of feeling entertained by the reader or speaker, and is thereby influenced to exercise the same.

8. For exercise in quantity, utter any sentence, as

"All 's to be feared, where all 's to be lost,"

first in a slight, soft tone, and then repeat it, gradually increasing in quantity to the full extent of the voice, in no instance varying the pitch. Or, in like manner, sound any vowel sound, or all of them. Thus,

o o o O O O O O O O O

For further exercise, let the following be read:

EXAMPLES FOR EXERCISE IN PITCH AND QUANTITY.

1. But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou didst sink to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set!—Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers, come.—our deeds are done.
Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not?

What is said of the degrees of variation in quantity?

2. 'Tis the star-spangled banner! O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

3. O Conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern, dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspiracy!
Hide it in smiles and affability;
For if thou put thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

QUALITY.

1. QUALITY has reference to *the kind of sound* expressed.

2. Sounds may differ as essentially in quality as in pitch or quantity. The sounds produced on the clarinet and flute, may accord in pitch and quantity, yet it is easy to discover a difference between them. This difference consists in the *quality* of the respective sounds.

3. Quality in the voice, is distinguished by the terms *harsh, smooth, nasal, guttural, rough, hard, shrill, round,* &c.

4. The voice is susceptible of as great an improvement in quality, as in other respects. Though naturally some voices are more melodious in quality than others, yet all may be improved by proper discipline; and harsh, uncouth tones may be rendered smooth and musical.

5. WHISPERING is a quality of voice, which consists merely of a gentle effusion of the breath. It is unlike a *tone,* or vocal emission of the voice, from the fact that it is hardly susceptible of any variation in pitch, though it is in quantity—being *soft* or *loud* according to circumstances. Frequently the whispering quality of voice, may render the enunciation of a sentiment, peculiarly forcible and impressive. The following are among the numerous passages which require the whispering voice.

What is meant by Quality? By what terms is the quality in voice distinguished? What is said of the whispering quality of voice?

EXAMPLES.

1. Peace, break thee off,—look, where it comes again.
2. He sinks—while scarce his struggling breath
Hath power to falter—"*This is death!*"
3. To-mor'row! Some ere now have slept and dreamt
Of morrows which ne'er dawned,—or ne'er for them,
So silently their deep and *still repose*
Hath melted into death!

LESSON VIII.

EXPRESSION.

1. THE peculiar modulations of the voice necessary to express the various passions and emotions of the mind, constitute EXPRESSION.

2. To express any emotion, requires its own peculiar modification of voice. When properly expressed, it begets its like in the minds of the auditors; kindness, feelings of kindness; sorrow, those of sorrow; anger, of anger. Though it may be difficult fully to entertain any emotion to be expressed, yet if it is uttered in the peculiar style which nature dictates, even though it be by imitation, the expression will not fail to excite like emotion in the minds of the hearers.

3. To determine the peculiarities of the voice, in expressing any emoticn, it is necessary to understand those which the passion, really felt, dictates. For instance, all have observed that sorrow, or excessive grief, expresses itself in short, broken, and elevated effusions of the voice; while anger speaks in a low, firm tone. This observation of natural expressions, is the only method of determining the peculiarity of voice, which is adapted to express any emotion.

4. For practice, several examples are here subjoined, designed to express some of the passions or emotions of the mind; and some of the modulations to be adopted in the voice, are designated by the following

---

What is Expression? What is requisite in expressing emotions of the mind?

NOTATION IN MODULATION.*

(°)	high.	(*p.*)	soft.
(°°)	high and loud.	(*pp.*)	very soft.
(ₒ)	low.	(*f.*)	loud.
(ₒₒ)	low and loud.	(*ff.*)	very loud.
(==)	quick.	(*pl.*)	plaintive.
('')	short and quick.	(<)	increase.
(*sl.*)	slow.	(>)	decrease.

EXAMPLES FOR EXERCISE IN MODULATION.

SOLEMNITY.

1. (*sl.*) The sun hath set in folded clouds,—
Its twilight rays are gone;
And (ₒ) gathered in the shades of night,
(ₒₒ) The storm is rolling on.
(*pl.*) Alas! how ill that bursting storm
(>) The fainting spirit braves,
(*p.*) When they,—the lovely and the lost,—
(*pl.*) Are gōne to ēarly grāves!

SADNESS.

2. (*p.*) My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
(ₒ*pl.*) But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground—(>) to die`!
(*p.*) My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the mōon's pāle rāy;
('') Its hold is frail,—its date is brief,—
Restless,—(ₒ>) and soon to pass away!
My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;—
(ₒ) Soon as the rising tide shall beat,—
(ₒ>) All trace will vanish from the sand!

ANIMATION.

3. (==) The summer is come; she hath said, (°) "Rejoice!"
The woods thrill to her merry voice;
Her sweet breath is wandering around,—on high;
(°) Sing, sing through the echoing sky!

---

* This Notation in part is the same as that employed in Porter's Rhetorical works.

(‿) There is joy in the mountain.—the bright waves leap
Like the bounding stag when he breaks from sleep;
(' ') Mirthfully, wildly, they flash along—
Let the heavens ring with song!

SURPRISE.

4. Lo! the mighty sun looks forth!
(°°) Arm! thou leader of the north!

5. (°°) Make ready for the charge!
They come—they come!—On to the field!
The word is VENGEANCE!

CAUTION.

6. (*pp.*) Hush! lightly tread! still tranquilly she sleeps;—
I've watched, suspending e'en my breath, in fear
To break the heavenly spell. Move silently!

SUBLIMITY.

7. (ₒ) O thou vast Ocean!—ever sounding sea!
Thou symbol of a dread immensity!
(oo) Thy voice is like the thunder (*op.*) and thy sleep
Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—
(oo) "Eternity, eternity, and power."

FEAR.

8. *Cicero.*—Why are you breathless?—and why stare you so?
Casca.—Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth
(=) Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero!
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
(o=) The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds;
But never till to-night, never till now,
(>) Did I go through tempests dropping fire.

IMPATIENCE,—DETERMINATION,—MILDNESS

9. ('') Ah! when shall mad ambition cease to rage?
Ah! when shall war his demon-wrath assuage?
When, WHEN, supplanting discord's iron reign,
(*sl.*) Shall Mercy wave her olive-wand again?
(o) Not till the despot's dread career is closed,
And might restrained, and tyranny deposed!

(*p.*) Return, sweet Peace, ethereal form benign!
Fair blue-eyed seraph! balmy power divine!
Descend once more! thy hallowed blessings bring,
Wave thy bright locks, and spread thy downy wing
Luxuriant Plenty laughing in thy train,
Shall crown with glowing stores the desert-plain;
Young smiling Hope, attendant on thy way,
Shall gild thy path with mild celestial ray.
Descend once more, thou daughter of the sky!
(=) Cheer every heart, and brighten every eye;
Descend once more! to bid the world rejoice—
Let nations hail thee with exulting voice;
Around thy shrine with purest incense throng,
Weave the fresh palm, and swell the choral song!
Then shall the shepherd's flute, the woodland reed,
(∘) The martial clarion and the drum succeed;
(*p.*) Again shall bloom Arcadia's fairest flowers,
And music warble in Idalian bowers.
(∘) Where war and carnage blew the blast of death,
(*pp.*) The gale shall whisper with Favonian breath;
And golden Ceres bless the festive swain,
('') Where the wild combat reddened o'er the plain.
These are thy blessings, fair benignant maid!
Return, return, in vest of light arrayed!
Let angel-forms and floating sylphides bear
Thy car of sapphire through the realms of air,
(*pp.*) With accents milder than Æolian lays,
When o'er the harp the fanning zephyr plays;
Be thine to charm the raging world to rest,
Diffusing round the heaven—that glows within thy breast

DEFIANCE.

10. Canst thou, supreme Destroyˋer! hope to bind,
($_{\circ}<$) In chains of adamant, the noble mind?
($^{\circ}<$) Go, bid the rolling orbs thy mandate hear,
Go, stay the lightning in its winged career!
($_{\circ}<$) No, tyˋrant! no, thy utmost force is vain,
The patriot-arm of freedom to restrain.

NOTE.—Although, to a limited extent, a notation may sometimes prove advantageous, yet the reader should be governed, in the modulation of his voice, primarily by the sense. By a strict regard to notation instead of sentiment or emotion, the style of reading is rendered arbitrary, measured, and mechanical—a style above all others to be avoided.

LESSON IX.

PERSONATION.

1. **Personation** is the varying of the voice in pitch, quantity, or quality, so as to represent the voices of two or more individuals.

2. Personation has sometimes been termed *Ventriloquism*, *Rhetorical Dialogue*, &c. It is not properly a distinct department of Elocution, but it is merely the *practical application* of the principles of Modulation.

3. Some are able by their skill in this art to deceive—a tact neither necessary nor desirable. This skill can not be expected of every one, yet all can and should become sufficiently skilled in the management of their voice, to be able to personate, to some extent, the different individuals represented as speaking in a dialogue or conversation.

4. The voices of individuals, so far as their general practice is concerned, differ in pitch, quantity, or quality, or in all of these respects. Each voice is therefore distinguished from others by some prevailing characteristic. Hence, to personate with propriety, it is necessary to determine the prevailing characteristic which each individual would be most likely to practice This is commonly ascertained either from the character of the individual, or the part taken in the colloquy. Then, by assuming that certain peculiarity of voice for each, the different characters may readily be personated. In general, it will be sufficiently accurate to modulate the voice in pitch and quantity, to represent two or more persons. Thus, a father would be personated by a low, firm tone; a child, by a high, sprightly one.

5. To discipline the voice, preparatory to personating in reading a dialogue, first attend to the exercises proposed in pitch and quantity, presented in previous lessons. These may be made concert exercises, in disciplining the voices of a class.

What is meant by Personation? By what other terms is it sometime called? In what do voices of individuals mainly differ? In general, how may different voices be personated?

6. For exercise in personation, the following extracts are presented. It is expected that all the parts will be read or spoken, in connection, by one voice.

7. The following extract from Shakspeare, represents mainly an angry dispute between individuals, each ambitious of superior authority. Gloster may be personated by a full, commanding voice; Winchester, by a low, heavy tone, expressive of defiance.

[SCENE *before the Gates of the Tower.*—GLOSTER *with servants.*]
Gloster.—I am come to survey the Tower this day;
Since Henry's death, I fear there is conveyance.
Where are these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates,—Gloster it is that calls. [*Servants knock.*]
Woodville. [*Within.*]—What voice is this? What traitors have we here?
Glos.—Lieutenant, is it you, whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's Gloster, that would enter.
Wood. [*Within.*]—Have patience, noble duke, I may not open,
The Cardinal of Winchester forbids.
From him I have express commandment,
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.
Glos.—Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester? that haughty prelate
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.
Servts.—Open the gates unto the lord protector;
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.
[*Enter* WINCHESTER, *with Servants in tawny coats.*
Winchester.—How now, ambitious Humphrey? what means this?
Glos.—Peeled priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?
Win.—I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector of the king or realm.
Glos.—Stand back, thou manifest conspirator;
Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord.
Win.—Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot;
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.
Glos.—I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back,—
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth,
I'll use, to carry thee out of this place.
Win.—Do what thou dar'st,—I beard thee to thy face.
Glos.—What! am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
Draw, men, for all this privileged place * *

Now beat them hence,—why do you let them stay ?
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—
Out, tawny coats!—out, scarlet hypocrite!

8. The following conversation between citizens who had assembled for witnessing the execution of an innocent victim, may be represented, the first by an elevated, the second by a middle, and the third by a low tone of voice;—Procida by full, commanding tone.

1st Citizen.—The morning breaks,—his time is almost come.
Will he be led this way ?
2d Cit.— Aye, so 'tis said,
To die before that gate, through which he purposed
The foe should enter in.
3d Cit.— 'Twas a vile plot!
And yet I would my hands were pure as his,
From the deep stain of blood. Didst hear the sounds
In the air last night ?
2d Cit.— Since the great work of slaughter,
Who hath not heard them duly at those hours
Which should be silent ?
3d Cit.— O, the fearful mingling,
The terrible mimicry of human voices,
In every sound which to the heart doth speak
Of woe and death.
2d Cit.— Aye, there was woman's shrill
And piercing cry; and the low feeble wail
Of dying infants; and the half-suppressed
Deep groan of man in his last agonies!
And now and then there swell'd upon the breeze
Strange, savage bursts of laughter, wilder far
Than all the rest.
1st Cit.— Of our own fate, perchance.
These awful midnight wailings may be deemed
An ominous prophecy. Hark! [*Distant sound of trumpets.*]
2d Cit.—'Twas but the rushing of the breeze.
3d Cit.—E'en now, 'tis said, the hostile bands approach.
2d Cit.—Again! That sound
Was no illusion. Nearer yet it swells—
They come! they come! [*Enter* PROCIDA.]
Procida:—The foe is at your gates;
But hearts and hands prepared shall meet his onset:-
Why are you loitering here ?
Cit.— My lord, we come——

Proc.—Think ye I knew not wherefore?—'Twas to see
A fellow-being die! Aye, 'tis a sight
Man loves to look on, and the tenderest hearts
Recoil, and yet withdraw not from the scene!
For this ye come.—What! is our nature fierce?
Or is there that in mortal agony,
From which the soul, exulting in its strength,
Doth learn immortal lessons?

9. The following dialogue by Mrs. Hemans, portrays the sterling integrity which has eminently characterized many who have been compelled to suffer persecution and martyrdom for the sake of their religion.

[SCENE *in a Prison.*—EDITH *alone.*]

Edith.—Morn once again! Morn in the lone dim cell,
The cavern of the prisoner's fever dream!
And morn on all the green rejoicing hills,
And the bright waters round the prisoner's home,
Far, far away! Now wakes the early bird
That in the lime's transparent foliage sings,
Close to my cottage lattice! Now doth the lake
Darken and flash in rapid interchange
Unto the matin breeze; and the blue mist
Rolls, like a furling banner, from the brows
Of the forth-gleaming hills and woods! Bright world!

[*Enter* GOMEZ.]

Gomez.—Daughter, hail! I bring thee tidings.
Ed.—Heaven will aid my soul
Calmly to meet whate'er thy lips announce.
Gom.—Nay, lift a song of thanksgiving to Heaven,
And bow thy knee down for deliverance won!
Hast thou not prayed for life? and wouldst thou not
Once more be free?
Ed.—Have I not pray'd for life'! Heaven, thou knowest
The gushings of my prayer! And would I not
Once more be free'! *I* that have been a child
Of breezy hills, a playmate of the fawn
In ancient woodlands, from mine infan'cy!
A watcher of the clouds and of the stars,
Beneath the adoring silence of the night'!
And a glad wanderer with the happy streams,
Whose laughter fills the mount'ains! O, to hear
Their blessed sounds again!
Gom.— Rejoice! rejoice!
Our queen hath pity, maiden, on thy youth;
She wills not thou shouldst perish.—I am come
To loose thy bonds.

Ed.—Blessings upon thee! my quick heart
Hath deem'd thee stern,—say, wilt thou not forgive
The wayward child, too long in sunshine rear'd—
Too long unused to chastening? Wilt thou not?
But Herbert—is he too free?
Gom.— His freedom lies
In his own choice—a boon like thine.
Ed.— Thy words fall changed and cold upon my boding heart.
Leave not this dim suspense o'ershadowing me.
Let all be told.
Gom.— The monarchs of the earth
Shower not their mighty gifts without a claim
Unto some token of true vassalage,
Some mark of homage.
Ed.— Oh! unlike to *Him*
Who freely pours the joy of sunshine forth,
And the bright quickening rain, on those who serve,
And those who heed Him not!
Gom. [*Laying a paper before her.*]—Is it so much
That thine own hand should set the crowning seal
To thy deliverance? Look! thy task is here.
Sign but these words for liberty and life.
Ed. [*Examining and then throwing it from her.*]
Sign but these words'! And wherefore saidst thou not,
"Be but a traitor to God's light within?"
Cruel! O cruel! thy dark sport hath been
With a young bosom's hope! Farewell, glad life!
Bright opening path to love and home, farewell!
And thou—now leave me with my God alone!
Gom.—Dost thou reject Heaven's mercy?
Ed.— Heav'en's! Doth *Heaven*
Woo the free spirit for dishonor'd breath
To sell its birth-right? Doth *Heaven* set a price
On the clear jewel of unsullied faith,
And the bright calm of conscience? Away!
God hath been with me 'midst the holiness
Of England's mountains. Not in sport alone
I trod their heath-flowers; but high thoughts rose up
From the broad shadow of the enduring rocks,
And wandered with me into solemn glens,
Where my soul felt the beauty of His word.
I have heard voices of immortal truth,
Blent with the everlasting torrent-sounds
That make the deep hills tremble.—Shall I quail?
Shall England's daughter sink?—No! He who there
Spoke to my heart in silence and in storm,
Will not forsake His child!

10. Much practice is requisite in becoming skillful in Personation; and the exercise will prove not only useful in acquiring skill in that art, but efficient in disciplining the voice in the various departments of modulation.

LESSON X.

RHETORICAL PAUSE.

1. **Rhetorical Pauses** are those which are frequently required by the voice in reading and speaking, although the construction of the passage admits of no grammatical pause. It may be denoted thus, (‖).

EXAMPLES.

1. The worst of slaves, is he ‖ whom passion ‖ rules.
2. Glory ‖ is like a circle ‖ in the water,
Which never ceaseth ‖ to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse ‖ to naught.

2. The rhetorical pause, properly employed, holds an important rank in Elocutionary Science. Silence often speaks more eloquently than

> "Words of learned length and thundering sound."

It is effectually employed before or after the announcement of some important truth or sentiment. In such a case, it has a tending to fix the entire attention on the expression, and impress the thought indelibly on the mind. It is usually denoted, in such instances, by the dash (—).

EXAMPLES.

1. Where met our bards of old?—the glorious throng,
They of the mountain and the battle song?
They met—Oh! not in kingly hall or bower,
But where wild Nature girt herself with power;
They met—where streams flash'd bright from rocky caves,
They met—where woods made moan o'er warriors graves,
And where the torrent's rainbow spray was cast,
And where dark lakes were heaving to the blast.
2. Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And freedom shrieked—AS KOSCIUSKO FELL!

What are Rhetorical Pauses? When is it effectually used?

3. **Father, forsake us not!—when tortures urge**
The shrinking soul—to that mysterious verge;
When from Thy justice to Thy love we fly,
On Nature's conflict look—with pitying eye,—
Bid the strong wind, the fire, the earthquake cease,
Come in the still small voice, and whisper—*peace!*

3. The important word or passage which precedes or follows the rhetorical pause, should be uttered in a different tone of voice, from preceding portions. Generally, it should be expressed in a lower pitch of voice, with a slower movement.

4. The grammatical pauses, as the comma, semicolon, and the like, are employed with reference mainly to the grammatical construction of a passage, though in reading, a pause in the voice is required at them; but the rhetorical pause is as much demanded by the sense, as the grammatical, though it is denoted by no general sign, except the dash in a few cases.

5. No definite rule can be given in regard to the length of the rhetorical or grammatical pauses. The good taste of the reader or speaker, must determine it. Sometimes a longer pause is required at the same pause than at other times.

LESSON XI.

POETICAL ELOCUTION.

1. POETICAL ELOCUTION relates to the reading or speaking of poetical compositions.

2. The peculiar manner, in which poetry is read or spoken, constitutes its distinctive characteristic as poetry, aside from its being the language of emotion and excited imagination.

3. Poetry is of two kinds;—*Rhyme* and *Blank Verse* RHYME consists of lines, two or more of which end in similar sounds. BLANK VERSE partakes of the characteristics of rhyme, except the lines do not end in similar sounds.

How should the important word or clause before or after the rhetorical pause be read? How are grammatical pauses used? What is said of the length of the pauses? To what does Poetical Elocution relate? What constitutes Poetry? What are the two kinds of poetry?

4. A poetical line is composed of a regular succession of accented and unaccented syllables. Thus,

"Re*vere'* | thy*self'*, | and *yet'* | thy*self'* | de*spise'*,"|

5. MONOSYLLABLES which are emphatic, or which receive a greater stress than other words, with which they are immediately connected, even though they may not be emphatic with reference to other words in the sentence, are regarded as ACCENTED syllables. Thus,

"Much learn'|ing *shows'*| how lit'|tle mor'|tals *know'* ;|
Much *wealth'*|, how lit'|tle world'|lings *can'*| enjoy'."|

6. The accented syllables are considered *long;* the unaccented, *short.* The long or accented syllables are marked thus, (—); the short or unaccented, thus, (◡).

POETIC FEET.

1. Each regular succession of accented and unaccented syllables, is called a *foot.* It consists of either two or three syllables. In the following example each line contains *four* feet, and *two* syllables in each foot.

EXAMPLE.

If hāp|pĭnēss | ŏn wēalth | wĕre buīlt,|
Rīch rōgues | mīght cōm|fŏrt fīnd | īn guīlt.|
As grōws | thĕ mī|sĕr's hōard|ĕd stōre,|
Hīs fēars, | hīs wānts, | īncrēase | thĕ mōre.|

2. There are *four* principal feet, called the *Iambus,* the *Trochee,* the *Anapest,* and the *Dactyl.* The first two contain *two* syllables; the last two, *three* syllables.

3. The IAMBUS is a foot which contains *two* syllables;—the first is *short;* the second, *long.*

EXAMPLES.

1. O, ēv|ĕr thūs | frŏm chīld|hŏod's hōur,|
I've sēen | mў fōnd|ĕst hōpes | dĕcāy ;|
I nēv|ĕr lōved | ă trēe | ŏr flōw'r,|
Būt 'twās | thĕ fīrst | tŏ fāde | ăwāy !|

Of what is a poetical line composed? What monosyllables are regarded as accented syllables? What is a poetic foot? What are the principal feet called? Of what is the Iambus composed?

2. Think not because the eye is bright,
   And smiles are laughing there,
The heart that beats within, is light,
   And free from pain and care.
A blush may tinge the darkest cloud,
   Ere Day's last beams depart.
And underneath the sunniest smile,
   May lurk the saddest heart.

4. The **Trochee** is a foot which consists of *two* syllables;—the first is *long*; the second, *short*.

EXAMPLES.

1. Chānge is | writtĕn | ōn thĕ | tide,—
On thĕ | fōrĕst's | lēafy̆ | pride,—
On thĕ | strēamlĕt | glāncing | bright,—
On thĕ | jēwĕled | crōwn ŏf | night.—
Lō! thĕ | stōrm hāth | pāssed ă|wāy,—
Mārk thĕ | rāinbŏw's | vivid | rāy!
Whēre? 'Tis | pāst.—Wĕ | lōok ă|gāin, -
Sūnshine | brightĕns | āll thĕ | plāin!

5. The **Anapest** is a foot which consists of *three* syllables;—the first two are *short*; and the third, *long*.

EXAMPLES.

1. As ă bēam | ŏ'er thĕ fāce | ŏf thĕ wā|tĕrs măy glōw.|
While thĕ tide | rūns in dārk|nĕss ănd cōld|nĕss bĕlōw,|
Sŏ thĕ chēek | măy bĕ ting'd | with ă wārm | sūnny smile,|
Thŏugh thĕ cōld | hēart tŏ rū|in rūns dārk|ly thĕ while.|
2. But the love | that is kept | in the beau|ty of trust,
   Can not pass | like the foam | from the seas,|
Or a mark | that the fin|ger hath traced | in the dust,
   Where 'tis swept | by the breath | of the breeze.|
3. When amidst | the dull cares | that surround | us in life,-
   The moments of bliss that illumine our way,—
When the bosom is torn with contention and strife,
   Or when thrill'd with delight at the scenes we survey,—
O, then blest is the man who can freely repose
In the heart of a *friend* all his joys and his woes!

6. The **Dactyl** is a foot which consists of *three* syllables;—the first is *long*; and the second and third are *short*.

EXAMPLES.

1. Hōnŏr ănd | glōry wĕre | givĕn tŏ | chērish;
   Chērish thĕm, | thĕn, thŏugh āll | ēlse shŏuld dĕ|cāy;

Of what, the Trocnee? Of what, the Anapest? Of what, the Dactyl?

Lānd-mārks bĕ | thēse, thăt ăre | nĕvĕr tŏ | pĕrish,
Stārs thăt will | shīne ŏn thĕ | dūskiĕst | dāy.

7. Poetry is divided, according to the character of the feet, of which it is composed, into *four* classes;—the *Iambic*. the *Trochaic*, the *Anapestic*, and the *Dactylic* poetry. The Iambic and the Anapestic are most common; the Dactylic is the least common.

8. Poetry is not always composed, uniformly, of the same kind of feet. It is often composed of different kinds; and it is not unfrequently irregular, being rendered so often by established pronunciation

EXAMPLES.

1. Fŭll măn|y̆ ă stō|ĭc ēye | ănd ās|pĕct stĕrn|
Măsk heārts | whĕre griĕf | hās lit|tlĕ lĕft | tŏ lēarn ;|
And māny̆ ă with'|rĭng thōught | lies hīd, | nŏt lōst,|
In smiles | thăt lēast | bĕfit, | whŏ wēars | thĕm mōst.|

2. We come | from the shores | of the green | old Nile,|
From the land | where the ro|ses of Sha|ron smile,|
From the palms | that wave | through the In|dian sky,|
From the myrrh|-trees of glow|ing *Ar|ăby̆*.|

We have swept | o'er cit|ies in song | renown'd—|
Silĕnt | they lie | with the des|erts around !|
We have crossed | proud riv|ers, whose tide | hath roll'd |
All dark | with the war|rior-blood | of old.|

We have found | a change, | we have found | a pall,|
And a gloom | o'ershad|owing | the ban|quet's hall,|
And a mark | on the floor | as of life|-drops spilt—|
Naught looks | the same, | save the nest | we built !|

9. When several long syllables occur in succession, they constitute a monotone.

EXAMPLE.

1. Father of light and life ! Thōu Gōod Sūprēme !
O, teach me what is good !—tēach mē Thȳsēlf!

POETIC PAUSES.

1. Besides the regular succession of accented and unaccentented syllables, there is another peculiarity which belongs

---

How may poetry be divided with respect to the feet, of which it is composed? Is poetry composed uniformly of the same kind of feet?

to the reading of some kinds of poetry, which is the occurrence of PAUSES.

2. In general, the poetic pauses are *two*;—the *Cesural Pause* which occurs at or near the middle of the line; and the *Final Pause* which occurs at the end of the several lines These pauses are independent of the grammatical pauses though they frequently occur in the same place.

EXAMPLES.

1. **As some tall cliff ‖ that lifts its awful form,‖**
Swells from the vale, ‖ and midway leaves the storm;‖
Though round its breast ‖ the rolling clouds are spread,‖
Eternal sunshine ‖ settles on its head.‖

2 When the last sunshine ‖ of expiring day,‖
In summer's twilight | weeps itself away,‖
Who hath not felt ‖ the softness of the hour‖
Sink on the heart, ‖ as dew along the flower ?‖
With a pure feeling ‖ which absorbs and awes,‖
While Nature makes ‖ that melancholy pause,‖
Her breathing moment ‖ on the bridge where Time,‖
Of light and darkness ‖ forms an arch sublime;‖
Who hath not shared ‖ that calm, so still and deep,‖
The voiceless thought ‖ which would not speak, but weep,‖
A holy concord, ‖ and a bright regret,—‖
A glorious sympathy ‖ with suns that set ?‖

3. The *cesural* pause occurs only in certain kinds of poetry. The *final* pause always occurs in *rhyme*, in order to denote the similarity of final sounds, in which it consists. It is, also, generally to be observed in reading blank verse.

4. In certain kinds of poetry, the lines of which are of great length, there is sometimes employed still another pause, occurring about half way between the cesural pause and the beginning or end of the line. It is called the *Demi-cesural* pause.

EXAMPLES.

1. **I've wandered | through many a clime ‖ when flowers | of beauty grew,**
Where all | was blissful to the heart | and lovely to the view,—

What are the Poetic Pauses, and where do they occur? When is the Cesural Pause used? When the final?

I've seen them | in their twilight pride, || and in their dress | of morn,
But none appeared | so sweet to me || as the spot | where I was born.

2. In the cold moist earth | we laid her || when the forest | cast the leaf,
And we wept | that one so lovely || should have a lot | so brief;
Yet not unmeet | it was || that one | like that young friend of ours,
So gentle | and so beautiful, || should perish | with the flowers.

5. The observance of the succession of accented and unaccented syllables, and of the poetic pauses, constitutes the peculiar characteristic of Poetical Elocution. The inflection, emphasis, and modulation of the voice, are to be regarded in the reading of poetry the same as in that of prose. It is therefore important that these poetic pauses and feet be well understood.

6. While it is necessary to observe these peculiar characteristics in poetic reading, yet caution should be exercised lest a studied observance of them be adopted,—a practice which renders the Elocution measured and monotonous,—a chanting process, sometimes adopted by those who bestow too great a regard to poetic peculiarities, which is more to be avoided than a prosaic style of reading.

How should Emphasis, Inflection, &c., be employed in reading poetry ?
In observing the poetic feet and pauses, what caution should be exercised ?

THE

SCHOOL READER.

FIFTH BOOK.

PART SECOND.

LESSON I.

Explanatory Notes and Definitions.—1. **Demosthenes**, the prince of orators, rather than to fall into the hands of his enemies, destroyed himself by taking poison.

2. **Tully**, or **Cicero**, (Marcus Tullius Cicero,) the great Roman orator, was murdered by Popilius, whose life had once been saved by his eloquence. His head and hands were affixed to the same rostrum, from which he had poured forth eloquence, surpassed by no human voice.

3. **Hyperborean**, (*hyper*, beyond or far; *borean*, northern.), belonging to a region very far north; most northern.

4. **Atlantis**, a famous island, which, according to the ancients, once stood in the Atlantic ocean, but which was subsequently submerged. Some modern writers identify *America* with the lost Atlantis of the ancients.

5. **Seneca**, a Roman philosopher and orator, who was tutor to **Nero**; but the sound precepts which he taught, were unheeded, and, after that cruel emperor had ascended the throne, he ordered Seneca to destroy himself, which he did.

6. **Thule**, an island far to the north west of Europe, which was called by the ancients, *ultima*, the *farthest*, on account of its being regarded as the utmost limit of geographical knowledge in that quarter.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF THE PEOPLE, THE SECURITY OF THE NATION.

Edward Everett.

1. The most powerful motives call on us, as scholars, for those efforts which our common country demands of all her children. Most of us are of that class, who owe whatever of knowledge has shone into our minds, to the free and popular institutions of our native land. There are few of us, who may not be permitted to boast that we have been reared in an honest poverty or a frugal competence, and owe every thing to those means of education, which are equally open to all.

2. We are summoned to new energy and zeal by the high nature of the experiment we are appointed in Providence to make, and the grandeur of the theater, on which it is to be performed. When the old world afforded no longer any hope, it pleased Heaven to open this last refuge to humanity. The attempt has begun, and is going on, far from foreign corruption, on the broadest scale, and under the most benignant auspices; and it certainly rests with us to solve the great problem in human society—to settle, and that forever, the momentous question—whether mankind can be trusted with a purely popular system of government?

3. One might almost think, without extravagance, that the departed wise and good, of all places and times, are looking down from their happy seats to witness what shall now be done by us; that they who lavished their treasures and their blood of old, who labored and suffered, who spake and wrote, who fought and perished, in the one great cause of freedom and truth, are now hanging, from their orbs on high, over the last solemn experiment of humanity.

4. As I have wandered over the spots, once the scenes of their labors, and mused among the prostrate columns of their senate-houses and forums, I have seemed almost to hear a voice from the tombs of departed ages,—from the sepulchers of the nations which died before the sight.

5. They exhort us, they adjure us, to be faithful to our trust. They implore us, by the long trials of struggling humanity—by the blessed memory of the departed—by the dear faith which has been plighted, by pure hands, to the holy cause of truth and man—by the awful secrets of the prison-houses, where the sons of freedom have been immured—by the noble heads which have been brought to the block—by the wrecks of time—by the eloquent ruins of nations, they conjure us not to quench the light which is rising on the world. Greece cries to us, by the convulsed lips of her poisoned, dying Demosthenes[1]; and Rome pleads with us in the mute persuasion of her mangled Tully.[2]

6. When we engage in that solemn study, the history of

our race,—when we survey the progress of man, from his cradle in the east to these last limits of his wandering,—when we behold him forever flying westward from civil and religious thralldom, bearing his household gods over mountains and seas, seeking rest and finding none, but still pursuing the flying bow of promise to the glittering hills which it spans in Hesperian climes, we can not but exclaim,

> " Westward the star of empire takes its way;
> The four first acts already past,
> The fifth shall close the drama with the day;
> Time's noblest offspring is the last."

7. In this high romance, if romance it be, in which the great minds of antiquity sketched the fortunes of the ages to come,—they pictured to themselves a favored region beyond the ocean, a land of equal laws and happy men. The primitive poets beheld it in the islands of the blest; the Doric bards fancied it in the Hyperborean[3] regions; the sage of the academy placed it in the lost Atlantis;[4] and even the sterner spirit of Seneca[5] could discern a fairer abode of humanity, in distant regions then unknown.

8. We look back upon these uninspired predictions, and almost recoil from the obligation they imply. By us must these fair visions be realized; by us must be fulfilled these high promises, which burst in trying hours from the longing hearts of the champions of truth. There are no more continents or worlds to be revealed. Atlantis hath arisen from the ocean. The farthest Thule[6] is reached; there are no more retreats beyond the sea, no more discoveries, no more hopes.

9. Here, then, a mighty work is to be fulfilled, or never, by the race of mortals. The man who looks with tenderness on the sufferings of good men in other times, the descendant of the Pilgrims, who cherishes the memory of his fathers; the patriot who feels an honest glow at the majesty of the system, of which he is a member; the scholar who beholds with rapture the long-sealed book of unprejudiced truth opened for all to read;—these are they, by whom these auspices are to be accomplished. Yes, it is by the intellect of the country, that

the mighty mass is to be inspired; that its parts are to communicate and sympathize; its bright progress to be adorned with becoming refinements; its strong sense uttered; its character reflected; its feelings interpreted to its own children, to other regions, and to after-ages.

LESSON II.

Direction.—In reading the following poetry, regard must be had to the proper modulation of the voice. The sentiment so clearly denotes the necessary variation, that no other direction is required.

THE INQUIRY.

Charles Mackay

1. Tell me, yē wīnged wīnds,
   That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
   Where mortals weep no more?—
Some lone and pleasant dell,
   Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
   The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered,—"No."

2. Tell me, thōu mīghty dēep,
   Whōse billōws rōund me plāy,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
   Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
   The bliss, for which he sighs,—
Where sorrow never lives,
   And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer,—"No.

3. And thou, serenest moon,
   That, with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth,
   Asleep in night's embrace;

Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet, but sad, responded,—"No."

4. Tell me, my secret soul,
O! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death?—
Is there no happy spot,
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness, a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered,—"YES, IN HEAVEN!"

LESSON III.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.—1. LEONIDAS, a celebrated king of Sparta, was offered the sovereignty of all Greece by XERXES, the Persian king, who had invaded Greece with an army of Five Millions, if he would not oppose him. This proposal he indignantly spurned, and at a narrow pass, called *Thermopylæ*, with only Three Hundred Spartans, he opposed successfully the army of Xerxes for Three successive days. At last a traitorous Grecian made known to the Persians a secret way, by which they gained the rear of Leonidas, who with his brave band, thus surrounded, fell after a severe contest, only one escaping. In this battle Xerxes lost Twenty Thousand men.

2. JOHN HOWARD was a philanthropist, who became celebrated for his sympathy in behalf of unfortunate prisoners. He traveled through the principal countries of Europe, visiting the jails, and administering to those suffering in them. Thus, "he trod an open, but unfrequented, path to immortality."

3. GLADIATORS were men disciplined to fight with swords, in the arena at Rome, for the entertainment of the people.

4. The GENII were fabled to be intermediate beings between men and angels. Some were considered good, some evil.

MORAL SUBLIMITY.

WAYLAND.

1. **PHILOSOPHERS** have speculated much concerning a process of sensation, which has commonly been denominated the emotion of sublimity. But, although they alone have written about this emotion, they are far from being the only men who have felt it. The untutored peasant, when he has seen the autumnal tempest collecting between the hills, and, as it advanced, enveloping in misty obscurity village and hamlet, forest and meadow, has tasted the sublime in all its reality; and, while the thunder has rolled, and the lightning flashed around him, has exulted in the view of nature, moving forth in her majesty.

2. "There's grandeur in the thunder's roar,
Loud pealing from on high;
In the vivid lightning's flash,
When storms sweep through the sky;
There's grandeur in the swelling waves,
The mountains of the sea,
That crush the pride of man,
When winds blow wild and free."

3. The untaught sailor-boy, listlessly hearkening to the idle ripple of the moonlight wave, when on a sudden he has thought upon the unfathomable abyss beneath him, the wide waste of waters around him, and the infinite expanse above him, has enjoyed, to the full, the emotion of sublimity, while his inmost soul has trembled at the vastness of its own conceptions. But why need I multiply illustrations from nature? Who does not recollect the emotion he has felt while surveying aught, in the material world, of terror or of vastness?

4. And this sensation is not produced by grandeur in material objects alone. It is also excited on most of those occasions, in which we see man, tasking to the uttermost the energies of his intellectual or moral nature. Through the long lapse of centuries, who, without emotion, has read of **LEONIDAS**[1] and his three hundred, throwing themselves as a barrier before the myriads of **XERXES**,[1] and contending unto death for the liberties of Greece?

5. But we need not turn to classic story, to find all that is great in human action; we find it in our own times, and in the history of our own country. Who is there of us that, even in the nursery, has not felt his spirit stir within him, when, with childlike wonder, he has listened to the story of WASHINGTON? And although the terms of the narrative were scarcely intelligible, yet the young soul kindled at the thought of one man's working out the delivery of a nation. And as our understanding, strengthened by age, was at last able to grasp the detail of this transaction, we saw that our infantile conceptions had fallen far short of its grandeur.

6. Oh! if an American citizen ever exults in the contemplation of all that is sublime in human enterprise, it is when, bringing to mind the men who first conceived the idea of this nation's independence, he beholds them estimating the power of her oppressor, the resources of her citizens, deciding, in their collected might, that this nation should be free, and, through the long years of trial that ensued, never blenching from their purpose, but freely redeeming the pledge they had given, to consecrate to it "THEIR LIVES, THEIR FORTUNES, AND THEIR SACRED HONOR."

7. "Patriots have toiled, and. in their country's cause,
Bled nobly, and their deeds, as they deserve,
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
Their names to the sweet lyre. The historic Muse,
Proud of her treasure, marches with it down
To latest times; and Sculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond, in stone and ever-during brass,
To guard them and immortalize her trust."

8. It is not in the field of patriotism alone that deeds have been achieved, to which history has awarded the palm of moral sublimity. There have lived men, in whom the name of PATRIOT has been merged in that of PHILANTHROPIST, who, looking with an eye of compassion over the face of the earth, have felt for the miseries of our race, and have put forth their calm might, to wipe off one blot from the marred and stained escutcheon of human nature,—to strike off one form of suffering from the catalogue of human woe. Such a man was HOWARD.

Surveying our world like a spirit of the blessed, he beheld the misery of the captive,—he heard the groaning of the prisoner. His determination was fixed. He resolved, single-handed and alone, to gauge and to measure one form of unpitied, unheeded, wretchedness; and, bringing it out to the sunshine of public observation, to work its utter extermination.

9. And he well knew what this undertaking would cost him He knew what he had to hazard from the infections of dungeons, to endure from the fatigues of inhospitable travel. He knew that he was devoting himself to the altar of philanthropy, and he willingly devoted himself. He had marked out his destiny, and he hasted forward to its accomplishment, with an intensity, "which the nature of the human mind forbade to be more, and the character of the individual forbade to be less." And hence, the name of HOWARD will be associated with all that is sublime in mercy, until the final consummation of all things.

---

1. ONLY moral greatness is truly sublime. The gladiator[2] may discipline his sinews, and almost compete in strength even with his maddened adversary. And there are modern as well as ancient names, which awaken pity, if not contempt, for their owners, on account of the fearful perversion of their splendid talents. But when we read or hear of HOWARD,[3] the illustrious philanthropist, the soul—debased as it may be—bends with instinctive homage, and feels as if a ray from his beatified spirit illumed and purified its purposes.

2. While NAPOLEON, like the fabled genii,[4] traversed the affrighted earth, marked his footsteps with human blood, our own WASHINGTON rose like another luminary upon the dark and troubled scene of American politics, and with no marvelous intellectual ability,—but in the tranquil might of moral majesty,—he pursued the narrow path of duty, and blenched neither to the power of enemies, nor to the influence of affection. He had no noon-day brightness,—no declining splendor. His whole course was light and glory; and he left a heavenly and perennial brilliancy on the national horizon.

LESSON IV.

IMAGINARY AND REAL ENDOWMENTS.

1. The fire of a glowing imagination may make folly look pleasing, and lend a beauty to objects which have none in them; 'us. as the sun-beams may paint a cloud, and diversify it with beautiful stains of light, however dark, unsubstantial, and empty in itself. But nothing can shine with undiminished luster, but religion and knowledge, which are essentially and intrinsically bright. Among the wise and good, useless good-nature is the object of pity; ill-nature, of hatred; but nature, beautified and improved by an assemblage of moral and intellectual endowments, is the only object of a solid and lasting esteem.

2. Relentless Time, that steals with silent tread,
Shall tear away the trophies of the dead;
Fame, on the pyramid's aspiring top,
With sighs shall her recording trumpet drop;
The feeble characters of Glory's hand,
Shall perish, like the tracks upon the sand;
But not with these expire the sacred flame
Of Virtue, or the good man's awful name.—Bowles.

LESSON V.

Definitions.—1. Effused, (*ef* or *ex*, out; *fused*, poured.), poured out, shed forth.

2. Perennial, (*per*, through; *ennial*, annual.), continuing through the year; perpetual.

3. Orient, the east; the rising, as of the sun or moon.

4. Empyreal, (*em* or *en*, in; *pyreal*, belonging to fire.), formed of pure fire or light; pertaining to the purest and lightest region of heaven.

ASPIRATIONS AFTER THE INFINITE.

Akenside.

1. Say, why was man so eminently raised
Amid the vast creation? why ordained
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his fame;

But that the Omnipotent might send him forth,
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theater, to run
The great career of justice,—to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds,—
To chase each partial purpose from his breast;
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice
Of Truth and Virtue, up the steep ascent
Of Nature, calls him to his high reward,—
The applauding smile of Heaven?

2. Else, wherefore burns
In mortal bosoms this unquenchéd hope
That breathes, from day to day, sublimer things,
And mocks possession? Wherefore darts the mind
With such resistless ardor to embrace
Majestic forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the gross control of willful might;
Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring?

3. Who but rather turns
To Heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view,
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine hights, his laboring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
Through mountains, plains, through empires black with shade,
And continents of sand, will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet?

4. The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath her native quarry. Tired of earth,
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft

Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the vollied lightning through the heavens;
Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long track of day. Then high she soars
The blue profound, and, hovering round the sun,
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of Time.

5. Thence far effused,
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning signs,
Exulting, measures the perennial[2] wheel
Of Nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Invests the orient.[3] Now, amazed she views
The empyreal[4] waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has traveled the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.

6. Even on the barriers of the world, untired
She meditates the eternal depth below;
Till half recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges,—soon o'erwhelmed and swallowed up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the Sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of Renown,
Power's purple robe, nor Pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment; but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

LESSON VI.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.—1. PERICLES was an illustrious statesman, orator and warrior of Athens, who died 429 years before Christ. For forty years he was at the head of public affairs at Athens, and the flourishing state of the empire during his administration, caused the Athenians publicly to mourn his loss, and to venerate his memory.

2 ACROPOLIS was the citadel of Athens. It was built on a rock, and was accessible only on one side. The temple of Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, war, and the arts, was at its base.

3. PHIDIAS was a celebrated sculptor of Athens. At the request of PERICLES, he made a statue of Minerva. But having been accused of carving his own image and that of Pericles on the shield of the statue, he was banished. To revenge this injustice, he executed the statue of Jupiter Olympus, which far surpassed that of Minerva, and which has been esteemed one of the wonders of the world. He died 432 years before Christ.

4. MUSSULMAN is another name for *Mohammedan*, a follower of Mohammed, the false prophet, who appeared at Mecca in Arabia about 600 years after Christ.

5. SAMUEL JOHNSON and EDMUND BURKE were celebrated English writers of the Eighteenth century.

6. WILBERFORCE was a distinguished philanthropist, born 1759, whose exertions to procure the abolition of the slave trade, gave him a high rank among the benefactors of mankind.

THE VANITY OF EARTHLY GLORY.

WAYLAND.

"See the wide waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own sad sepulcher appears!
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very tombs now vanished, like their dead!"

1. THE crumbling tomb-stone, the gorgeous mausoleum, the sculptured marble, and the venerable cathedral, all bear witness to the instinctive desire within us to be remembered by coming generations. But how short-lived is the immortality which the works of our hands can confer! The noblest monuments of art that the world has ever seen, are covered with the soil of twenty centuries. The works of the age of Pericles[1], lie at the foot of the Acropolis[2] in indiscriminate ruin. The plowshare turns up the marble which the hand of Phidias[3] had chiseled into beauty, and the Mussulman[4] has folded his flock beneath the falling columns of the temple of Minerva[2].

2. But even the works of our hands too frequently survive the memory of those who have created them. And were it otherwise, could we thus carry down to distant ages the recollection of our own existence, it were surely childish to waste the energies of an immortal spirit, in the effort to make it known to other times, that a being whose name was written with certain letters of the alphabet, once lived, and flourished, —and *died.*

3. Neither sculptured marble, nor stately column, can reveal to other ages the lineaments of the spirit; and these alone can embalm our memory in the hearts of a grateful posterity. As the stranger stands beneath the dome of St. Paul's, or treads, with religious awe, the silent aisles of Westminster Abbey, the sentiment which is breathed from every object around him, is, the utter emptiness of sublunary glory.

4. The fine arts, obedient to private affection or public gratitude, have here embodied, in every form, the finest conceptions, of which their age was capable. Each one of these monuments has been watered by the tears of the widow, the orphan, or the patriot. But generations have passed away, and mourners and mourned have sunk together into forgetfulness. The aged crone, or the smooth-tongued beadle, as now he hurries you through aisles and chapel, utters, with measured cadence and unmeaning tone, for the thousandth time, the name and lineage of the once honored dead; and then gladly dismisses you to repeat again his well-conned lesson to another group of idle passers-by.

5. Such, in its most august form, is all the immortality that matter can confer. It is by what we ourselves have done, and not by what others have done for us, that we shall be remembered by after ages. It is by thought that has aroused the intellect from its slumbers, which has "given luster to virtue and dignity to truth," or by those examples which have inflamed the soul with the love of goodness, and not by means of sculptured marble, that we hold communion with Shakspeare and Milton, with Johnson and Burke*, with Howard and Wilberforce*.

LESSON VII.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.—1. POPOCATAPETL is a volcano in Mexico which is constantly in action, throwing out smoke, ashes, and fire.

THE MEMORY OF THE JUST.

PRESCOTT.

1. THE remembrance of the just shall not pass away; the good thou hast done, shall ever be held in honor. The goods of this life,—its glories and its riches,—are but lent to us; its substance is but an illusory shadow, and the things of to-day shall change on the coming of the morrow. All things on earth have their term, and, in the most joyous career of their vanity and splendor, their strength fails, and they sink into the dust. All the round world is but a sepulcher, and there is nothing which lives on its surface, that shall not be hidden and entombed beneath it.

2. Rivers, torrents, and streams, move onward to their destination. Not one flows back to its pleasant source. They rush onward, hastening to bury themselves in the deep bosom of the ocean. The cemetry is full of the lothsome dust of bodies once quickened by living souls, who occupied thrones, presided over assemblies, marshaled armies, subdued provinces. arrogated to themselves worship, were puffed up with vainglorious pomp, and power, and empire.

3. But these glories have all passed away, like the fearful smoke that issues from the throat of Popocatapetl[1], with no other memorial of their existence, than the record on the page of the chronicler. The great, the wise, the valiant, the beautiful,—alas! where are they now? They are all mingled with the clod; and that which has befallen them, shall happen to us, and to those that come after us. Yet let us take courage. —let us aspire to that Heaven, where all is eternal, and corruption can not come.

4. "See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of Death, smiles and roses are blending
And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb!"

LESSON VIII.

THE PEN AND THE PRESS.

1. YOUNG GENIUS walked out by the mountain and streams,
Entranced by the power of his own pleasant dreams,
Till the silent—the wayward—the wandering thing
Found a plume that had fallen from a passing bird's wing
Exulting and proud, like a boy at his play,
He bore the new prize to his dwelling away,
He gazed for a while on its beauties, and then
He cut it, and shaped it, and called it—a PEN.

2. But its magical use he discoverd not yet,
Till he dipp'd its bright lips in a fountain of jet;
And O! what a glorious thing it became,
For it spoke to the world in a language of flame;
While its master wrote on, like a being inspired,
Till the hearts of the millions were melted or fired;—
It came as a boon and a blessing to men,
The peaceful—the pure—the victorious PEN!

3. Young Genius went forth on his rambles once more,
The vast sunless caverns of earth to explore!
He searched the rude rock, and with rapture he found
A substance unknown, which he brought from the ground,
He fused it with fire, and rejoiced in the change,
As he molded the ore into characters strange,
Till his thoughts and his efforts were crown'd with success
For an engine uprose, and he call'd it—the PRESS.

4. The Pen and the Press, blest alliance! combin'd
To soften the heart and enlighten the mind;
For that to the treasures of knowledge gave birth,
And this sent them forth to the ends of the earth;
Their battles for truth were triumphant indeed,
And the rod of the tyrant was snapp'd like a reed;
They were made to exalt us—to teach us to bless
Those invincible brothers—the PEN AND THE PRESS!

LESSON IX.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.—1. Among other duties, it was the part of the Roman PREFECT to govern the city in the absence of the king, emperor or consuls.

2. The PROCONSULS were Roman magistrates, who were sent to govern a province or state, with the authority of consuls who were invested with kingly power.

3. The PUBLICANS were the collectors of taxes among the Romans They were deemed oppressive in their exactions.

LIBERTY AND GREATNESS.

LEGARE.

1. THE name of REPUBLIC is inscribed upon the most imperishable monuments of the human race; and it is probable that it will continue to be associated, as it has been in all past ages, with whatever is heroic in character, sublime in genius, and elegant and brilliant in the cultivation of arts and letters. What land has ever been visited with the influences of liberty, that did not flourish like the spring? What people has ever worshiped at her altars, without kindling with a loftier spirit, and putting forth nobler energies? Where she has ever acted, her deeds have been heroic. Where she has ever spoken, her eloquence has been triumphant and sublime.

2. We live under a form of government, and in a state of society, to which the world has never yet exhibited a parallel. Is it then nothing to be FREE? How many nations in the whole annals of human kind, have proved themselves worthy of being so? Is it nothing that we are REPUBLICANS? Were all men as enlightened, as brave, as proud as they ought to be, would they suffer themselves to be insulted with any other title? Is it nothing that so many independent sovereignties should be held together in such a confederacy as ours? What does history teach us of the difficulty of instituting and maintaining such a polity, and of the glory that ought to be given to those who enjoy its advantages in so much perfection, and on so grand a scale?

3. Can any thing be more striking and sublime, than the idea of an IMPERIAL REPUBLIC, spreading over an extent of territory, more immense than the empire of the Cesars, in the

accumulated conquests of a thousand years—without prefects, proconsuls, or publicans—founded in the maxims of common sense—employing within itself no arms, but those of reason—and known to its subjects only by the blessings it bestows and perpetuates, yet capable of directing, against a foreign foe all the energies of a military despotism,—a Republic, in which men are completely insignificant, and *principles* and *laws* exercise, throughout its vast domain, a peaceful and irresistible sway, blending, in one divine harmony, such various habits and conflicting opinions, and mingling, in our institutions, the light of philosophy with all that is dazzling in the associations of heroic achievement, extended dominion, and formidable power?

LESSON X.

Explanatory Notes.—1. The **Hartz** are the most northerly mountains in Germany.

2. **Odenwald** is an extensive forest and chain of mountains in Western Germany.

Directions for Reading.—In reading or speaking the following Dialogue, the Missionary may be personated by a mild yet firm tone of voice; the Indian, by a heavy and strong tone, indicative of revengeful feelings; except toward the close the voice should become softened.

THE INDIAN'S REVENGE.

Mrs. Hemans.

SCENE IN THE LIFE OF A MORAVIAN MISSIONARY.

Scene.—*The shore of a lake surrounded by deep woods. A solitary cabin on its banks, overshadowed by sycamore trees. The hour is evening twilight.* **Herrmann**, *the Missionary, seated alone before the cabin.*

Herrmann.—Was that the light from some lone swift canoe
Shooting across the waters?—No, a flash
From the night's first quick fire-fly, lost again
In the deep bay of cedars. Not a bark
Is on the wave; no rustle of a breeze
Comes through the forest. In this new, strange world,
O, how mysterious, how eternal, seems
The mighty melancholy of the woods!
The desert's own great spirit, infinite!

Little they know, in mine own father-land,
Along the castled Rhine, or e'en amidst
The wild Hartz'[1] mountains, or the silvan glades
Deep in the Odenwald[2], they little know
Of what is solitude! In hours like this,
There from a thousand nooks, the cottage hearths
Pour forth red light through vine-hung lattices,
To guide the peasant, singing cheerily,
On the home path; while round his lowly porch,
With eager eyes awaiting his return,
The clustered faces of his children shine
To the clear harvest moon. Be still, fond thoughts!
Melting my spirit's grasp from heavenly hope
By your vain earthward yearnings. O my God!
Draw me still nearer, closer unto Thee,
Till all the hollow of these deep desires
May with Thyself be filled!—Be it enough
At once to gladden and to solemnize
My lonely life, if for Thine altar here
In this dread temple of the wilderness,
By prayer, and toil, and watching, I may win
The offering of one heart, one human heart,
Bleeding, repenting, loving!
Hark! a step,—
An Indian tread! I know the stealthy sound—
'Tis on some quest of evil, through the grass
Gliding so serpent-like.

[*He comes forward, and meets an Indian warrior armed.*

Enonio, is it thou? I see thy form
Tower stately through the dusk, yet scarce mine eye
Discerns thy face.

Enonio.— My father speaks my name.

Herr.—Are not the hunters from the chase returned?
The night-fires lit? Why is my son abroad?

Eno.—The warrior's arrow knows of nobler prey
Than elk or deer. Now let my father leave
The lone path free.

Herr.— The forest way is long
From the red chieftain's home. Rest thee awhile
Beneath my sycamore, and we will speak
Of these things further.
Eno.— Tell me not of rest!
My heart is sleepless, and the dark night swift—
I must begone.
Herr.—[*solemnly.*] No, warrior, thou must stay!
The Mighty One hath given me power to search
Thy soul with piercing words—and thou must stay,
And hear me, and give answer! If thy heart
Be grown thus restless, is it not because
Within its dark folds thou hast mantled up
Some burning thought of ill?—
Eno.—[*with sudden impetuosity.*] How should I rest?
Last night the spirit of my brother came,
An angry shadow in the moonlight streak,
And said, "*Avènge me!*"—In the clouds this morn
I saw the frowning côlor of his blood—
And that, too, had a voice.—I lay at noon,
Alone beside the sounding waterfall,
And through its thunder-music spake a tone—
A low tone piercing all the roll of waves—
And said, "*Avĕnge mē!*"—Therefore have I raised
The tomahawk, and strung the bow again,
That I may send the shadow from my couch,
And take the strange sound from the cataract,
And sleep once more.
Herr.— A better path, my son,
Unto the still and dewy land of sleep,
My hand in peace can guide thee—e'en the way
Thy dying brother trod.—Say, didst thou love
That lost one well?
Eno.— Knowest thou not we grew up
Even as twin roses amidst the wilderness?
Unto the chase we journeyed in one path;
We stemmed the lake in one canoe; we lay

Beneath one oak to rest. When fever hung
Upon my burning lips, my brother's hand
Was still beneath my head; my brother's robe
Covered my bosom from the chill night air.
Our lives were girdled by one belt of love,
Until he turned him from his fathers' gods,
And then my soul fell from him—then the grass
Grew in the way between our parted homes,
And wheresoe'er I wandered, then it seemed
That all the woods were silent.—I went forth—
I journeyed, with my lonely heart, afar,
And so returned—and where was he?—the earth
Owned him no more.

Herr.— But thou thyself, since then
Hast turned thee from the idols of thy tribe,
And, like thy brother, bowed the suppliant knee
To the one God.

Eno.— Yes, I have learned to pray
With my white father's words, yet all the more
My heart that shut against my brother's love,
Hath been within me as an arrowy fire,
Burning my sleep away.—In the night hush,
'Midst the strange whispers and dim shadowy things
Of the great forests, I have called aloud,
"Brother! forgive, forgive!"—He answered not—
His deep voice, rising from the land of souls,
Cries but "*Avenge me!*"—and I go forth now
To slay his murderer, that when next his eyes
Gleam on me mournfully from that pale shore,
I may look up, and meet their glance, and say,
"I *have* avenged thee!"

Herr.— Oh! that human love
Should be the root of this dread bitterness,
Till Heaven through all the fevered being pours
Transmuting balsam!—Stay, Enonio, stay!
Thy brother calls thee not!—The spirit world
Where the departed go, sends back to earth

No visitants for evil.—'Tis the might
Of the strong passion, the remorseful grief
At work in thine own breast, which lends the voice
Unto the forest and the cataract,—
The angry color, to the clouds of morn,—
The shadow, to the moonlight.—Stay, my son,
Thy brother is at peace. Beside his couch,
When of the murderer's poisoned shaft he died,
I knelt and prayed; he named his Savior's name,
Meekly, beseechingly; he spoke of thee
In pity and in love.
Eno.—[*hurriedly.*] Did he not say
My arrow should avenge him?
Herr.—His last words were all forgiveness.
Eno.— What! and shall the man
Who pierced him with the shaft of treachery,
Walk fearless forth in joy?
Herr.— Was he not once
Thy brother's friend?—Oh! trust me, not in *joy*
He walks the frowning forest. Did keen love,
Too late repentant of its heart estranged,
Wake in *thy* haunted bosom, with its train
Of sounds and shadows—and shall *he* escape?
Enonio, dream it not!—Our God, the All Just,
Unto Himself reserves this royalty—
The secret chastening of the guilty heart,
The fiery touch, the scourge that purifies,
Leave it with Him!—Yet make it not thy *hope*—
For that strong heart of thine—Oh! listen yet—
Must, in its depths, o'ercome the very wish
For death or torture to the guilty one,
Ere it can sleep again.
Eno.— My father speaks
Of change, for man too mighty.
Herr.— I but speak
Of that which hath been, and again must be.
If thou wouldst join thy brother, in the life

Of the bright country, where, I well believe,
His soul rejoices.—*He* had known such change.
He died in peace. He, whom his tribe once named
"THE AVENGING EAGLE," took to his meek heart,
In its last pangs, the spirit of those words
Which, from the Savior's cross, went up to heaven—
"*Forgive them, for they know not what they do,*
Father, forgive!"—And o'er the eternal bounds
Of that celestial kingdom, undefiled,
Where evil may not enter, he, I deem,
Hath to his Master passed.—He waits thee there—
For love, we trust, springs Heavenward from the grave,
Immortal in its holiness.—He calls
His brother to the land of golden light
And ever-living fountains.—Couldst thou hear
His voice o'er those bright waters, it would say,
"My brother! Oh! be pure, be merciful!
That we may meet again."

Eno.—[*Hesitatingly.*] Can I return
Unto my tribe, and unavenged?

Herr. To Him,
To Him return, from whom thine erring steps
Have wandered far and long! Return, my son,
To thy Redeemer! Died He not in love—
The sinless, the Divine, the Son of God—
Breathing forgiveness 'midst all his agonies,
And *we*, dare *we* be ruthless? By His aid
Shalt thou be guided to thy brother's place
'Midst the pure spirits. Oh! retrace thy way
Back to the Savior! He rejects no heart
E'en with the dark stains on it, if true tears
Be o'er them showered.—Aye, weep thou, Indian Chief!
For by the kindling moonlight, I behold
Thy proud lips' working—weep, relieve thy soul!
Tears will not shame thy manhood, in the hour
Of its great conflict.

Eno.—[*Giving up his weapons to Herrmann.*] Father, take the bow,

Keep the sharp arrows till the hunters call
Forth to the chase once more.—And let me dwell
A little while, my father, by thy side,
That I may hear the blessèd words again—
Like water-brooks amidst the summer hills—
From thy true lips flow forth; for in my heart
The music and the memory of their sound
Too long have died away.

Herr.— O, welcome back,
Friend, rescued one!—Yes, thou shalt be my guest,
And we will pray beneath my sycamore
Together, morn and eve; and I will spread
Thy couch beside my fire, and sleep at last,—
After the visiting of holy thoughts,—
With dewy wing shall sink upon thine eyes!—
Enter my home, and welcome, welcome back
To peace, to God, thou lost and found again!

They go into the cabin together.—HERRMANN, *lingering for a moment on the threshold, looks up to the starry skies.*]

Father! that from amidst yon glorious worlds
Now look'st on us, Thy children! make this hour
Blessèd for ever! May it see the birth
Of Thine own image in the unfathomed deep
Of an immortal soul,—a thing to name
With reverential thought, a solemn world!
To Thee more precious than those thousand stars
Burning on high in Thy majestic Heaven!

LESSON XI.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

CHARLES SWAIN

1. FORGIVE and forget! why the world would be lonely,—
The garden, a wilderness left to deform,
If the flowers but remembered the chilling blast only,
And the fields gave no verdure for fear of the storm.

Oh, still in thy loveliness emblem the flower,
Give the fragrance of feeling to sweeten life's way;
And prolong not again the brief cloud of an hour,
With tears that but darken the rest of the day!

2. Forgive and forget! there's no breast so unfeeling,
But some gentle thoughts of affection there live;
And the best of us all require something concealing,
Some heart that with smiles can forget and forgive.
Then away with the clouds from those beautiful eyes,
That brow was no home for such frowns to have met
O, how could our spirits e'er hope for the skies,
If Heaven refused—TO FORGIVE AND FORGET?

LESSON XII.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.—1. THE DELTA is an island formed by two mouths of the river Nile, so called from its resemblance, in shape, to *Delta*, the name of the fourth Greek letter (Δ), answering to D. It has been formed by the mud and sand, washed down from the upper parts of Egypt, by the frequent overflowing of the Nile.

2. THE SPHINX is a colossal statue in Egypt, which is *one hundred and fifty feet* long and *sixty-three feet* in hight. It has the form of a human head on the body of a lion, in a recumbent posture. Those of a smaller size are found among the tombs of Egypt. Among the ancients, the SPHINX was a fabulous monster of hideous form.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PYRAMIDS.

DR. E. D. CLARKE.

1. WE were roused as soon as the sun dawned, by Antony, our faithful Greek servant and interpreter, with the intelligence that the pyramids were in view. We hastened from the cabin; and never will the impression made by their appearance be obliterated. By reflecting the sun's rays, they appear as white as snow, and of such surprising magnitude, that nothing we had previously conceived in our imagination, had prepared us for the spectacle we beheld.

2. The sight instantly convinced us that no power of description, no delineation, can convey ideas adequate to the ef-

fect produced in viewing these stupendous monuments. The formality of their construction is lost in their prodigious magnitude; the mind, elevated by wonder, feels at once the force of an axiom, which, however disputed, experience confirms—that in vastness, whatsoever be its nature, there dwells sublimity

3. Another proof of their indescribable power, is, that no one ever approached them with other emotions than those of terror, which is another principal source of the sublime. In certain instances of irritable feeling, this impression of awe and fear has been so great as to cause pain rather than pleasure; hence, perhaps, have originated descriptions of the pyramids, which represent them as deformed and gloomy masses, without taste or beauty.

4. Persons who have derived no satisfaction from the contemplation of them, may not have been conscious that the uneasiness which they experienced, was a result of their own sensibility. Others have acknowledged ideas widely different, excited by every wonderful circumstance of character and of situation—ideas of duration, almost endless; of power, inconceivable; of majesty, supreme; of solitude, most awful; of grandeur, of desolation, and of repose.

5. Upon the 23rd of August, 1802, we set out for the pyramids, the inundation enabling us to approach within less than a mile of the larger pyramid, in our boat. Our approach to the pyramids was through a swampy country, by means of a narrow canal, which, however, was deep enough; and we arrived, without any obstacle, at nine o'clock, at the bottom of a sandy slope, leading up to the principal pyramid. Some Bedouin Arabs, who had assembled to receive us upon our landing, were much amused by the eagerness, excited in our whole party, to prove who should first set his foot upon the summit of this artificial mountain.

6. With what amazement did we survey the vast surface that was presented to us, when we arrived at this stupendous monument which seemed to reach the clouds. Here and there appeared some Arab guides upon the immense masses above us, like so many pigmies, waiting to show the way to

the summit. Now and then we thought we heard voices, and listened; but it was the wind in powerful gusts sweeping the immense ranges of stone.

7. Already some of our party had begun the ascent, and were pausing at the tremendous depth which they saw below. One of our military company, after having surmounted the most difficult part of the undertaking, became giddy in consequence of looking down from the elevation he had attained; and being compelled to abandon the project, he hired an Arab to assist him in effecting his descent. The rest of us, more accustomed to the business of climbing hights, with many a halt for respiration, and many an exclamation of wonder, pursued our way toward the summit.

8. The mode of ascent has been frequently described; and yet, from the questions which are often proposed to travelers, it does not appear to be generally understood. The reader may imagine himself to be upon a stair-case, every step of which, to a man of middle stature, is nearly breast high, and the breadth of each step is equal to its hight, consequently the footing is secure; and although a retrospect, in going up, be sometimes fearful to persons unaccustomed to look down from any considerable elevation, yet there is little danger of falling. In some places, indeed, where the stones are decayed, caution may be required, and an Arab guide is always necessary to avoid a total interruption; but, upon the whole, the means of ascent are such that almost every one may accomplish it.

9. Our progress was impeded by other causes. We carried with us a few instruments, such as our boat-compass, a thermometer, a telescope, &c.; these could not be trusted in the hands of the Arabs, and they were liable to be broken every instant. At length we reached the topmost tier, to the great delight and satisfaction of all the party. Here we found a platform thirty-two feet square, consisting of nine large stones, each of which might weigh about a ton, although they are much inferior in size to some of the stones used in the construction of this pyramid.

10. Travelers of all ages, and of various nations, have here inscribed their names. Some are written in Greek, many in French, a few in Arabic, one or two in English, and others in Latin. We were as desirous as our predecessors, to leave a memorial of our arrival; it seemed to be a tribute of thankfulness due for the success of our undertaking; and presently every one of our party was seen busied in adding the inscription of his name.

11. The view from this eminence amply fulfilled our expectations; nor do the accounts which have been given of it, as it appears at this season of the year, exaggerate the novelty and grandeur of the sight. All the region toward Cairo and the Delta,[1] resembled a sea covered with innumerable islands. Forests of palm-trees were seen standing in the water, the inundation spreading over the land where they stood, so as to give them an appearance of growing in the flood.

12. To the north, as far as the eye could reach, nothing could be discerned but a watery surface thus diversified by plantations and by villages. To the south we saw the pyramids of Saccára; and upon the east of these, smaller monuments of the same kind nearer to the Nile. An appearance of ruins might indeed be traced the whole way from these pyramids to those of Saccára, as if they had been once connected, so as to constitute once vast cemetery.

13. Beyond the pyramids of Saccára we could perceive the distant mountains of the Said; and upon an eminence near the Libyan side of the Nile, appeared a monastery of considerable size. Toward the west and south-west, the eye ranged over the great Libyan Desert, extending to the utmost verge of the horizon, without a single object to interrupt the dreary horror of the landscape, except dark floating spots caused by the shadows of passing clouds upon the sand.

14. Upon the south-east side is the gigantic statue of the Sphinx,[2] the most colossal piece of sculpture which remains of all the works executed by the ancients. The French have uncovered all the pedestal of this statue, and all the cumbent or leonine parts of the figure; these were before entirely concealed by sand.

Instead, however, of answering the expectations raised concerning the work, upon which it was supposed to rest, the pedestal proves to be a wretched substructure of brick-work and small pieces of stone put together, like the most insignificant piece of modern masonry, and wholly out of character both with respect to the prodigious labor bestowed upon the statue itself, and the gigantic appearance of the surrounding objects.

LESSON XIII.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.—1. **MEMNONIUM** was a palace of ancient Thebes, in Egypt, dedicated to Memnon, an ancient hero. It is now, as well as most of the city, in which it was located, in ruins, among which lossal statue of Memnon.

2. **POMPEY**, or **POMPEY'S PILLAR**, is a stupendous monumental co Alexandria, in Egypt. It is uncertain by whom or for whom it wa

3. **BALBEC**, the ancient *Heliopolis*, or City of the Sun, in Syr sents the finest ruins of the east. It contained a magnificent te the Sun, a great part of which is still uninjured. It is one of th splendid remains of antiquity. The size of the stones, of which it stonishing. No mechanical expedients now known, would be ve them in their present position.

THE RAVAGES OF TIME.

1. I SAW a vale—sequestered—green,—
From which a crystal fount was welling
Its silv'ry tide, whose rippling sheen,
Over the tufted marge, was swelling.

2. And onward, o'er its verdant bed—
Yet noiseless—one might mark it stealing
Now "hiding its diminished head,"
And now again its course revealing.

3. Time sped. That brooklet onward flowed
To mingle with the mighty ocean;
And all the charms its source bestowed,
Were lost amid the waves' commotion.

4. I saw upon Nile's sacred banks,
The mighty Pyramids, uprearing

Their cloud-capt heads; grim, aged ranks
  Of Sphinxes, 'midst the tombs appearing;

5. And the Memnonium,[1] too, was there,—
  Gigantic—musical—and solemn;
While high in the transparent air,
  Old Pompey[2] raised his wondrous column.

6. I sought that classic scene again,—
  How little of its beauty lingers!
For Memnon lies, upon the plain,
  O'erthrown by Time's decaying fingers!

7. And where is Carthage? where is Rome,
  With all the glories which it cherished?
Where sumptuous Athens? Balbec's[3] dome
  Time touched them—and they perished!

LESSON XIV.

Direction.—The movement of the voice in reading or speaking the following poetry, should, for the most part, be quick, expressing earnestness. The fifth verse should be spoken in a tone denoting sadness and disappointment.

THE VOTARY OF PLEASURE.

Charles H. Lyon

1. I saw a gallant youth depart
    From his early home,
    O'er the world to roam;
  With joyous eye, and bounding heart,
    Did he speed along
    Through the mingled throng;
And he recked not of aught that lay in his course,
As he onward moved, with the impetuous force
Of a spirit free, and unrestrained,
That ne'er would rest till its goal was gained.

2 "Whither, O Youth," a voice inquired,
    With an earnest tone,
    And a stifled groan,

"Art bound so swift, as thou wast fired
In thy inmost mind
With an impulse blind?"
"I am bound for the realm, be it far or near,"
The rover replied, as he checked his career,
"Where pleasure is found, and mirth, and glee,
And a ceaseless flow of gayety."

3. I saw that youthful form once more,
When the goal was gained,
And its end attained;—
I knew its brief pursuit was o'er,
From its altered mien,
And its faded sheen.
Ah! the bounding heart, and the joy-beaming eye,
Were succeeded by tears, and the deep-drawn sigh.
Of beauty, and manly pride, and grace,
There scarcely lingered a single trace.

4. "O, what," the voice inquired again,
"Hath wrought this change,
So sad and strange?
Didst thou at length, O Youth, obtain,
In its full measure,
Thy heart's fond treasure?
"Didst thou gain the realm where the pleasures of sense
In profusion flow, unrestrained, and intense?
Didst thou reach the sphere where mirth and glee
Are blended with ceaseless gayety?"

5. "Too soon!" exclaimed the stricken form,
With down-cast eye
And a bitter sigh,
"While hope was young, and passion warm,
Did my ardent soul
Reach the fatal goal.
"Ah! my spirit hath been with the giddy throng,
And shared in the revel, the cup, and the song.

But its tone is gone; 'tis stricken now;
The CURSE of pleasure is on my brow."

---

6. But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r—its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,—
A moment white—then lost forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.—BURNS.

---

7. Give Pleasure's name to naught but what has passed
The authentic seal of Reason, and defies
The tooth of Time; when past a *pleasure* still;
Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,
And doubly to be prized, as it promotes
Our future, while it forms our present joy.

8. Some joys the future overcast, and some
Throw all their beams that way, and gild the tomb.
Some joys endear eternity; some give
Abhorred Annihilation dreadful charms.
Are rival joys contending for thy choice?
Consult thy whole existence, and be safe;
That oracle will put all doubt to flight.—YOUNG.

LESSON XV.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.—1. NAZARENE was a name given in derision to the first Christians by their enemies, because Nazareth was the place of residence of our Savior.

2. APOLLO, among the ancients, was the fabled god of fine arts. He is said to have performed several great deeds, as the destroying of a monstrous serpent sent by the goddess Juno to persecute Latona.

THE GLADIATOR.

1. STILLNESS reigned in the vast amphitheater, and from the countless thousands that thronged the spacious inclosure, not

a breath was heard. Every tongue was mute with suspense, and every eye strained with anxiety toward the fatal portal, where the gladiator was momentarily expected to enter. At length the trumpet sounded, and they led him forth into the broad arena. There was no mark of fear upon his manly countenance, as with majestic step and fearless eye he entered. He stood there, like another Apollo[2], firm and unbending as the rigid oak. His fine proportioned form was matchless, and his turgid muscles spoke his giant strength.

2. "I am here," he cried, as his proud lip curled in scorn, "to glut the savage eyes of Rome's proud populace. Aye, like a dog you throw me to a beast; and what is my offense? Why, forsooth, I am a *Christian*. But know, ye can not fright my soul, for it is based upon a foundation stronger than the adamantine rock. Know ye, whose hearts are harder than the flinty stone, my heart quakes not with fear; and here I aver, I would not change conditions with the blood-stained Nero, crowned though he be, not for the wealth of Rome. Blow ye your trumpet—I am ready."

3. The trumpet sounded, and a long, low growl was heard to proceed from the cage of a half-famished Numidian Lion, situated at the farthest end of the arena. The growl deepened into a roar of tremendous volume, which shook the enormous edifice to its very center. At that moment, the door was thrown open, and the huge monster of the forest sprung from his den, with one mighty bound to the opposite side of the arena. His eyes blazed with the brilliancy of fire, as he slowly drew his length along the sand, and prepared to make a spring upon his formidable antagonist. The gladiator's eye quailed not; his lip paled not; but he stood immovable as a statue, waiting the approach of his wary foe.

4. At length, the lion crouched himself into an attitude for springing, and with the quickness of lightning, leaped full at the throat of the gladiator. But he was prepared for him, and bounding lightly on one side, his falchion flashed for a moment over his head, and in the next it was deeply dyed in the purple blood of the monster. A roar of redoubled fury again

resounded through the spacious amphitheater, as the enraged animal, mad with anguish from the wound he had just received, wheeled hastily round, and sprung a second time at the Nazarene.'

5. Again was the falchion of the cool and intrepid gladiator, deeply planted in the breast of his terrible adversary; but so sudden had been the second attack, that it was impossible to avoid the full impetus of his bound, and he staggered and fell upon his knee. The monster's paw was upon his shoulder, and he felt his hot fiery breath upon his cheek, as it rushed through his wide distended nostrils. The Nazarene drew a short dagger from his girdle, and endeavored to regain his feet. But his foe, aware of his design, precipitating himself upon him, threw him with violence to the ground.

6. The excitement of the populace was now wrought up to a high pitch, and they waited the result with breathless suspense. A low growl of satisfaction now announced the noble animal's triumph, as he sprang fiercely upon his prostrate enemy. But it was of short duration; the dagger of the gladiator pierced his vitals, and together they rolled over and over, across the broad arena. Again the dagger drank deep of the monster's blood, and again a roar of anguish reverberated through the stately edifice.

7. The Nazarene, now watching his opportunity, sprung with the velocity of thought from the terrific embrace of his enfeebled antagonist, and regaining his falchion which had fallen to the ground in the struggle, he buried it deep in the heart of the infuriated beast. The noble king of the forest, faint from the loss of blood, concentrated all his remaining strength in one mighty bound; but it was too late; the last blow had been driven home to the center of life, and his huge form fell with a mighty crash upon the arena, amid the thundering acclamations of the populace.

---

8. O, gentle doctrine of Christ!—doctrine of love, and of peace,—when shall all mankind know thy truth, and the world smile, with a new happiness, under thy life-giving reign?

LESSON XVI.

Explanatory Note.—1. The Simoom, which means *poisonous*, is a hot, noxious wind which blows, at the period of the equinoxes, in Arabia and Africa, and which is fatal to animal life. It is generated by the extreme heat of the sandy deserts, and its approach is indicated by terrible appearances. A dark yellow hue pervades the eastern horizon; a thick sulphureous exhalation rises from the ground, which is hurried round in rapid gyrations, and then ascends into the air, covering the whole heavens; hissing and crackling sounds are heard, accompanied by a hot current of air. Even the beasts manifest their terror by their howlings, and by thrusting their noses to the ground. From this conduct of the beasts, travelers have learned to avoid its fatal effects by falling on the face, and holding, as much as possible, the breath.

THE SONG OF THE SIMOOM.

James Stillman.

1. I come from my home in the desert afar,
My fierce fiery steeds I have yoked to my car;
With the speed of the lightning I rush o'er the waste,
And strew with destruction the path I have traced.

2. As the blast from a furnace, e'en so is my breath;
I spread desolation—my presence is death;
The road I have traveled may always be known
By the bones of the victims that o'er it are strewn.

3. In the realms where I revel, no waters are found,
And the green garb of nature is not on the ground;
The earth and its produce lies shriveled and dead,
Wherever the feet of my coursers may tread.

4. The desert, the desert, right gladsome I rove,
Its hot arid face is the sight that I love;
While the sun in his strength above me doth glow
And the earth like red ashes is burning below.

5. No rival I fear in my barren domain,
Or expect diminution my power will sustain;
Nor ask I for subjects to suffer and groan,—
I would go to my revels and riot alone.

6. Away, foolish mortals, approach not my face,—
Ere I come in my fury, your footsteps retrace.

Bow down to the dust, hide your face in the ground,
And dare not to breathe while past you I bound.

7. At the sound of my voice, the earth trembles with fear,
And the stoutest ones quail, when my roarings they hear.
Deep and wide are the furrows I plow as I go,
And death reaps the harvest that in them I sow.

8. They list to my coming, the lone pilgrim bands,
As wayworn and weary they toil o'er the sands;
In vain on their prophet* for succor they call;
Horses, camels, and riders, I stifle them all.

9. Ere now in my furious career I've met
Some proud host of warriors, unconquered as yet;
But they shrank in dismay, through their ranks as I passed,
O'erthrown like a bulrush when torn by the blast.

10. When the minions† of Syria Jehovah defied,
And Israel dismayed with their fierceness and pride,
In the silence of night 'mong the boasters I sped,
And the morning beheld them lie powerless and dead.

11. Back, back to the desert my right royal steeds!
Ye love not to linger near streamlets and meads,
Where the dew-spangled grass is by soft breezes fanned;
Your pasture's the waste, and your couch is the sand.

12. Soon, soon in our strength we will come forth again,
Refreshed like a giant aroused from his den,
While nature turns pale with terrible fear,
As we scatter destruction and death far and near.

LESSON XVII.

Explanatory Notes.—1. Michael Angelo and Raphael were among the most distinguished of modern painters. The former was born in 1474; the latter, in 1483.

2. Tacitus was a very eminent Latin Historian, who lived during the reign of the Emperor Nero.

---

* Mohammed.

† Consult the 19th Chapter of 2 Kings.

3. JOHN LOCKE was one of the most celebrated philosophers and writers of his age and country.

4. SIR ISAAC NEWTON, the distinguished Astronomer, was born in 1642. He lived at the same time with Locke.

5. AUGUSTUS CESAR was the first Roman Emperor. He received the title from an obsequious Senate, which styled him at the same time AUGUSTUS,—a title, meaning *great*. He ruled with prudence and moderation and his measures tended to increase the glory and prosperity of Rome He died 14 after Christ.

6. LOUIS XIV. succeeded his father to the throne of France when only four years old, and reigned seventy-three years, having died in 1715. His reign was distinguished for the great statesmen, generals, and literary and scientific men who then lived.

7. QUEEN ANNE ascended the English throne in 1702. Her reign was distinguished not only by brilliant successes of British arms, but also as the golden age of English literature. At that time lived the most learned and eloquent of the English writers.

8. FAUSTUS, or FAUST, was one of the three artists, to whom the invention of the art of printing is generally ascribed.

9. ARCHIMIDES was a great mathematician, who lived two centuries before Christ. He constructed a machine, by which he raised the ships of the Romans who had besieged his native city, Syracuse, and thereby let them fall so violently into the water that they sank. Contemplating the power of his machines, he is said to have exclaimed, "Give me a place, on which to stand, and I will shake the world."

THE PRESENT AGE.

STORY.

1. WE live in an extraordinary age. It has been marked by events which leave a durable impression upon the pages of history by their own intrinsic importance. But they will be read with far deeper emotions in their effects upon future ages; in their consequences upon the happiness of whole communities; in the direct or silent changes forced by them into the very structure of society; in the establishment of a new and mighty empire,—the empire of public opinion.

2. Other ages have been marked by brilliant feats in arms. Wars have been waged for the best and for the worst of purposes. The ambitious conqueror has trodden whole nations under his feet, to satisfy the lust of power, and the eagles of his victories have stood on either extreme of the civilized world. The barbarian has broken loose from his northern fastnesses, and overwhelmed, in his progress, temples and

thrones, the adorers of the true God, and the worshipers of idols.

3. Heroes and patriots have successfully resisted the invaders of their country, or perished in its defense; and, in each way, have given immortality to their exploits. Kingdoms have been rent asunder by intestine broils, or by struggles for freedom. Bigotry has traced out the march of its persecutions in footsteps of blood, and superstition has employed its terrors to nerve the arm of the tyrant, or immolate his victims. There have been ancient leagues for the partition of empires, for the support of thrones, for the fencing out of human improvement, and for the consolidation of arbitrary power.

4. There have, too, been bright spots on the earth, where the cheering light of liberty shone in peace; where learning unlocked its stores in various profusion; where the arts unfolded themselves in every form of beauty and grandeur; where literature loved to linger in academic shades, or enjoy the public sunshine; where song lent new inspiration to the temple; where eloquence alternately consecrated the hall of legislation, or astonished the forum with its appeals.

5. We may not assert, that the present age can lay claim to the production of any one of the mightiest efforts of human genius. Homer and Virgil, Shakspeare and Milton, were of other days, and yet stand unrivaled in song. Time has not inscribed upon the sepulcher of the dead any nobler names in eloquence than Demosthenes and Cicero. Who has outdone the chisel of Phidias, or the pencil of Michael Angelo[1] and Raphael[1]?

6. Where are the monuments of our day whose architecture dares to contend with the Doric, Ionic, or Corinthian of Greece, or even with the Composite or Gothic of later times? History yet points to the pregnant though brief text of Tacitus,[2] and acknowledges no finer models than those of antiquity. The stream of a century has swept by the works of Locke[3] and Newton;[4] yet they still stand alone in unapproached,—in unapproachable majesty.

7. Nor may we pronounce that the present age, by its col-

lective splendor in arts and arms, casts into shade all former epochs. The era of Pericles witnessed a combination of talents and acquirements, of celebrated deeds and celebrated works, which the lapse of twenty-two centuries has left unobscured. Augustus[5], surveying his mighty empire, could scarcely contemplate with more satisfaction the triumph of his arms, than the triumph of the philosophy and literature of Rome. France yet delights to dwell on the times of Louis the Fourteenth[6], as the proudest in her annals; and England looks back upon the reign of Queen Anne[7] for the best models of her literary excellence.

8. But though we may not arrogate to ourselves the possession of the first genius, or the first era, in human history, let it not be imagined that we do not live in an extraordinary age. It is impossible to look around us without alternate emotions of exultation and astonishment. What shall we say of one revolution which created a nation out of thirteen feeble colonies, and founded the empire of liberty upon the basis of the perfect equality in rights, and representation of all its citizens? —which commenced in a struggle, by enlightened men, for principles and not for places; and, in its progress and conclusion, exhibited examples of heroism, patriotic sacrifices, and disinterested virtue, which have never been surpassed in the most favored regions?

9. What shall we say of this nation which has, in fifty years, quadrupled its population, and spread itself from the Atlantic to the Rocky mountains, not by the desolations of successful war, but by the triumphant march of industry and enterprise? What shall we say of another revolution, which shook Europe to its center, overturned principalities and thrones, demolished oppressions whose iron had for ages entered into the souls of their subjects, and, after various fortunes of victory and defeat, of military despotism and popular commotion, ended at last in the planting of free institutions, free tenures, and representative government, in the very soil of absolute monarchy?

10. What shall we say of another revolution, or rather series of revolutions, which has restored to South America the inde

pendence torn from her, three centuries ago, by the force or by the fraud of those nations whose present visitations bespeak a Providence which superintends and measures out, at awful distances, its rewards and its retributions? She has risen, as it were, from the depths of the ocean, where she had been buried for ages. Her shores no longer murmur with the hoarse surges of her unnavigated waters, or echo the jealous footsteps of her armed oppressors. Her forests and her table-lands, her mountains and her valleys, gladden with the voices of the free.

11. She welcomes to her ports the whitening sails of commerce. She feels that the treasures of her mines, the broad expanse of her rivers, the beauty of her lakes, the grandeur of her scenery, the products of her fertile and inexhaustible soil, are no longer the close domain of a distant sovereign, but the free inheritance of her own children. She sees that these are to bind her to other nations by ties which outlive all compacts and all dynasties,—by ties of mutual sympathy, mutual equality, and mutual interest.

12. One of the most striking characteristics of our age, and that, indeed, which has worked deepest in all the changes of its fortunes and pursuits, is the general diffusion of knowledge. This is emphatically the age of *reading*. In other times, this was the privilege of the few; in ours, it is the possession of the many. Learning once constituted the accomplishment of those in the higher orders of society, who had no relish for active employment, and of those who sought to escape from the weariness of their common duties.

13. Its progress may be said to have been gradually downward from the higher to the middle classes of society. It scarcely reached at all, in its joys or its sorrows, in its instructions or its fantasies, the home of the peasant and artisan. It now radiates in all directions, and exerts its central force more in the middle than in any other class of society. The principal cause of this change, is to be found in the freedom of the press. It has been aided, also, by the system of free schools, wherever it has been established; by that liberal commerce which connects, by golden chains, the interests of mankind;

and, above all, by those necessities which have compelled even absolute monarchs to appeal to the patriotism and common sentiments of their subjects.

14. No man can now doubt the fact, that wherever the press is free, it will emancipate the people; wherever knowledge circulates unrestrained, it is no longer safe to oppress; wherever public opinion is enlightened, it nourishes an independent, masculine, and healthful spirit. If Faustus[8] were now living, he might exclaim, with all the enthusiasm of Archimedes,[9] and with a far nearer approach to the truth, "Give me where I may place a free press, and I will shake the world."

15. Scarcely is a work of real merit dry from the English press, before it wings its way to both the Indies and Americas. It is found in the most distant climates and the most sequestered retreats. It charms the traveler as he sails over rivers and oceans. It visits our lakes and our forests. It kindles the curiosity of the thick-breathing city, and cheers the log hut of the mountaineer. The Lake of the Woods resounds with the minstrelsy of our mother tongue, and the plains of Hindostan are tributary to its praise.

LESSON XVIII.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.—1. DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, the great American philosopher, was the first to prove the identity of lightning and electricity. This he did by means of a kite with a hempen string, on which the fluid descended from a passing cloud. This discovery led to the invention of the lightning-rod.

THE PRESENT AGE.—CONTINUED.

CHANNING.

1. THE Present Age! In these brief words, what a world of thought is comprehended! what infinite movements! what joys and sorrows! what hope and despair! what faith and doubt! what silent grief and loud lament! what fierce conflicts and subtle schemes of policy! what private and public revolutions! In the period, through which many of us have passed, what thrones have been shaken! what hearts have bled! what

millions have been butchered by their fellows! what hopes of philanthropy, have been blighted! and, at the same time, what magnificent enterprises have been achieved! what new provinces won to science and art! what rights and liberties secured to nations!

2. It is a privilege to have lived in an age so stirring, so eventful. It is an age never to be forgotten. Its voice of warning and encouragement, is never to die. Its impression on history is indelible. Amidst its events, the American Revolution,—the first distinct, solemn assertion of the rights of man, —and the French Revolution, that volcanic force which shook the earth to its center, are never to pass from men's minds.

3. Over this age, the night will indeed gather more and more as time rolls away; but in that night two forms will appear, WASHINGTON and NAPOLEON;—the one a lurid meteor, the other a benign, serene, and undecaying star. Another American name will live in history,—your FRANKLIN; and the kite' which brought lightning from heaven, will be seen sailing in the clouds by remote posterity, when the city where he dwelt may be known only by its ruins.

4. There is, however, something greater in the age than in its greatest men; it is the appearance of a new power in the world,—the appearance of the multitude of men on that stage where as yet the few have acted their parts alone. This influence is to endure to the end of time. What more of the present is to survive? Perhaps much, of which we now take no note. The glory of an age is often hidden from itself. Perhaps some word has been spoken in our day, which we have not deigned to hear, but which is to grow clearer and louder through all ages. Perhaps some silent thinker among us, is at work in his closet, whose name is to fill the earth. Perhaps there sleeps in his cradle some reformer who is to move the church and the world,—who is to open a new era in history, —who is to fire the human soul with new hope and new daring.

5. What else is there to survive the age? That which the age has little thought of, but which is living in us all,—the SOUL, the Immortal Spirit. Of this all ages are the unfold-

ings, and it is greater than all. We must not feel, in the contemplation of the vast movements of our own and former times, as if we ourselves were nothing. I repeat it, we are greater than all. We are to survive our age,—to comprehend it, and to pronounce its sentence. As yet, however, we are ncompassed with darkness. The issues of our time, how obcure! The future, into which it opens, who of us can foresee? To the Father of all ages, I commit this future with humble, yet courageous and unfaltering hope.

LESSON XIX.

Explanatory Note.—1. The following poetry was transmitted by the Magnetic Telegraph from Washington to Baltimore. Though this fact adds nothing to its beauty, yet it was a happy thought to select the wonderful invention, of which it speaks, as the medium of communication.

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

Mrs. E. L. Schermerhorn.

1. Oh! carrier dove, spread not thy wing,
Thou beauteous messenger of air!
To waiting eyes and hearts, to bring
The tidings thou wast wont to bear.

2. Urge not the flying courser's speed,
Give not his neck the loosened rein,
Nor bid his panting sides to bleed,
As swift he thunders o'er the plain.

3. Touch but the magic wire, and lo!
Thy thought is borne on flaming track;
And swifter far than winds can blow,
Is sped the rapid answer back.

4. Nerved by its power, our spreading land
A mighty giant proudly lies;
Touch but one nerve with skillful hand,
Through all, the thrill unbroken flies.

5. The dweller on the Atlantic shore,
A word may breathe, and swift as light,

Where far Pacific's waters roar,
That word speeds on with magic flight.

6. Thoughts, fresh kindling in the mind,
And words, the echoes of the soul,
Borne on its wiry pinions, bind
Hearts sundered far as pole from pole.

7. As flashes o'er the summer skies,
The lightning's blaze from east to west;
O'er earth the burning fluid flies,
Winged by a mortal's proud behest.

LESSON XX.

Explanatory Note.—1. Java's Tree, or the Upas Tree, is celebrated for its poisonous qualities, which, however, have been greatly exaggerated. The emanations from this tree are very dangerous to certain persons, while others are not affected by them. From the juice which flows in great abundance from the tree, on an incision being made, is prepared the frightful *Upas* poison.

Direction.—In reading or speaking the following, the *falling* inflection, agreeably to the principle set forth in Rule VII., should generally prevail. The movement should be slow, accompanied with a strong and marked *emphasis* on certain peculiarly expressive words.

SLANDER.

Milford Bard.

1. What is slànder?
'Tis an assàssin at the midnight hour,
Urged on by Envy, that, with footstep soft,
(*p.*) Steals on the slumber of sweet innocence,
And with the dark drawn dàgger of the mind,
Drinks deep the crimson current of the heart.

2. It is a wòrm that crawls on beauty's cheek,
Like the vile viper in a vale of flowers,
And riots in ambrosial blossoms there.
It is a còward in a coat of mail,
That wages war against the brave and wise,
And like the long, lean lizard that will mar
The lion's sleep, it wounds the noblest breast.

3. Oft have I seen this dèmon of the soul,
This mùrderer of sleep, with visage smooth,
And countenance serene as heaven's own sky;
But stòrms were ràving in the world of thought;—
(*p.*) Oft have I seen a smile upon its brow;
But, like lightning from a stòrmy cloud,
It shocked the soul and disappeared in darkness.

4. Oft have I seen it weep at tales of woe,
And sigh as 'twere the heart would break with anguish;
But like the drops that drip from Java's Tree,[1]
And the fell blàst* that sweeps Arabian sands,
It withered every flow'ret of the vale.

5. I saw it tread upon a lily fair,
On one, of whom the world could say no harm;
And, although sunk beneath the mortal wound,
It broke into the sacred sèpulcher,
And dràgged its victim from the hallowed grave
For public eyes to gaze on. It hath wept,
That from the earth its victim passed away,
Ere it had taken vengeance on his virtues.

6. Yea, I have seen this cùrsed child of Envy,
Brèathe mildew on the sacred fame of him
Who once had been his country's benefactor;
(*p.*) And on the sepulcher of his repose,
Bedewed with many a tributary tear,
Dànce in the moonlight of a summer's sky,
With sàvage satisfaction.

LESSON XXI.

THE PROPER DIRECTION OF THE INTELLECTUAL AND MORAI POWERS.

STYLES.

1. EVERY man is a traitor to his order and kind in the creation, who avows principles, or pursues a conduct unworthy of his high destination as an heir of immortality. Whatever

---

* See Explanatory Note, Lesson XVI., page 104.

would confine the human existence within the narrow limits of the tomb; whatever would render the present state infinitely important, and annihilate the future, ought to excite the just and generous indignation of all who have any remembrance of their divine original, or any breathings of their ancient hope. To choose the pleasures of this world as our highest good,--as the only, or even the chief allotment of humanity,—is debasing to a rational nature, subversive of all virtuous feelings and sentiments, and certainly destructive of abiding happiness.

2. It is most debasing to a rational nature, whose distinguishing properties are understanding, volition, and immortality. The two former ought always to maintain a chief and ultimate reference to the latter. The *understanding* should be employed in obtaining just and sublime ideas of the character of God, in seeking after, and treasuring up refined and spiritual truths, which constitute the riches of a soul, whose destiny is to dwell forever in regions where such truths will be its principal aliment. The *will* should be directed to those preferences and vigorous exertions which render the earth insignificant, and by which the spirit is disinthralled from sublunary attraction, and carried upward to the reflection of angels, and the vision of God.

3. The thoughts, the aspirations, and all the energies of immortal beings, ought, assuredly, to bear the impress of immortality. Whatever grandeur may mark the conceptions of a mind that is contented with a mortal and earthly range; whatever achievements of heroism and magnanimity, may shed almost divine luster on a character which belongs only to the empire of time; they sink into nothing when viewed in the light of eternity,—they do not lift the soul to Heaven. In their motives and consequences, they have no connection with an unfading, incorruptible inheritance. They are designed for no more than a little sphere, and the admiration of a world which passeth away.

1. Revere thyself,—and yet thyself despise.
His nature no man can o'er-rate, and none

Can under-rate his merit. Take good heed,
Nor there be modest where thou shouldst be proud,—
That almost universal error shun.
How just our pride, when we behold those hights,
Not those ambition paints in air, but those
Reason points out, ardent Virtue gains,
And Angels emulate.

2. In empire high, or in proud science deep,
Ye born of earth, on what can you confer
With half the dignity,—with half the gain,—
The gust, the glow, of rational delight,—
As on this theme which Angels praise and share?
Man's fates and favors are a theme in Heaven.

3. If inextinguishable thirst in man
To know; how rich, how full, our banquet there!
There, not the moral world alone unfolds;
The world material, lately seen in shades,
And in those shades by fragments only seen,
Unbroken then, illustrious and entire,
Its ample sphere, its universal frame,
In full dimensions, swells to the survey,
And enters, at one glance, the ravished sight.

4. If admiration is a source of joy,
What transport hence! yet this the least in Heaven
What this to that illustrious robe HE wears,
Who tossed this mass of wonders from His hand,—
A specimen,—an earnest of His power?
'Tis to that glory, whence all glory flows,
As the mead's meanest floweret to the sun
Which gave it birth.

5. O what a patrimony this! A being
Of such inherent strength and majesty,
Not worlds possess'd can raise it; worlds destroyed
Can't injure; which holds on its course
When thine, O Nature! ends,—too blest to mourn
Creation's obsequies.—YOUNG.

LESSON XXII.

Explanatory Note.— 1. The Aloe is a very large plant, one species of which is a native of America. There is a notion, but an erroneous one, that it does not bloom until it is a hundred years old. The time of its blossoming depends on the rapidity of its growth.

ANTIDOTE TO DESPONDENCY.

Carlos Wilcox.

1. Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?
Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold?
Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold.—
'Tis when the rose is wrapt in many a fold,
Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there
Its life and beauty; not when, all unrolled,
Leaf after leaf, its bosom rich and fair,
Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air

2. Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,
Lest these lost years should haunt thee on the night
When death is waiting for thy numbered hours,
To take their swift and everlasting flight;
Wake, ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite,
And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed;
Do something—do it soon—with all thy might;
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God himself, inactive, were no longer blest.

3. No good of worth sublime will Heaven permit
No light on man as from the passing air;
The lamp of genius, though by nature lit,
If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,
Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare;
And learning is a plant that spreads and towers
Slow as Columbia's aloe, proudly rare,
That 'mid gay thousands, with the suns and showers
Of half a century, grows alone before it flowers.

4. Has immortality of name been given
To them that idly worship hills and groves,

And burn sweet incense to the queen of heaven?
Did Newton learn from fancy, as it roves,
To measure worlds, and follow where each moves?
Did Howard gain renown that shall not cease,
By wanderings wild, that nature's pilgrim loves?
Did Paul gain Heaven's glory and its peace,
By musing o'er the bright and tranquil isles of Greece?

5. Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,—
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above;
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
The seed that, in these few and fleeting hours,
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruits divine in Heaven's immortal bowers.

LESSON XXIII.

WHAT IS PATRIOTISM?

FISHER AMES

"The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the fragrance of a purer air;
In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole."—MONTGOMERY.

1. WHAT IS PATRIOTISM? Is it a narrow affection for the spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread entitled to this ardent preference because they are greener? No, this is not the character of the virtue;—it soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor Every good citizen

makes that honor his own, and cherishes it not only as precious, but as sacred.

2. He is willing to risk his life in its defense, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it. For what rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable, when a state renounces the principles that constitute their security? Or, if his life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be in a country odious in the eyes of strangers, and dishonored in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to such a country as his parent? The sense of having one would die within him; he would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any, and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be a banished man in his native land.

---

3. Whence does this love of our country, this universal passion, proceed? Why does the eye ever dwell with fondness upon the scenes of infant life? Why do we breathe with greater joy the breath of our youth? Why are not other soils as grateful, and other heavens as gay? Why does the soul of man ever cling to that earth where it first knew pleasure and pain, and, under the rough discipline of the passions, was roused to the dignity of moral life? Is it only that our country contains our kindred and our friends? And is it nothing but a name for our social affections?

4. It can not be this; the most friendless of human beings, has a country which he admires and extols, and which he would, in the same circumstances, prefer to all others under heaven. Tempt him with the fairest face of nature, place him by living waters under shadowy trees of Lebanon, open to his view all the gorgeous allurements of the sunniest climates, he will love the ròcks and dèserts of his childhood better than all these, and thou canst not bribe his soul to forget the land of his nativity.—SIDNEY SMITH.

---

5. BREATHES there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"—

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go mark him well;—
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit all renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.—Sir Walter Scott

---

6. The scenes of my childhood, how dear to my heart!
They steal o'er my soul, and a rapture impart;
In sweet recollection I often explore
Those valleys and bowers
Green meadows and flowers,—
I gaze on their charms and their Maker adore
O, when shall I visit that lovely retreat,
And all the endearments of infancy greet?

7. The time-stricken cottage—the evergreen tree
That waved o'er my head in my juvenile glee;
My childhood companions that livened the green,
My father, my mother,
My sister, my brother,
And the countless enchantments of life's morning scene.
No objects on earth have attractions so sweet,
There the fondest, the tend'rest remembrances meet.

8. There's not a green spot on this wide peopled earth,
So dear to the heart as the land of our birth;
'Tis the home of our childhood! the beautiful spot,
Which memory retains when all else is forgot;
May the blessing of God
Ever hallow the sod,
And its valleys and hills by brave freemen be trod.

LESSON XXIV.

CREATION.

Rev. Thomas Fox.

1. What scenes of deep and thrilling interest, must have been unfolded to angels as they lingered around the morning of creation! And could they leave their lofty habitation, and commune with mortals, with what delight should we listen to their instructions,—with what pleasurable emotions should we gather around them as they related the genesis of time,—as they described those progressive acts of the great Jehovah, when He called this universe into being!

2. But though this privilege is denied us—though no ancient one,

> "Whose hoary locks have swept the feet of Deity,"

may break the silence that encompasses the past, yet we may turn to the oracles of truth, and from their silent, yet responsive pages, read, in miniature, the world's history. Here we may learn that "the things which are seen, were not made of things that do appear." There was not merely a remodeling of previously existing matter, but a *creation*. God, by his omnific word, spake, and matter from nonentity appeared.

3. What exalted ideas of the Supreme does this suggest! Who else can create? All the men and angels in the universe could not produce one particle of matter. How sublimely grand is the Almighty's reference to this fact, when addressing astonished Job out of the whirlwind!

> "Where wast thou when
> I laid the foundations of the earth?
> Declare, if thou hast understanding.
> Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest?
> Or who hath stretched the line upon it?
> Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened?
> Or who laid the corner-stone thereof,
> When the morning stars sang together,
> And all the sons of God shouted for joy?"

4. But matter was produced only in its elementary state. Other attributes of Jehovah, besides omnipotence, were to be exhibited in the workmanship of his hands. Wisdom and

goodness were to be blended with power in this visible display of his glory. Chaos first appeared, or, in the language of one of the heathen poets, among whom traces of Biblical truth are frequently found,

"One was the face of nature, if a face;
Rather a rude and indigested mass;
A lifeless lump, unfashioned and unframed,
Of jarring seeds, and justly CHAOS named."

Soon the Spirit moved upon the inert mass, and gave to it vitality,—gave to it, if we may use the expression, *mineral life*. Probably this was the commencement of motion, that mysterious something, which equally proves the existence and power of a great First Cause.

5. Again, the fiat went forth, and the principle of light and of heat, was ushered into existence. And here, as elsewhere, we perceive the correspondence between the sacred record and true philosophy. Revelation informs us that light existed before the sun took his place in the firmament; and that this luminary was subsequently appointed merely as a "light-bearer."

6. How exactly does this accord with matter of fact! Philosophy teaches us that there is latent light pervading all substances, and that the sun is in itself a dark body, surrounded by a luminous appendage, making it emphatically a light-bearer to surrounding worlds. Earth now received its diurnal motion, by which day and night succeed each other. But how wonderful is this motion! Who can account for it? Have we not here a striking display of the continued and pervading energy of the great I AM?

7. The work went on. Ocean's capacious bed was formed, and filled with the yielding wave. Rills, and brooks, and rivers, commenced their meandering courses, and murmured forth the praise of HIM who bade them flow. While the dry land which now peered in majesty above the watery flood, gradually acquired a suitable consistency for its destined use. The surrounding firmament, clarified from vapors and exhalations became a proper medium for the transmission of light, and for

the operation of those great laws, by which the machinery of the material universe was to be governed.

8. As yet no vegetation appeared—no trees, nor plants, nor flowers, adorned the hills, or decked the plains. Another act was now unfolded in the mighty drama—another kingdom was added to creation's domain—another step was taken in the ascending scale of Jehovah's works. At the Almighty's bidding, grass, and herbs, and trees, sprang into being, and robed with more than vestal loveliness the virgin world. What scenes of beauty were now revealed to the heavenly visitants, as they flitted through the amaranthine bowers, or perched on the life-imparting trees of Eden!

9. But still the work was incomplete;—another department was requisite to finish the scheme. Amid all this variegated fragrance, and grandeur, and beauty, there was none to enjoy —none to adore. Earth was not the home of Angels; another and a higher form of life was now wakened into being The seas were filled with sportive tribes of delighted existences; the groves were vocal with richly plumed songsters, while the forests and valleys teemed with animated life.

10. Still the climax was wanting,—an intelligent being to govern and to adore, as well as to enjoy. To summon such a being into existence, Jehovah's mandate went forth,—"Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." This compound being composed of matter and spirit, wondrously united, was the connecting link between earth and heaven—between the material and spiritual world.

11. His very nature designed him for higher enjoyments and nobler employments than earth could afford. It proved him designed for the companionship of angels, and of God. Man stood forth at the head of creation, as God's vicegerent upon earth, "made a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honor." God surveyed the finished work, and pronounced it—VERY GOOD. Every part was appropriate, and adapted to the end, for which it was designed; and the whole presented one harmonious and beautiful unity, speaking forth the invisible glories and infinite perfections of the great ORIGINAL.

LESSON XXV.

Direction.—The former part of each verse in the following poetry, should be read or spoken in a low tone of voice, denoting majesty and power; the latter part, in a lively, animative style.

THE DAYS OF CREATION.

From the German of Krummacher.

1 (o sl.) All dead and silent was the earth,
In deepest night it lay,
The Eternal spoke Creation's word
And called to being—Day!
(=) It streamed from on high,
All reddening and bright,
And angels' songs welcomed
The new-born light.

2 God spake,—the murmuring waters fled,—
They left their deep repose;
Wide over-arching heaven's blue vault
The firmanent arose!
Now sparkles above
Heaven's glorious blue,—
It sends to the earth
The light and the dew.

3 God spake,—He bade the waves divide,—
The earth uprears her head;
From hill, from rock, the gushing streams
In bubbling torrents spread!
The earth rested quiet,
And poised in the air,
In heaven's blue bosom,
Lay naked and bare.

4. God spake,—the hills and plains put on
Their robe of freshest green;
Dark forests in the valleys wave,
And budding trees are seen!

The word of his breath,
Clothes forests with leaves,—
The high gift of beauty
The spring-tide receives.

5. God spake,—and on the new dressed earth,
Soft smiles the glowing sun;
Then full of joy he sprung aloft,
His heavenly course to run!
Loud shouted the stars,
As they shone in the sky;
The moon with mild aspect,
Ascended on high.

6. God spake,—the waters teem with life,
The tenants of the floods;
The many-colored winged birds
Dart quickly through the woods!
High rushes the eagle
On fiery wings,—
Low hid in the valley,
The nightingale sings.

7 God spake,—He looked on earth and heaven
With mild and gracious eye;
In His own image man He made,
And gave him dignity.
He springs from the dust,
The lord of the earth,—
The chorus of heaven
Exult at his birth!

8. And now creation's work was ended,
Man raised his head—he spoke;
The day of rest by God ordained,
The Sabbath morning broke.

---

1. (o sl.) "*Lēt thēre bē līght!*" proclāimed the Almighty **Lōrd.**
Astonished Chaos heard the potent word;

Through all its realms the kindling ether runs,
(—) And the mass starts into a million suns.
Earths, round each sun, in quick explosions burst,
And second planets issue from the first;
Bend as they journey with projectile force,
In bright ellipses their reluctant course.
Orbs wheel in orbs; round centers—centers roll,
And form, self-balanced, one revolving whole.
($_{o}$ *sl.*) Onward they move amid their bright abode,
Space without bounds,—the bosom of their GOD.

2. Roll on, ye stars! exult in youthful prime,—
Mark with bright curves the printless steps of Time!
Near and more near your beamy cars approach,
And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach;
Flowers of the sky! ye, too, to age must yield,
Frail as your silken sisters of the field!

3. Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,
Suns sink on suns, and systems—systems crush:
Headlong, extinct, to one dark center fall,
And death, and night, and chaos, mingle all!
Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
Immortal nature lifts her changeful form,
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
And soars and shines, another and the same.

DARWIN.

LESSON XXVI.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.—EXCELSIOR is a Latin term which signifies *more lofty*, HIGHER. It is adopted as the motto of the State of New York.

THE EDUCATIONAL POLICY OF NEW YORK.

HORACE MANN.

1. VAST as are the interests of the Empire State,—with a population, approaching to that of the whole United Colonies, at the time they achieved their independence, and a valuation, probably exceeding that of the whole country during the Rev-

olutionary struggle;—with a soil fertile in vegetable, and stored with mineral productions;—with a splendid system of internal improvements, yielding its millions of direct revenue to the State, yet, indirectly, a hundred fold more valuable to the citizens from the means which it furnishes for universal competence and comfort;—with an extent of territory, almost equal to that of England;—occupying a central and commanding position, by which it is open to the ocean on one side, and connected on all others with immense regions, filled with industrious and populous communities, so that a great part of the commerce of this western world, passes through its gates, and pays its tribute;—yet in the midst of these vast and varied interests, its true interest—the EDUCATION OF ITS PEOPLE—transcends them all.

2. For to what purpose, is there a combination of all these constituents of greatness, which make it truly an Empire State;—of what avail is its territorial extent, measured, as it is, by degrees of latitude and longitude upon the earth's surface;—why are its great thoroughfares and cities piled and heaped high with accumulated riches;—to what end does every inflowing tide pour wealth upon its shores;—if, amidst all these elements of worldly power, the mind of man have not an over-mastering power, if the intellect and morals do not rise above them, and predominate, and establish a supremacy over them, and convert them from gratifications of appetite, passions, and pride, into instruments of mental and spiritual well-being?

3. To devote worldly and material resources to intellectual and moral improvement; to change corporeal riches into mental treasures, is to transmute the dull, cold, perishable things of earth and time into celestial and immortal capacities;—as, by the mysterious processes of nature, the dark mold of the valley is turned into flowers and fruits. "EXCELSIOR" is the beautiful motto which that great State has chosen. Let her wisely fulfill that noble idea, by striving, through the means of an enlarged and thorough education of her people, to rise *higher* and HIGHER in the endless scale of GOOD.

LESSON XXVII.

Note.—The following beautiful poem is considered one of the gems of the English language. Its symbolical meaning will be at once perceived. Under the disguise of an Alpine traveler, it represents the incentives, the struggles, and the fate of genius. It depicts with vivid power, the youthful and ardent aspirant in his progress up the dangerous and dizzy hights of fame, leaving behind him all the honors and riches of the world, and intent only on the object of his pursuit far onward and upward.

EXCELSIOR, OR THE YOUTHFUL ASPIRANT.

H. W. Longfellow.

1. The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,—
Excelsior!

2. His brow was sad; his eyes beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,—
Excelsior!

3. In happy homes, he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,—
Excelsior!

4. "Try not the Pass!" the old man said,
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead!
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

5. "Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good night,
A voice replied, far up the hight,—
Excelsior!

6. At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
EXCELSIOR!

7. A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
EXCELSIOR!

8. There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,—
EXCELSIOR!

ASPIRATIONS OF THE HEAVEN-BORN SPIRIT.

MRS. HEMANS.

1. WHEN the young Eagle with exulting eye,
Has learned to dare the splendor of the sky,
And leave the Alps beneath him in his course,
To bathe his crest in morn's empyreal source;
Will his free wing, from that majestic hight,
Descend to follow some wild meteor's light,
Which, far below, with evanescent fire,
Shines to elude, and dazzles to expire?

2 No! still through clouds he wings his upward way,
And proudly claims his heritage of day!
And shall the spirit, on whose ardent gaze
The day-spring from on high hath poured its blaze,
Turn from that pure effulgence, to the beam
Of earth-born light, that sheds a treacherous gleam,
Luring the wanderer, from the star of faith,
To the deep valley of the shades of death?
What bright exchange, what treasure shall be given,
For the high birth-right of its hope in Heaven?

LESSON XXVIII.

Explanatory Note.—After the framing of the **Constitution** of the United States by the convention of delegates, it required the separate action of the respective States to ratify it. The following is an extract from a speech delivered in the Convention of Virginia, June 6, 1788, on the expediency of its adoption.

THE UNION OF THE STATES.

Edmund Randolph.

1. I HAVE labored for the continuance of the union—the rock of our salvation. I believe that as sure as there is a God in heaven, our safety, our political happiness, and existence, depend on the "UNION OF THE STATES;" and that, without this union, the people of this and other States, will undergo the unspeakable calamities which discord, faction, turbulence, war, and bloodshed, have produced in other countries. The American spirit ought to be mixed with American pride—pride to see the union magnificently triumph.

2. Let it not be recorded of America, that, after having performed the most gallant exploits, after having overcome the most astonishing difficulties, and after having gained the admiration of the world by their incomparable valor and policy, they lost their acquired reputation,—their national consequence and happiness,—by their own indiscretion.

3. Let no future historian inform posterity that they wanted wisdom and virtue to concur in any regular, efficient government. Should any writer, doomed to so disagreeable a task, feel the indignation of an honest historian, he would reprehend and recriminate our folly with equal severity and justice.

4. Catch the present moment; seize it with avidity and eagerness; for it may be lost, never to be regained. If the union be now lost, I fear it will remain so forever. When I maturely weigh the advantages of the union, and the dreadful consequences of its dissolution; when I see safety on my right, and destruction on my left; when I behold respectability and happiness acquired by the one, but annihilated by the other, I can not hesitate to decide in favor of the UNION

THE CONSTITUTION.

W. C. BRYANT.

1. GREAT were the thoughts, and strong the minds
Of those who framed in high debate,
The immortal league* of love, that binds
Our fair broad Empire, State with State.

2. And deep the gladness of the hour,
When as the auspicious task was done,
In solemn trust, the sword of power,
Was given to glory's spotless son.†

3. The noble race is gone—the suns
Of sixty years have risen and set;
But the bright links, those chosen ones,
So strongly forged, are brighter yet.

4. Wide as our own free race increase—
Wide shall extend the elastic chain,
And bind in everlasting peace,
State after State,—a mighty train.

LESSON XXIX.

LIBERTY AND UNION, ONE AND INSEPARABLE.

WEBSTER.

1. I CAN not persuade myself to relinquish this subject, without expressing my deep conviction, that, since it respects nothing less than "THE UNION OF THE STATES," it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness. I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal union.—It is to that union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country.

---

* The CONSTITUTION of the United States.

† WASHINGTON, who was first intrusted with the office of Chief Magistrate.

2. That union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life.

3. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

4. I have not allowed myself to look beyond the union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together, shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

5. While the union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the vail. God grant that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise,—that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind.

6. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union,—on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent,—on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood!—Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced; its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased

or polluted, nor a single star obscured,—bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory, as, "*What is all this worth?*" Nor those other words of delusion and folly, "*Liberty first and Union afterward;*"—but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart,—LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE!

LESSON XXX.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.—The following thrilling incident, though an ancient theme, happily illustrates the power of true friendship. DIONYSIUS was a cruel tyrant of Sicily. Among other acts, he caused an immense cave, 250 feet in length, to be constructed in a rock, in the form of the human ear, by which all the sounds from without were directed to a common center which communicated to an adjoining apartment, where he spent the greater part of his time to hear whatever might be said by those whom his suspicions had cruelly confined in rooms above. Lest the artists, employed in making it, should reveal the design of its construction, he caused them to be put to death.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS; OR, TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

WM. PETER.

1. ($\overset{\circ}{=}$) "HERE, guards!" pale with fear, Dionysius cries,
"Here, guards, yon intruder arrest!
'Tis Damon—but ha! speak, what means this disguise?
And the dagger which gleams in thy vest?"
(ₒ) "'Twas to free," says the youth, "this dear land from its chains!" [pains."
"Free the lánd! wretched fool, thou shalt die for thy

2. "I am ready to die—I ask not to live,—
Yet three days of respite, perhaps thou may'st give,
For to-morrow, my sister will wed,
And 'twould damp all her joy, were her brother not there;
Then let me, I pray, to her nuptials repair,
While a friend remains here in my stead."

3. With a sneer on his brow, and a cŭrse in his breast,
"Thou shalt have," cries the tyrant, "shalt have thy request;
To thy sister repair, and her nuptials attend,
Enjoy thy three days, but—mark well what I say—
Return on the third; if, beyond that fixed day,
There be but one hour's, but one moment's delay,
That delay shall be death to thy friend!"

4. Then to Pythias he went; and he told him his case;
That true friend answered not, but, with instant embrace,
Consenting, rushed forth to be bound in his room;
And now, as if winged with new life from above,
To his sister he flew, did his errand of love,
And, ere a third morning had brightened the grove,
Was returning with joy to his doom.

5. But the heavens interpose,
Stern the tempest arose,
And when the poor pilgrim arrived at the shore,
Swoll'n to torrents, the rills
Rushed in foam from the hills,
And crash went the bridge in the whirlpool's wild roar.

6. Wildly gazing, despairing, half frenzied he stood;
Dark, dark were the skies, and dark was the flood,
And still darker his lorn heart's emotion;
And he shouted for aid, but no aid was at hand,
No boat ventured forth from the surf-ridden strand,
And the waves sprang, like woods, o'er the lessening land,
And the stream was becoming an ocean.

7. Now with knees low to earth, and with hands to the skies,
"Still the storm, God of might, God of mercy!" he cries—
"O, hush with Thy breath this loud sea;
The hours hurry by,—the sun glows on high;
And should he go down, and I reach not yon town,
My friend—he must perish for me!"

8 Yet the wrath of the torrent still went on increasing,
And waves upon waves still dissolved without ceasing,
And hour after hour hurried on;

Then by anguish impelled, hope and fear alike o'er,
He, reckless, rushed into the water's deep roar;
Rose—sunk—struggled on—till, at length, the wished
shore,—
Thanks to Heaven's outstretched hand—it is won!

9. But new perils await him; scarce 'scaped from the flood,
And intent on redeeming each moment's delay,
As onward he sped, lo! from out a dark wood,
A band of fierce robbers encompassed his way.
"What would ye?" he cried, "save my life, I have
naught;"
"Nay, that is the king's."—Then swift having caught
A club from the nearest, and swinging it round
With might more than man's, he laid three on the ground,
While the rest hurried off in dismay.

10. But the noon's scorching flame
Soon shoots through his frame, [sigh—
And he turns, faint and way-worn, to Heaven with a
"From the flood and the foe,
Thou'st redeemed me, and oh!
Thus, by thirst overcome, must I effortless lie,
And leave him, the beloved of my bosom, to die?"

11. Scarce uttered the word,
When startled he heard
Purling sounds, sweet as silver's, fall fresh on his ear;
And lo! a small rill
Trickled down from the hill!
He heard, and he saw, and, with joy drawing near,
Laved his limbs, slaked his thirst, and renewed his career

12. And now the sun's beams through the deep boughs are
glowing, [ing,
And rock, tree, and mountain, their shadows are throw-
Huge and grim, o'er the meadow's bright bloom;
And two travelers are seen coming forth on their way,
And just as they pass, he hears one of them say—
"'Tis the hour that was fixed for his doom!"

13. Still anguish gives strength to his wavering flight;
On he speeds; and lo! now in eve's reddening light
The domes of far Syracuse blend;—
There Philostratus meets him, (a servant grown gray
In his house,) crying, (°=) "Bàck! not a moment's delay.
No cares can avail for thy friend.

14. "No; nothing can save his dear head from the tomb;
So think of preserving thy own.
Myself, I beheld him led forth to his doom;
Ere this his brave spirit has flown!
With confident soul he stood, hour after hour,
Thy return never doubting to see;
No sneers of the tyrant that faith could o'erpower,
Or shake his assurance in thee!"

15. "And is it too late? and can not I save
His dear life? then, at least, let me share in his grave!
Yes, death shall unite us! no tyrant shall say,
That friend to his friend proved untrue; he may slay,—
May torture,—may mock at all mercy and ruth,
But ne'er shall he doubt of our friendship and truth."

16. 'Tis sunset; and Damon arrives at the gate,
Sees the scaffold and multitudes gazing below;
Already the victim is bared for his fate,
Already the deathsman stands armed for the blow;
When hark! a wild voice which is echoed around,
"Stày!—'tis I—it is Damon, for whom he was bound!

17. And now they sink in each other's embrace,
And are weeping for joy and despair;
Not a soul, among thousands, but melts at their case;
Which swift to the monarch they bear;
Even he, too, is moved—feels for once as he ought—
And commands, that they both to his throne shall be brought.

18. Then,—alternately gazing on each gallant youth,
With looks of awe, wonder, and shame;—

"Ye have conquered!" he cries, "yes, I see now that
That *friendship* is not a mere name. [truth,—
Go;—you're free; but, while life's dearest blessings
you prove,
Let one prayer of your monarch be heard,
That—his past sins forgot—in this union of love,
And of virtue—you make *him* the third."

LESSON XXXI.

CHARACTER AND CONDITION OF THE WESTERN INDIANS.

GEORGE CATLIN.

1. IMPRESSIONS of the most vivid kind, are rapidly and indelibly made by the fleeting incidents of savage life; and for the mind that can contemplate them with pleasure, they afford abundant materials for its entertainment. The mind susceptible of such impressions, catches volumes of incidents which are easy to write—it is but to unfold a web which the fascinations of this country and its allurements have spun over the soul—it is but to paint the splendid panorama of a world entirely different from any thing seen or painted before, with its thousands of miles, and tens of thousands of grassy hills and dales, where naught but silence reigns, and where the soul of a contemplative mold is seemingly lifted up to its Creator.

2. What man ever ascended to the pinnacle of one of Missouri's green-carpeted bluffs, a thousand miles severed from his own familiar land, and giddily gazed over the interminable and boundless ocean of grass-covered hills and valleys which lie beneath him, where the gloom of *silence* is complete—where not even the voice of the sparrow or cricket is heard—without feeling a sweet melancholy come over him, which seemed to drown his sense of every thing beneath him?

3. In traversing the immense region of the *classic* West, the mind of a philanthropist is filled with feelings of admiration. But to reach this country, one is obliged to descend

from the light and glow of civilized atmosphere, through the different grades of civilization, which gradually sink to the most deplorable condition along the extreme frontier; thence through the most pitiable misery and wretchedness of savage degradation, where the genius of natural liberty and independence have been blasted and destroyed by the contaminating vices and dissipations, introduced by the immoral part of *civilized* society.

4. Through this dark and sunken vale of wretchedness, one hurries, as through a pestilence, until he gradually rises again into the proud and chivalrous pale of savage society, in its state of original nature, beyond the reach of civilized contamination. Here he finds much, upon which to fix his enthusiasm, and much to admire. Even here the predominant passions of the savage breast, of ferocity and cruelty, are often found; yet *restrained* and frequently *subdued* by the noblest traits of honor and magnanimity. Here exists a race of men who live and enjoy life and its luxuries, and practice its virtues, very far beyond the usual estimation of the world who are apt to judge the savage and his virtues, from the poor, degraded, and humble specimens which alone can be seen along our frontiers.

5. From the first settlements of our Atlantic coast to the present day, the bane of this *blasting frontier* has regularly crowded upon them, from the northern to the southern extremities of our country; and, like the fire in a prairie, which destroys every thing where it passes, it has blasted and sunk them, all but their names, into oblivion, wherever it has traveled. It is to this tainted class alone that the epithet of "poor, naked, and drunken savage," can be, with propriety, applied; for all those numerous tribes which I have visited, and are yet uncorrupted by the vices of civilized acquaintance, are well clad, in many instances cleanly, and in the full enjoyment of life and its luxuries.

6. It is a sad and melancholy truth to contemplate, that all the numerous tribes who inhabited our vast Atlantic States, *have not* "fled to the West;"—that they are not to be found here,—that they have been blasted by the fire which has

passed over them, have sunk into their graves, and every thing but their names traveled into oblivion. The distinctive character of all these Western Indians, as well as their traditions relative to their ancient locations, prove beyond a doubt, that they have been for a long time located on the soil which they now possess; and in most respects, distinct and unlike those nations who formerly inhabited the Atlantic coast, and who, according to the erroneous opinion of a great part of the world, have fled to the West.

7. It is for these inoffensive and unoffending people, yet unvisited by the vices of civilized society, that I would proclaim to the world, that it is time, for the honor of our country—for the honor of every citizen of the republic—and for the sake of humanity, that our government should raise her strong arm to save the remainder of them from the pestilence which is rapidly advancing upon them. My heart has sometimes almost bled with pity while among them, and witnessing their innocent amusements, as I have contemplated the inevitable bane that was rapidly advancing upon them; without that check from the protecting arm of government, which alone can shield them from destruction.

8. What degree of happiness these sons of Nature may attain to in the world, in their own way; or in what proportion they may relish the pleasures of life, compared to the sum of happiness belonging to civilized society, has long been a subject of much doubt, and one which I can not undertake to decide. I have long looked with the eye of a critic, into the jovial faces of these sons of the forest, unfurrowed with cares,—where the agonizing feeling of poverty had never stamped distress upon the brow. I have watched the bold, intrepid step,—the proud, yet dignified deportment of Nature's man, in fearless freedom, with a soul unalloyed by mercenary lusts, too great to yield to laws or power except from God.

9. As these independent fellows are all joint-tenants of the soil, they are all rich, and none of the steepings of comparative poverity can strangle their just claims to renown. Who, I would ask, can look, without admiring, into a society where

peace and harmony prevail—where virtue is cherished—where rights are protected, and wrongs are redressed—with no laws, but the laws of honor, which are the supreme laws of the land? Trust to boasted virtues of civilized society for awhile, with all its intellectual refinements, to such a tribunal, and then write down the degradation of the "lawless savage," and our transcendent virtues.

LESSON XXXII.

Explanatory Notes.—1. **The Parthenon** was a temple sacred to Minerva, situated on the summit of the Acropolis or citadel of Athens, and thus elevated far above the surrounding edifices. In beauty and grandeur it surpassed all other buildings of the kind, and was enriched with the matchless sculptures from the hands of Phidias and his scholars. It is now much dilapidated.

2. **The Coliseum** was the greatest amphitheater that Roman magnificence ever built. It is said to have been capable of holding a hundred thousand persons. It now presents a gigantic ruin.

3. The temple of **Jupiter Olympius** was in ancient Athens. The inside was nearly a half league in circumference. Here stood the wonderful statue of **Jupiter**, made of ivory and gold by the hands of Phidias.

DESCRIPTION OF THE RUINS AT BALBEC.

From the French of LAMARTINE.

1. We rose with the sun whose first rays struck on the temples of Balbec, and gave to those mysterious ruins that *éclat* which his brilliant light ever throws over scenes which it illuminates. Soon we arrived, on the northern side, at the foot of the gigantic walls which surround those beautiful remains. A clear stream, flowing over a bed of granite, murmured around the enormous blocks of stone, fallen from the top of the wall, which obstructed its course. Beautiful sculptures were half concealed in the limpid stream. We passed the rivulet by an arch formed by these fallen remains, and mounting a narrow breach, were soon lost in admiration of the scene which surrounded us.

2. At every step a fresh exclamation of surprise broke from our lips. Every one of the stones, of which that wall was composed, was from eight to ten feet in length, by five or six

in breadth, and as much in hight. They rest, without cement, one upon the other, and almost all bear the mark of Indian or Egyptian sculpture. At a single glance, you see that these enormous stones are not placed in their original site—that they are the precious remains of temples of still more remote antiquity, which were made use of to encircle this colony of Grecian and Roman citizens.

3. When we reached the summit of the breach, our eyes knew not to what object first to turn. On all sides were gates of marble, of prodigious hight and magnitude; windows or niches, fringed with the richest friezes; fallen pieces of cornices, of entablatures, or capitals, thick as the dust beneath our feet; magnificent vaulted roofs above our heads; everywhere a chaos of confused beauty, the remains of which lay scattered about, or piled on each other in endless variety. So prodigious was the accumulation of architectural remains, that it defies all attempts at classification, or conjecture of the kind of buildings, to which the greater part of them had belonged.

4. After passing through this scene of ruined magnificence, we reached an inner wall, which we also ascended; and from its summit the view of the interior was yet more splendid. Of much greater extent, far more richly decorated than the outer circle, it presented an immense platform, the level surface of which was frequently broken by the remains of still more elevated pavements, on which temples to the sun, the object of adoration at Balbec, had been erected. All around that platform was a series of lesser temples, or chapels, decorated with niches, admirably engraved, and loaded with sculptured ornaments, to a degree that appeared excessive to those who had seen the severe simplicity of the Parthenon[1] or the Coliseum.[2]

5. But how prodigious the accumulation of architectural riches in the middle of an eastern desert! Combine in imagination the temple of Jupiter Stator, and the Coliseum at Rome, of Jupiter Olympius[3], and the Acropolis at Athens, and you will yet fall short of that marvelous assemblage of admirable edifices and sculptures. Many of the temples rest on columns

seventy feet in hight, and seven feet in diameter, yet composed only of two or three blocks of stone, so perfectly joined together that to this day you can barely discern the lines of their junction. Silence is the only language which befits man when words are inadequate to convey his impressions. We remained mute with admiration, gazing on the eternal ruins.

6. The shades of night overtook us while we yet rested in amazement at the scene, by which we were surrounded. One by one they enveloped the columns in their obscurity, and added a mystery the more to that magical and mysterious work of time and man. We appeared, as compared with the gigantic mass and long duration of these monuments, as the swallows which nestle a season in the crevices of the capitals, without knowing by whom, or for whom, they have been constructed.

7. The thoughts, the wishes, which moved these masses, are to us unknown. The dust of marble which we tread beneath our feet, knows more of it than we; but it can not tell us what it has seen; and in a few ages the generations which shall come in their turn to visit our monuments, will ask, in like manner, wherefore we have built and engraved. The works of man survive his thought. Movement is the law of the human mind; the definite is the dream of his pride and his ignorance.

8. God is a limit which appears ever to recede as humanity approaches him; we are ever advancing, and never arrive. This great Divine Figure which man from his infancy is ever striving to reach, and to imprison in his structures raised by hands, forever enlarges and expands; it outsteps the narrow limits of temples, and leaves the altars to crumble into dust, and calls man to seek for it where alone it resides—in thought, in intelligence, in virtue, in nature, in infinity.

9. Thy glorious ruins, proudly I survey,
Trophies of firm resolve, of patriot might!
And in each trace of devastation's way,
Thy moldering ruins meet my wandering sight.

LESSON XXXIII.

THE EFFECTS OF TIME.

SELLECK OSBORNE.

1 Moved by a strange mysterious power,
That hastes along the rapid hour,
I touch the deep-toned string;
Even now I see his withered face,
Beneath yon tower's moldering base.
Where mossy vestments cling.

2. Dark rolled his cheerless eye around,
Severe his grisly visage frowned,
No locks his head arrayed;
He grasped a hero's antique bust,—
The marble crumbled into dust,
And sunk amidst the shade!

3. Malignant triumph filled his eyes;
"See, hapless mortals, see," he cries,
"How vain your idle schemes!
Beneath my grasp, the fairest form
Dissolves and mingles with the worm;
Thus vanish mortal dreams.

4. "The works of God and man I spoil;
The noblest proof of human toil
I treat as childish toys,—
I crush the noble and the brave;
Beauty I mar, and in the grave
I bury human joys."

5. "Hold! ruthless phantom, hold!" I cried
"If thou canst mock the dreams of pride,
And meaner hopes devour,—
Virtue, beyond thy reach, shall bloom,
When other charms sink to the tomb,—
She scorns thy envious power."

6. On frosty wings the demon fled,
Howling, as o'er the wall he sped,

"Another year is gone!"
The ruined spire—the crumbling tower,
Nodding obeyed his awful power,
As Time flew swiftly on.

7. Since beauty, then, to Time must bow,
And age deform the fairest brow,
Let brighter charms be yours,—
The virtuous mind, embalmed in truth,
Shall bloom in everlasting youth,
While Time himself endures.

LESSON XXXIV.

Explanatory Notes.—1. Babylon was the capital of the Assyrian empire, situated on the river Euphrates. The extent of the city, as represented, approaches the miraculous. It was surrounded by a wall about 60 miles in circumference, 87 feet thick, and 35 feet high, with 250 towers and 100 brazen gates. But notwithstanding its greatness, its locality was, for a long time, a subject of doubt.

2. Palmyra, an ancient city of Syria, is now but a vast assemblage of magnificent ruins. It was adorned with splendid palaces which, though the city has been twice destroyed, still excite admiration.

TIME'S SOLILOQUY.

1. Old′! call you mé? Ayè! when the Almighty spoke creation into birth I was there. Then was I born. Amid the bloom and verdure of paradise, I gazed upon the young world radiant with celestial smiles. I rose upon the pinions of the first morn, and caught the sweet dew-drops as they fell and sparkled on the boughs of the garden. Ere the foot of man was heard sounding in this wilderness, I gazed out on its thousand rivers, flashing in light, and reflecting the broad sun, like a thousand jewels upon their bosoms.

2. The cataracts sent up their anthems in these solitudes, and none was here but I, to listen to the new-born melody. The fawns bounded over the hills, and drank at the limpid streams, ages before an arm was raised to injure or make them afraid. For thousands of years the morning star rose in beauty upon

these unpeopled shores, and its twin-sister of the eve flamed in the forehead of the sky, with no eye to admire their rays but mine.

3. Ayè! call me old′? Babylon' and Assyria, Palmyra' and Thebes, rose, flourished, and fell, and I beheld them in their glory and their decline. Scarce a melancholy ruin marks the place of their existence; but when their first stones were laid in the earth, I was there! Amid all their splendor, glory, and wickedness, I was in their busy streets, and crumbling their magnificent palaces to the earth. My books will show a long and fearful account against them. I control the fate of empires—I give them their period of glory and splendor; but at their birth I conceal in them the seeds of death and decay. They must go down and be humbled in the dust—their heads bow down before the rising glories of young nations, to whose prosperity there will also come a date, and a day of decline.

4. I poise my wings over the earth, and watch the course and doings of its inhabitants. I call up the violets upon the hill, and crumble the gray ruins to the ground. I am the agent of a Higher Power, to give life and to take it away. I spread silken tresses upon the brow of the young, and plant gray hairs on the head of the aged man. Dimples and smiles, at my bidding, lurk around the lips of the innocent child, and I furrow the brow of the aged with wrinkles.

5. Old′! call you mé? Ayè! but when will my days be numbered? When shall time end, and eternity begin? When will the earth and its waters—and the universe be rolled, and a new world commence its revolutions? Not till He who first bid me begin my flight, so orders it. When His purposes, who called me into being, are accomplished, then, and not till then, —and no one can proclaim the hour—I too shall go to the place of all living.

---

3. The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss; to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man As if an angel spoke,

I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.

7. It is the signal that demands dispatch;
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss!
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?—YOUNG.

LESSON XXXV.

THE JUST RETRIBUTION.

DIMOND.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.—ALBERTI, *the duke whose life had been assailed*,—JULIAN,—MONTALDI,—STEPHANO,—LUDOVICO,—AMBROSE,—VINCENT,—GUARDS, &c.

[*Enter* GUARDS, *conducting* JULIAN,—*all the characters follow*,—ALBERTI *ascends the judgment seat.*]

Alberti.—MY people!—the cause of your present assemblage, too well, is known to you. You come to witness the dispensations of an awful, but impartial justice;—either to rejoice in the acquittal of innocence, wrongfully accused, or to approve the conviction of guilt, arrested in its foul career. Personal feelings forbid me to assume this seat myself; yet fear not but that it will be filled by nobleness and honor;—to MONTALDI only, I resign it.

Julian.—He, my júdge! then I am lost indeed!

Alb.—Ascend the seat, my friend, and decide from it as your own virtuous conscience shall direct. This only will I say;—should the scales of accusation and defense poise doubtfully, let mercy touch them with her downy hand, and turn the balance on the gentler side.

Montaldi. [*Ascending the judgment seat.*]—Your will and honor are my only governors! [*Bowing.*] Julian, stand forth you are charged with a most foul and horrible attempt upon the life of my noble kinsman. The implements of murder have been found in your possession, and many powerful circumstances combine to fix the guilt upon you. What have you to urge in vindication?

Jul.—First, I aver by that Power whom vice dreads, and virtue reverences, that no word but strictest truth shall pass my lips. On yesterday evening, I crossed the mountain to the monastery of St. Bertrand; my errand thither finished, I returned directly to the valley. Rosalie saw me enter the cottage. Soon afterward, a strange outcry recalled me to the door; a mantle spread before the threshold caught my eye;—I raised it, and discovered a mask within it. The mantle was newly stained with blood!—Consternation seized upon my soul,—the next moment I was surrounded by guards, and accused of murder! They produced the weapon which I had lost in defending myself against a ferocious animal. Confounded by terror and surprise, I had not power to explain the truth, and loaded with chains and reproaches, I was dragged to the dungeons of the castle. Here my knowledge of the dark transaction ends, and I have only this to add;—I may become the victim of circumstance, but I never have been the slave of crime!

Mon. [*Ironically smiling.*]—Plăusibly urged; have you no more to offer?

Jul.—Truth needs but few words—I have spoken!

Mon.—Yet bethink yourself. Dare you abide by this wild tale, and brave a sentence on no stronger plea?

Jul.—Alas! I have none else so offer.

Mon.—You say, on yesterday evening, you visited the monastery of St. Bertrand. What was your business there?

Jul.—To engage Father Nicolo to marry Rosalie and myself on the following morning.

Mon.—A marriage too! Well, at what time did you quit the monastery?

Jul.—The bell for vesper-service had just ceased to toll.

Mon.—By what path did you return to the valley?

Jul.—Across the mountain.

Mon.—Did you not pass through the wood of olives, where the dark deed was attempted?

Jul. [*Pausing.*]—The wood of ólives?

Mon.—Ha! mark! he hesitates—speak!

Jul.—No! my soul scorns to tell a falsehood. I did pass through the wood of olives.

Mon.—Aye! and pursuit was close behind. Stephano, you seized the prisoner?

Stephano.—I did. The bloody weapon bore his name; the mask and mantle were in his hands, confusion in his countenance, and every limb trembling with alarm.

Mon.—Enough! Heavens! that villainy so monstrous should inhabit with such tender youth! I fain would doubt, and in spite of reason, hesitate to give my sentence; but conviction glares from every point, and incredulity would now be madness. Not to descant on the absurdity of your defense—a tale too wild for romance to sanction—I find from your admission a chain of circumstances, that confirms your criminality. The time, at which you passed the wood, and the hour of the duke's attack, precisely correspond. You sought to rush on fortune by the readiest path, and snatch from the unwary traveler that sudden wealth which honest labor could only by slow degrees obtain. Defeated in the dark attempt, you fled. Pursuit was instant—your steps were traced—and at the very door of your cottage, you were seized before the evidences of your guilt could be secreted. Oh! wretched youth! I warn you to confess. Sincerity can be your only claim to mercy.

Jul.—My heart will burst,—but I have spoken truth.

Mon.—Then I must exercise my duty. Death is my sentence.

Jul.—Hold! pronounce it not as yet!

Mon.—If you have any further evidence, produce it.

Jul. [*With despairing look.*]—I call on Ludovico!

[*Ludovico hastily steps forward. Montaldi starts back with evident trepidation.*]

Ludovico.—I am here!

Mon.—And what can he unfold! only to repeat what we already know. I will not hear him—the evidence is perfect.—

Alb. [*Rising hastily.*]—Hold! Montaldi, Ludovico must be heard; to the ear of justice, the slightest syllable of proof is precious.

Mon. [*Confused.*]—I stand rebuked. Well, Ludovico, depose your evidence!

Lud.—Mine was the fortunate arm appointed by Heaven to rescue the duke. I fought with the assassin, and drove him beyond the trees into the open lawn. I there distinctly marked his figure, and from the difference in the hight alone, I solemnly aver, Julian can not be the person.

Mon.—This is no proof,—the eye might easily be deceived. I can not withhold my sentence longer.

Lud.—I have further matter to advance. Just before the ruffian fled, he received a wound across his right hand; the moonlight directed my blow, and showed me that the cut was deep and dangerous. Julian's fingers bear no such mark.

Mon. [*Manifesting great excitement, and involuntarily drawing his glove close over his hand.*]—A wound!—mere fable.

Lud.—Nay, more,—the same blow struck from off one of the assassin's fingers, a jewel; it glittered as it fell; I snatched it from the ground,—thrust it within my bosom, and have ever since preserved it next my heart;—I now produce it—'tis here—a ring—an amethyst set with brilliants!

Alb. [*Rising hastily.*]—What say you? an amethyst set with brilliants! even such I gave Montaldi. Let me view it.

[*As Ludovico advances to present the ring to the duke, Montaldi rushes with frantic impetuosity between, and attempts to seize it.*]

Mon.—Slave! resign the ring!

Lud.—I will yield my life sooner!

Mon.—Wretch! I will rend thy frame to atoms [*They struggle with violence. Montaldi snatches at the ring—Ludovico catches his hand and tears off the glove—the wound appears.*]

Lud.—O, Heavens! murder is unmasked—the bloody mark is here! Montaldi is the assassin! [*All rush forward in astonishment.*]

Mon.—Shame! madness!

Alb.—Eternal Providence! Montaldi a mùrderer!

Mon.—Aye! accuse and curse! idiots! dupes! I heed you not. I can but die! Triumph not, Alberti,—I trample on thee still! [*Draws a poniard and attempts to destroy himself. The weapon is wrested from his hand by the guards.*]

Alb.—Fiend! thy power to sin is past.

Mon. [*Delirious with passion.*]—Ha! ha! ha! my brain scorches, and my veins run with fire!—disgraced, dishonored—O, madness! I can not bear it!—save me—oh! [*Falls insensible into the arms of attendants.*]

Alb.—Wretched man! bear him to his chamber,—his punishment be hereafter. [*Montaldi is carried off.*]

Jul.—Oh! my joy is too full for words!

Ambrose.—My noble boy!

Vincent.—Rosalie shall reward him.

Alb.—Yes, they are children of virtue! their happiness shall be my future care. Let this day, through each returning year, become a festal on my domain. Heaven with peculiar favor, has marked it for its own, and taught us, by the simple moral of this hour, that, howsoever in darkness guilt may vail its malefactions from the eye of man, an Omniscient Judge will penetrate each hidden sin, and still, with never-failing justice, confound the vicious, and protect the good!

LESSON XXXVI.

SEARCH AFTER WISDOM.

1. I ASKED the *sage*, when wandering afar
In search of wisdom's bright and shining star,
"What's wisdom?" He exclaimed, with tearful eyes,
"The fear of God 's the wisdom of the wise."

2. I asked the *rainbow's* changing tints of light,—
The glorious harbinger of mercy bright;
"'Twas wisdom robed me thus, the earth to span,
And bade me lull the fearful heart of man."

3. I asked the *ocean*—and its ceaseless tide,
In hollow murmurs, to my voice replied—
"Behold my swelling waves, their ebb and flow,
The hand of wisdom marks how far to go."

4. Then I pursued the pure, the golden *sun*,
And found him when his course was nearly done;
"O stay me not," he cried, "check not my pace,—
'Tis wisdom's work to run the heavenly race."

5 I asked the *stars* to track me wisdom's way,
In the high heav'n of glory, where they lay,—
"'Tis wisdom's path," they said, "that we have trod,
The path of wisdom is—THE WILL OF GOD."

6. I asked the *moon*,—the moon that shone afar,
In her pale light within her crescent car,—
"Wisdom is knowledge of the hand divine,
That bade me be, and placed me here to shine."

7. The silv'ry *spheres* caught up the heavenly song,
Echoed through endless space, it rolled along;
Angels rejoiced, and filled with holy fires,
Tuned unto wisdom all their golden lyres.

8. "True wisdom is the influence brightly glowing,
From th' Almighty's glory ever flowing!
Th' unspotted mirror of his power and might!
The radiance of the everlasting light!"

9. Then earth-born man, attune thy sacred lyre,
And join the chorus of the heavenly choir,
In praise to thy great Maker God above,
Whose will is wisdom, and whose rod is love

LESSON XXXVII.

THE VALUE OF WISDOM.

BIBLE.

1. BUT where shall wisdom be found?
And where is the place of understanding?

Man knoweth not the price thereof;
Neither is it found in the land of the living.
The depth saith, It is not in me;
And the sea saith, It is not with me.
It can not be gotten for gold,
Neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.

2. It can not be valued with the gold of Ophir,—
With the precious onyx or the sapphire.
The gold and the crystal can not equal it;
And the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold.
No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls;
For the price of wisdom is above rubies.
The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it,
Neither shall it be valued with pure gold.

3. Whence then cometh wisdom?
And where is the place of understanding?
Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living,
And kept close from the fowls of the air.
Destruction and death say,
We have heard the fame thereof with our ears.
God understandeth the way thereof,
And He knoweth the place thereof.

4. For He looketh to the ends of the earth,
And seeth under the whole heaven;
To make the weight for the winds;
And He weigheth the waters by measure.
When He made a decree for the rain,
And a way for the lightning of the thunder:
Then did He see it, and declare it;
He prepared it, yea, and searched it out.
And unto man he said,
Behold! the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom;
And to depart from evil is understanding.

LESSON XXXVIII.

THE VOICE OF WISDOM.

POLLOK.

1. Wisdom took up her harp, and stood in place
Of frequent concourse—stood in every gate,
By every way, and walked in every street;
And, lifting up her voice, proclaimed: "Be wise,
Ye fools! be of an understanding heart.
Forsake the wicked; come not near his house;
Pass by; make haste; depart, and turn away.
Me follow—me, whose ways are pleasantness,
Whose paths are peace, whose end is perfect joy."

2. The Seasons came and went, and went and came,
To teach men gratitude, and as they passed,
Gave warning of the lapse of time, that else
Had stolen unheeded by. The gentle flowers
Retired, and, stooping o'er the wilderness,
Talked of humility, and peace, and love.
The Dews came down unseen at evening-tide,
And silently their bounties shed, to teach
Mankind unostentatious charity.

3. With arm in arm the Forest rose on high,
And lesson gave of brotherly regard.
And, on the rugged mountain-brow exposed—
Bearing the blast alone,—the ancient oak
Stood, lifting high his mighty arm, and still
To courage in distress exhorted loud.
The flocks, the herds, the birds, the streams, the breeze,
Attuned the heart to melody and love.

4. Mercy stood in the cloud, with eye that wept
Essential love; and from her glorious bow,
Bending to kiss the earth in token of peace,
With her own lips, her gracious lips, which God
Of sweetest accent made, she whispered still,
She whispered to Revenge:—"Forgive, forgive!"

5. The Sun rejoicing round the earth, announced
Daily the wisdom, power, and love of God.
The Moon awoke, and from her maiden face,
Shedding her cloudy locks, looked meekly forth,
And with her virgin stars walked in the heavens,
Walked nightly there, conversing as she walked,
Of purity, and holiness, and God.

6. In dreams and visions, Sleep instructed much.
Day uttered speech to day, and night to night
Taught knowledge: silence had a tongue: the grave,
The darkness, and the lonely waste, had each
A tongue that ever said—"Man! think of God!
Think of thyself! think of eternity!"
Fear God, the thunders said; fear God, the waves;
Fear God, the lightning of the storm replied;
Fear God, deep loudly answered back to deep."

LESSON XXXIX.

Explanatory Notes.—1. Heraldry is the art or practice of recording genealogies, and blazoning or displaying arms.

2. Chaucer was the first great English author. He died in the year 1400. He is generally known as the "Father of English poetry."

3. Pope was one of the first poets of the eighteenth century.

4. The Pantheon was a magnificent temple at Rome, dedicated to all the gods. It was built 30 years before Christ, by Agrippa, in the reign of Augustus. It was converted into a Christian temple in the year 609, and it still remains in almost a perfect state of preservation. It contains one immense circular hall, crowned with a lofty dome, and lighted from above.

5. Utopian is a word derived from *Utopia*, a name signifying *no place* or an *imaginary place*. Hence, *Utopian* means *fanciful*.

AMERICAN HISTORY.

Gulian C. Verplanck.

[*From a Discourse before the New York Historical Society.*]

1. The study of the history of most other nations, fills the mind with sentiments, not unlike those which the American traveler feels, on entering the venerable and lofty cathedral of some proud old city of Europe. Its solemn grandeur, its vastness, its obscurity, strike awe to his heart. From the richly-

painted windows, filled with sacred emblems and strange antique forms, a dim religious light falls around. A thousand recollections of romance, poetry, and legendary story, come thronging in upon him. He is surrounded by the tombs of the mighty dead, rich with the labors of ancient art, and emblazoned with the pomp of heraldry.[1]

2. What names does he read upon them? Those of princes and nobles who are now remembered only for their vices; and of sovereigns, at whose death no tears were shed, and whose memories lived not an hour in the affection of their people. There, too, he sees other names, long familiar to him for their guilty or ambiguous fame. There rest the blood-stained soldier of fortune, the orator who was ever the ready apologist of tyranny,—great scholars who were the pensioned flatterers of power,—and poets who profaned the high gift of genius, to pamper the vices of a corrupted court.

3. Our own history, on the contrary, like that poetical temple of fame, reared by the imagination of CHAUCER,[2] and decorated by the taste of POPE,[3] is almost exclusively dedicated to the memory of the truly great. Or rather, like the Pantheon[4] of Rome, it stands in calm and severe beauty amid the ruins of ancient magnificence, and "the toys of modern state." Within, no idle ornament encumbers its simplicity. The pure light of heaven enters from above, and sheds an equal and serene radiance around. As the eye wanders about its extent, it beholds the unadorned monuments of brave and good men who have bled or toiled for their country, or it rests on votive tablets inscribed with the names of the best benefactors of mankind.

4. "Patriots are here, in Freedom's battle slain;
Priests, whose long lives were closed without a stain;
Bards worthy him who breathed the poet's mind;
Founders of arts that dignify mankind;
And lovers of our race, whose labors gave
Their names a memory that defies the grave."

5. If Europe has hitherto been willfully blind to the value of our example and the exploits of our sagacity, courage, inven-

tion, and freedom, the blame must rest with her, and not with America. Is it nothing for the universal good of mankind to have carried into successful operation a system of self-government, uniting personal liberty, freedom of opinion, and equality of rights, with national power and dignity, such as had before existed only in the Utopian[6] dreams of Philosophers? Is it nothing in moral science, to have anticipated in sober reality, numerous plans of reform in civil and criminal jurisprudence, which are, but now, received as plausible theories by the politicians and economists of Europe?

6. Is it nothing to have been able to call forth on every emergency, either in war or peace, a body of talents always equal to the difficulty? Is it nothing to have, in less than a half century, exceedingly improved the sciences of political economy, of law, and of medicine, with all their auxiliary branches; to have enriched human knowledge by the accumulation of a great mass of useful facts and observations, and to have augmented the power and the comforts of civilized man, by miracles of mechanical invention? Is it nothing to have given the world examples of disinterested patriotism, of political wisdom, of public virtue,—of learning, eloquence, and valor, never exerted, save for some praiseworthy end?

7. LAND OF LIBERTY! thy children have no cause to blush for thee. What though the arts have reared few monuments among us, and scarce a trace of the Muse's footstep is found in the paths of our forests, or along the banks of our rivers; yet our soil has been consecrated by the blood of heroes, and by great and holy deeds of peace. Its wide extent has become one vast temple and hallowed asylum, sanctified by the prayers and blessings of the persecuted of every sect, and the wretched of all nations.

8. LAND OF REFUGE! LAND OF BENEDICTIONS! Those prayers still arise, and they still are heard "May peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces!" "May there be no decay, nor leading into captivity, and no complaining in thy streets!" "May truth flourish out of the earth, and righteousness look down from heaven!"

LESSON XL.

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

A. B. STREET.

1. HAIL to the planting of Liberty's tree!
Hail to the charter declaring us free!
Millions of voices are chanting its praises,
Millions of worshipers bend at its shrine,
Wherever the sun of America blazes,
Wherever the stars of our bright banner shine.

2. Sing to the heroes who breasted the flood
That, swelling, rolled o'er them—a deluge of blood.
Fearless they clung to the ark of the nation,
And dashed on mid lightning, and thunder, and blast,
Till Peace, like the dove, brought her branch of salvation,
And Liberty's mount was their refuge at last

3. Bright is the beautiful land of our birth,
The home of the homeless all over the earth.
Oh! let us ever with fondest devotion,
The freedom our fathers bequeathed us, watch o'er,
Till the Angel shall stand on the earth and the ocean,
And shout mid earth's ruins, that Time is no more

LESSON XLI.

CONTEMPLATION OF THE STARRY HEAVENS.

THOMAS DICK.

1. THE starry heavens present, even to the untutored observer, a sublime and elevating spectacle. He beholds an immense concave hemisphere, surrounding the earth in every region, and resting, as it were, upon the circle of the horizon. Wherever he roams abroad, on the surface of the land or of the ocean, this celestial vault still appears encompassing the world; and after traveling thousands of miles, it seems to make no nearer an approach than when the journey commenced.

2. From every quarter of this mighty arch, numerous lights are displayed, moving onward in solemn silence, and calculated

to inspire admiration and awe. Even the rudest savages have been struck with admiration at the view of the nocturnal heavens, and have regarded the celestial luminaries either as the residences of their gods, or the arbiters of their future destinies. But to minds enlightened with the discoveries of science and revelation, the firmament presents a scene incomparably more magnificent and august.

3. Its concave rises toward immensity, and stretches, on every hand, to regions immeasurable by finite intelligence; it opens to the view a glimpse of orbs of inconceivable magnitude and grandeur, and arranged in multitudes which no man can number, which have diffused their radiance on the earth during hundreds of generations; it opens a vista which carries our views into the regions of INFINITY, and exhibits a sensible display of the immensity of space, and of the boundless operations of OMNIPOTENCE.

4. It demonstrates the existence of an eternal and incomprehensible Divinity, who presides, in all the grandeur of His attributes, over an unlimited empire; it overwhelms the contemplative mind with a display of the riches of His wisdom and the glories of His OMNIPOTENCE; it directs our prospects to the regions of other worlds, where myriads of intelligences, of various orders, experience the effects of divine love and beneficence.

5. Amidst the silence and the solitude of the midnight scene, it inspires the soul with a solemn awe, and with reverential emotions; it excites admiration, astonishment, and wonder in every reflecting mind, and has a tendency to enkindle the fire of devotion, and to raise the affections to that ineffable Being who presides in high authority over all its movements.

6. While contemplating, with the eye of intelligence, this immeasurable expanse, it teaches us the littleness of man, and of all that earthly pomp and splendor, of which he is so proud; it shows us that this world, with all its furniture and decorations, is but an almost invisible speck on the great map of the universe; and that our thoughts and affections ought to soar above all its sinful pursuits and its transitory enjoyments.

7. In short, in this universal temple, hung with innumerable lights, we behold with the eye of imagination, unnumbered legions of bright intelligences, unseen by mortal eyes, celebrating, in ecstatic strains, the perfections of HIM who is the Creator and Governor of all worlds,—we are carried forward to an eternity to come, amidst whose scenes and revolutions alone the magnificent objects it contains, can be contemplated in all their extent and grandeur.

8. O! who can lift above a careless look,
While such bright scenes as these his thoughts engage,
And doubt, while reading from so fair a book,
That God's own finger traced the glowing page?
Or deem the radiance of yon blue expanse,
With all its starry hosts, the careless work of chance?

MRS. WELBY.

LESSON XLII.

CONTEMPLATION OF THE STARRY HEAVENS.—CONTINUED.

THOMAS DICK.

1. THESE innumerable globes of light were created for use,—to subserve important purposes in the plan of the Divine administration. They were not launched through the spaces of infinity at random, merely to display the energies of Omnipotence, and to light up the wilds of immensity with a useless splendor. Such a supposition would be derogatory to the attributes and character of the All-wise Creator, and would distort all the views we ought to entertain of a Being possessed of infinite perfection.

2. Those immense bodies must, therefore, be conceived as intended chiefly to diffuse their light and splendor over worlds, with which they are more immediately connected, and for the ultimate design of communicating happiness, in various forms, to the different orders of beings, with which they may be replenished. What other subordinate ends they may accomplish in the grand scheme of the universe, besides the advan-

tages we derive from them, is beyond our province to determine.

3. It is not improbable that every star or system, may have a subordinate end to serve to every other system, as forming parts of one whole under the government of Infinite Wisdom. As we derive advantages from these orbs, distant as they are, and as they diversify the ceiling of our earthly habitation with a splendid decoration, so they will likewise adorn the firmament of other systems, and display to the view of their inhabitants, both the energies of Omnipotent Power, and the manifold wisdom of God.

4. We have no reason to entertain the least doubt that the stars are in reality SUNS, and the distributors of light to other worlds, any more than we ought to doubt of the motion of the earth, because we have never, from a fixed point in the firmament, beheld it wheeling its rapid course through ethereal space around the sun.

5. Since the stars can not with the least show of reason be supposed to have been created chiefly for the use of our globe, it is as certain as moral demonstration can make it, that they were principally intended to fulfill a higher and a nobler purpose, and that this purpose has a respect to the accommodation and happiness of intelligent existence, either in the stars themselves, or in worlds which revolve around them; for the Creator and Governor of the universe must be considered, in all His arrangements, as acting in perfect consistency with those perfections of His nature, with which He is eternally and essentially invested.

6. But to suppose the innumerable host of stars to be only so many vast insulated globes, hung up to irradiate the void spaces of infinitude, would be repugnant to all the conceptions which reason and revelation lead us to form of a Being of infinite perfection. If, then, the fixed stars are the centers of light and influence to surrounding worlds, how immense must that empire be, over which the moral government of the Almighty extends! How expansive the range, and how diversified the order of planetary systems! How ar-

merous beyond calculation the worlds which incessantly rol throughout the immensity of space!

7. What countless legions of intellectual beings, of every rank and capacity, must crowd the boundless dominions of the King eternal, immortal, and invisible! And how glorious and incomprehensible must He be, whose word caused this vast fabric to start into existence, and who superintends every moment, the immensity of beings, with which it is replenished! In attempting to grasp such scenes, the human mind is bewildered and overwhelmed, and can only exclaim, "GREAT AND MARVELOUS ARE THY WORKS, LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!"

---

8. "SEEST thou those orbs that numerous roll above?
Those lamps that nightly greet thy visual powers,
Are each a bright capacious sun like ours.
The telescopic tube will still descry
Myriads behind, that 'scape the naked eye,
And further on, a new discovery trace
Through the deep regions of encompassed space.

9. "If each bright star so many suns are found,
With planetary systems circled round,
What vast infinitude of worlds may grace,—
What beings people the stupendous space?
Whatever race possess the ethereal plain,
What orbs they people, or what ranks maintain?

10. "Though the deep secret Heaven conceal below,
One truth of universal scope we know;—
Our nobler part, the same ethereal mind,
Relates our earth to all their reasoning kind;
One Deity, one sole creating cause,
Our active cares and joint devotion draws.

11 "Child of the earth! O, lift thy glance
To yon bright firmament's expanse,—
The glories of its realms explore,
And gaze, and wonder, and adore!"

LESSON XLIII.

Note.—The following sublime Ode to the Supreme Being, is said to have been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages written on silk, and suspended in the Imperial Palace at Pekin. The Emperor of Japan had it translated into Japanese, embroidered in gold, and hung up in the Temple of Jeddo.

Direction.—The following poetry, though in *Rhyme*, resembles, in style and punctuation, *Blank Verse*. Care is, therefore, requisite in the reading to denote the *final pause*, in order that the similarity of final sounds may be clearly expressed. The monotone should prevail in the utterance, and the movement should be slow, expressive of sublimity.

GOD.

From the Russian of DERZHAVEN

1. O Thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy—all motions guide;
Unchanged through Time's all-devastating flight—
Thōu ōnly Gōd! There is no God beside,—
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone,
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er;—
Being whom we call God,—and know no more!

2. In its sublime research, Philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep—may count
The sands, or rays of sun,—but God! for Thee
There is no weight or measure; none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

3 Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence—Lord, on Thee,
Eternity had its foundation;—all
Sprung forth from Thee—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin,—all, all of beauty, Thine,
Thy word created all, and doth create;—

Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wast, and shalt be glorious! great!
Life-giving and life-sustaining Potentate!

4. Thy chains the unmeasured Universe surround;
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee;
And as the spangles, in the sunny rays,
Shine round the silvery snow, the pageantry
Of Heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

5. A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light?
A glorious company of golden stréams?
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?
Suns lighting systems with their joyous béams?
But Thou to these art as the day to night.

6. Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence to Thee is lost:—
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I, then? Heaven's unnumbered host
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed
Against Thy greatness,—is a cipher brought
Against infinity! What am I, then?—NAUGHT!

7 Náught! but the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
Yes! in my spirit doth Thy Spirit shine,
As shines the sun-beam in a drop of dew.
Náught! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly,
Eager toward Thy presence; for in Thee

I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of Thy Divinity.
I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

8. Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding then to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit land!

9. The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—DEITY!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a God!
Whence came I here, and how? so marvelously
Constructed and conceived? Unknown! This clod
Lives surely through some higher energy,
For from itself alone it could not be.

10. Creator! Yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created me! Thou source of life and good!
Thou Spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source—to Thee—its Author there.

11. O thought ineffable! O vision blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its image to the Deity.
God! thus above my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek Thy presence—Being wise and good;

'Midst Thy vast works, admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

LESSON XLIV.

Explanatory Notes.—1. **Plato**, a great Athenian philosopher, was born 465 years before Christ. He was for eight years a pupil of **Socrates**, and wrote a faithful account of that great philosopher's acts and sayings.

2. **Socrates**, the most celebrated philosopher of antiquity, was a son of **Sophroniscus**, a sculptor. He was born 470 years before Christ. The purity of his doctrines, and his independence of character, rendered him popular with the most enlightened Athenians, though they created him many enemies, by whom he was falsely accused, and was arraigned and condemned to drink *hemlock*, the juice of a poisonous plant. With cheerfulness he continued to instruct his pupils and his ardent friends who attended him, particularly urging the doctrine of the soul's immortality, till the moment of his death. When the hour to drink the poison had come, the executioner handed him the cup with tears in his eyes. **Socrates** received it with composure, drank it with an unaltered countenance, and in a few moments expired.

3. **Aristides** was an Athenian, whose great temperance and virtue procured for him the title of *Just*.

MAJESTY AND SUPREMACY OF THE SCRIPTURES CONFESSED BY A SKEPTIC.

ROUSSEAU.

1. I will confess that the majesty of the Scriptures, strikes me with admiration, as the purity of the Gospel hath its influence on my heart. Peruse the works of our philosophers with all their pomp of diction. How mean, how contemptible are they, compared with the Scriptures! Is it possible that a book, at once so simple and sublime, should be merely the work of man? Is it possible that the sacred personage, whose history it contains, should be himself a mere man? Do we find that he assumed the tone of an enthusiast or ambitious sectary?

2. What sweetness, what purity in his manner! What an affecting gracefulness in his delivery! What sublimity in his maxims! What profound wisdom in his discourses! What presence of mind, what subtlety, what truth in his replies.

How great the command over his passions! Where is the man, where the philosopher, who could so live, and so die, without weakness, and without ostentation? When Plato[1] described his imaginary good man, loaded with all the shame of guilt, yet meriting the highest rewards of virtue, he describes exactly the character of JESUS CHRIST.

3. What prepossession, what blindness must it be, to compare the son of SOPHRONISCUS[2] to the son of Mary! What an infinite disproportion there is between them! SOCRATES[2], dying without pain or ignominy, easily supported his character to the last; and if his death, however easy, had not crowned his life, it might have been doubted whether SOCRATES, with all his wisdom, was any thing more than a vain sophist. He invented, it is said, the theory of morals. Others, however, had before put them in practice; he had only to say, therefore, what they had done, and reduce their examples to precepts.

4. ARISTIDES[3] had been *just* before Socrates defined justice; LEONIDAS had given up his life for his country, before Socrates declared patriotism to be a duty; the Spartans were a sober people, before Socrates recommended sobriety; before he had even defined virtue, Greece abounded in virtuous men. But where could JESUS learn, among his competitors, that pure and sublime morality, of which he only hath given us both precept and example? The greatest wisdom was made known among the most bigoted fanaticism, and the simplicity of the most heroic virtues, did honor to the vilest people on earth.

5. The death of Socrates, peaceably philosophizing with his friends, appears the most agreeable that could be wished for; that of JESUS, expiring in the midst of agonizing pains, abused, insulted, and accused by a whole nation, is the most horrible that could be feared. Socrates, in receiving the cup of poison, blessed indeed the weeping executioner who administered it; but JESUS, in the midst of excruciating torments, prayed for his merciless tormentors. Yes, if the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of JESUS are those of a GOD.

6. Shall we suppose the evangelic history a mere fiction? Indeed, it bears not the marks of fiction; on the contrary, the history of Socrates, which nobody presumes to doubt, is not so well attested as that of JESUS CHRIST. Such a supposition, in fact, only shifts the difficulty without obviating it;—it is more inconceivable that a number of persons should agree to write such a history, than that one only should furnish the subject of it. The Jewish authors were incapable of the diction, and strangers to the morality contained in the Gospel, the marks of whose truth are so striking and inimitable, that the inventor would be a more astonishing character than the hero.

LESSON XLV.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.—1. FRANCIS BACON was a great reformer of philosophy, by founding it on the observation of nature, after it had consisted, for many centuries, to a great extent, of scholastic subtilities. He was born in 1651.

ESTIMATION OF THE BIBLE BY THE WISEST PHILOSOPHERS AND STATESMEN.

PHILLIPS.

1. I AM willing to abide by the precepts, admire the beauty, revere the mysteries, and, as far as in me lies, practice the mandates of this sacred volume; and should the ridicule of earth assail me, I shall console myself by the contemplation of those blessed spirits, who, in the same holy cause, have toiled, and shone, and suffered.

2. If I err with the luminaries I have chosen for my guides, I confess myself captivated by the loveliness of their aberrations. If they err, it is in a heavenly region—if they wander, it is in fields of light—if they aspire, it is at all events a glorious daring; and rather than sink with infidelity into the dust, I am content to cheat myself with their vision of eternity. If, indeed, it be nothing but delusion, I err with the disciples of philosophy and virtue—with men who have drank deep at the fountain of human knowledge, but who dissolved not the pearl of their salvation in the draught.

3. I err with the great Bacon[1]—the great confident of nature, fraught with all the learning of the past, and almost prescient of the future; yet too wise not to know his weakness, and too philosophic not to feel his ignorance. I err with Milton, rising on an angel's wing to Heaven, and like the bird of morn, soaring out of sight, amid the music of his grateful piety.

4. I err with Locke, whose pure philosophy only taught him to adore its source, whose warm love of genuine liberty was never chilled into rebellion with its Author. I err with Newton, whose star-like spirit shot athwart the darkness of the spheres, too soon to re-ascend to the home of its nativity. With men like these, I shall ever remain in error.

LESSON XLVI.

CONDITION OF THE WORLD WITHOUT THE BIBLE.

MELVILLE.

1. Of all the boons which God has bestowed on this apostate and orphaned creation, the Bible is the noblest and most precious. We bring not into comparison with this illustrious donation the glorious sun-light, nor the rich sustenance which is poured forth from the store-houses of the earth, nor that existence itself which allows us, though dust, to soar into companionship with angels. The Bible is the development of man's immortality,—the guide which informs how he may pass off triumphantly from a contracted and temporary scene, and grasp destinies of unbounded splendor,—eternity his lifetime, and infinity his home.

2. It is the record which tells us that this rebellious section of God's unlimited empire, is not excluded from our Maker's compassions, but that the creatures who move upon its surface, though they have basely sepulchered in sinfulness and corruption the magnificence of their nature, are yet so dear in their ruin to Him who first formed them, that He hath bowed down the heavens in order to open their graves. Oh! you have only to think what a change would pass on the aspect of

our race, if the Bible were suddenly withdrawn, and all remembrance of it swept away, and you arrive at some faint notion of the worth of the volume.

3. Take from Christendom the Bible, and you have taken the moral chart, by which its population can be guided. Ignorant of the nature of God, and only guessing at their own immortality, the tens of thousands would be as mariners, tossed on a wide ocean, without a pole-star, and without a compass. The blue-lights of the storm-fiend would burn ever in the shrouds; and when the tornado of death rushed across the waters, there would be heard nothing but the shrieks of the terrified, and the groans of the despairing.

4 It were to mantle the earth in more than Egyptian darkness; it were to dry up the fountains of human happiness; it were to take the tides from our waters, and leave them stagnant, and the stars from our heavens, and leave them in sackcloth, and the verdure from our valleys, and leave them in barrenness; it were to make the present all recklessness, and the future all hopelessness—the maniac's revelry, and the fiend's imprisonment,—if you could annihilate that precious volume which tells us of God and of Christ, and unvails immortality, and instructs in duty, and woos to glory. Such is the Bible. Prize it, as ye are immortal beings—for it guides to the New-Jerusalem. Prize it, as ye are intellectual beings—for it "giveth understanding to the simple."

LESSON XLVII.

HAPPY FREEDOM OF THE MAN WHOM GRACE MAKES FREE.

COWPER.

1. He is the freeman, whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves besides. There's not a chain,
That fiendish foes, confederate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off,
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field

Of nature, and though poor, perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.

2. His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—"My Father made them all!"

3. He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth
Of no mean city; planned or ere the hills
Were built, the fountains opened, or the sea
With all his roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom is the same in every state;
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whose every day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less;
For he has wings, that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury, can cripple or confine.

4. No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large. Th' oppressor holds
His body bound; but knows not what a range
His spirit takes unconscious of a chain;
And that to bind him is a vain attempt,
Whom God delights in, and in whom He dwells.

5. Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste
His works. Admitted once to His embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before.
Thine eye shall be instructed, and thy heart,
Made pure, shall relish, with divine delight
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.

6. So reads he nature, whom the lamp of truth
Illuminates,—Thy lamp, mysterious Word!
Which whoso sees, no longer wanders lost,
With intellect bemazed in endless doubt,

But runs the road of wisdom. Thou hast built
With means, that were not till by Thee employed,
Worlds, that had never been, hadst Thou in strength
Been less, or less benevolent than strong.

7. They are Thy witnesses, who speak Thy power
And goodness infinite, but speak in ears
That hear not, or receive not their report.
In vain Thy creatures testify of Thee,
Till Thou proclaim Thyself. Theirs is indeed
A teaching voice; but 'tis the praise of Thine,
That whom it teaches it makes prompt to learn,
And with the boon gives talents for its use.

8. Then we are free. Then liberty, like day,
Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from Heav'n
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.
A voice is heard, that mortal ears hear not,
Till Thou hast touched them; 'tis the voice of song,
A loud Hosanna sent from all Thy works;
Which he that hears it with a shout repeats,
And adds his rapture to the general praise.

9. In that blest moment, Nature, throwing wide
Her vail opaque, discloses with a smile
The Author of her beauties, who, retired
Behind His own creation, works, unseen
By the impure, and hears His power denied.
Thou art the source and center of all minds,
Their only point of rest, Eternal Word!
From Thee departing they are lost, and rove
At random, without honor, hope, or peace.

10 From Thee is all that soothes the life of man,
His high endeavor, and his glad success,
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.
But O thou bounteous Giver of all good!
Thou art, of all Thy gifts, Thyself the crown!
Give what thou canst, without Thee we are poor;
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away.

LESSON XLVIII.

Explanatory Notes.—1. **Dives** is a Latin word meaning *rich*. It is used as a name and applied to the *rich man*, referred to in the 16th chapter of Luke.

2. **Tyre**, one of the most celebrated cities of antiquity, was for a long time considered the emporium of commerce. It was in its most flourishing state about 500 years before Christ. It was situated on an island near the eastern shore of the Mediterranean Sea, which was joined by Alexander to the main land by a mole or mound, by means of which he took the city after a siege of seven months. It was surrounded by a wall 150 feet high and of proportionate width. Its palaces are now supplanted by miserable hovels, though relics of its ancient splendor are everywhere still seen, and the poor fisherman new inhabits those cellars where were once stored the treasures of the world.

3. **Edom**, or **Idumea**, is a country including the south of Palestine.

4. **Muezzin**, in Mohammedan countries, is the public crier who announces the hours of prayer from the minaret. Five prayers are repeated daily.

5. **Kleber** was a French general, distinguished not less for his humanity and integrity, than for his courage, activity, and coolness.

6. **Murat** was a French general, distinguished more for his daring courage and impetuosity, than for his sagacity and strength of mind.

MOUNT TABOR.

J. T. Headley.

1. What strange contrasts this earth of ours presents! Noonday and midnight are not more opposite than the scenes that are constantly passing before our eyes. Truth and falsehood walk side by side through our streets, and vice and virtue meet and pass every hour of the day. The hut of the starving stands in the shadow of the palace of the wealthy, and the carriage of Dives[1] every day throws the dust of its glittering wheels over the tattered garments of Lazarus.

2. Health and sickness lie down in the same apartment; joy and grief look out of the same window; and hope and despair dwell under the same roof. The cry of the infant, and the groan of the dying, rise together from the same dwelling; the funeral procession treads close on the heels of the bridal party, and the tones of the lute and viol, have scarcely died away before the requiem for the dead comes swelling after.

Oh! the beautiful and deformed, the pure and corrupt, joy and sorrow, ecstasies and agonies, life and death, are strangely blended on this our restless planet.

3. What different events have transpired on the same spot Where the smoke of the Indian's wigwam arose, and the stealthy tread of the wolf and panther, was heard over the autumn leaves at twilight, the population of New York now surges along. Where once Tyre,[2] the queen of the sea, stood, fishermen are spreading their nets on the desolate rocks, and the bright waves are rolling over its marble columns. In the empty apartments of Edom,[3] the fox makes his den, and the dust of the desert is sifting over the forsaken ruins of Palmyra.

4. The owl hoots in the ancient halls of kings, and the wind of the summer night, makes sad music through the rents of the once gorgeous palaces. The Arab spurs his steed along the streets of ancient Jerusalem, or scornfully stands and curls his lip at the pilgrim pressing wearily to the sepulcher of the Savior. The Muezzin's[4] voice rings over the bones of the prophets, and the desert wind heaps the dust above the foundations of the seven churches of Asia. O, how good and evil, light and darkness, chase each other over the world!

5. Forty-seven years ago, a form was seen standing on Mount Tabor, with which the world has since become familiar. It was a bright spring morning, and as he sat on his steed in the clear sunlight, his eye rested on a scene in the vale below, which was sublime and apalling enough to quicken the pulsations of the calmest heart. That form was NAPOLEON BONAPARTE; and the scene before him, the fierce and terrible "BATTLE OF MOUNT TABOR."

6. From Nazareth, where the Savior once trod, KLEBER[5] had marched with three thousand French soldiers forth into the plain, when lo! at the foot of Mount Tabor he saw the whole Turkish army, drawn up in order of battle. Fifteen thousand infantry and twelve thousand splendid cavalry moved down in majestic strength on this band of three thousand French. Kleber had scarcely time to throw his handful of men into squares, with the cannon at the angles, before those twelve thousand

horse, making the earth smoke and thunder as they came, burst in a headlong gallop upon them.

7. But round those steady squares rolled a fierce devouring fire, emptying the saddles of those wild horsemen with frightful rapidity, and strewing the earth with the bodies of riders and steeds together. Again and again did those splendid squadrons wheel, re-form and charge with deafening shouts, while their uplifted and flashing cimeters gleamed like a forest of steel through the smoke of battle; but that same wasting fire received them, till those squares seemed bound by a girdle of flame, so rapid and constant were the discharges.

8. Before their certain and deadly aim, as they stood fighting for existence, the charging squadrons fell so fast that a rampart of dead bodies was soon formed around them. Behind this embankment of dead men and horses, this band of warriors stood and fought for six dreadful hours, and was still steadily thinning the ranks of the enemy, when Napoleon debouched with a single division on Mount Tabor, and turned his eye below.

9. What a scene met his gaze! The whole plain was filled with marching columns and charging squadrons of wildly galloping steeds, while the thunder of cannon and fierce rattle of musketry, amid which now and then was heard the blast of thousands of trumpets, and strains of martial music filled the air. The smoke of battle was rolling furiously over the hosts, and all was confusion and chaos in his sight.

10. Amid the twenty-seven thousand Turks that crowded the plain, and enveloped their enemy like a cloud, and amid the incessant discharge of artillery and musketry, Napoleon could tell where his own brave troops were struggling, only by the steady simultaneous volleys which showed how discipline was contending with the wild valor of overpowering numbers. The constant flashes from behind that rampart of dead bodies, were like spots of flame on the tumultuous and chaotic field.

11. Napoleon descended from Mount Tabor with his little band, while a single twelve-pounder, fired from the hights told the wearied Kleber that he was rushing to the rescue

Then for the first time he took the offensive, and pouring his enthusiastic followers on the foe, carried death and terror over the field. Thrown into confusion, and trampled under foot, that mighty army rolled turbulently back toward the Jordan, where MURAT[4] was anxiously waiting to mingle in the fight.

12. Dashing with his cavalry among the disordered ranks, he sabered them down without mercy, and raged like a lion amid the prey. This chivalric and romantic warrior declared that the remembrance of the scenes that once transpired on Mount Tabor, and on these thrice consecrated spots, came to him in the hottest of the fight, and nerved him with ten-fold courage.

13. As the sun went down over the plains of Palestine, and twilight shed its dim ray over the rent, and trodden, and dead-covered field, a sulphurous cloud hung around the summit of Mount Tabor. The smoke of battle had settled there where once the cloud of glory rested, while groans, and shrieks, and cries, rent the air. Nazareth, Jordan, and Mount Tabor! what spots for battle-fields!

LESSON XLIX.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.—1. ESDRAELON is a plain of Palestine, often mentioned in sacred history. It has been from the earliest history often the scene of bloody conflicts. It is situated south of the plain of Galilee.

MOUNT TABOR.—CONTINUED.

J. T. HEADLEY.

1. ROLL back eighteen centuries, and again view that Mount. The day is bright and beautiful, as on the day of battle, and the same rich oriental landscape is smiling in the same sun. There is Nazareth, with its busy population,—the same Nazareth, from which Kleber marched his army; and there is Jordan, rolling its bright waters along,—the same Jordan, along whose banks charged the glittering squadrons of Murat's cavalry; and there is Mount Tabor,—the same, on which Bonaparte stood with his cannon; and the same beautiful plain where rolled the smoke of battle, and struggled thirty thousand men in mortal combat.

2. But how different is the scene that is passing there. The Son of God stands on that hight, and casts his eye over the quiet valley, through which Jordan winds its silvery current. Three friends are beside Him. They have walked together up the toilsome way, and now they stand, mere specks on the distant summit. Far away to the north-west, shines the blue Mediterranean,—all around is the great plain of Esdraelon[1] and Galilee,—eastward the lake of Tiberias dots the landscape, while Mount Carmel lifts its naked summit in the distance.

3. But the glorious landscape at their feet is forgotten in a sublimer scene that is passing before them. The son of Mary —the carpenter of Nazareth—the wanderer, with whom they have traveled on foot many a weary league, in all the intimacy of companions and friends, begins to change before their eyes.[*] Over his garments is spreading a strange light, steadily brightening into intenser beauty, till that form glows with such splendor that it seems to waver to and fro, and dissolve in the still radiance.

4. The three astonished friends gaze on it in speechless admiration, then turn to that familiar face. But lo! a greater change has passed over it. That sad and solemn countenance which has been so often seen stooping over the couch of the dying, entering the door of the hut of poverty, passing through the streets of Jerusalem, and pausing by the weary way-side —aye, bedewed with the tears of pity,—now burns like the sun in his mid-day splendor. Meekness has given way to majesty,—sadness, to dazzling glory,—the look of pity, to the grandeur of a God.

5. The still radiance of Heaven sits on that serene brow, and all around that divine form flows an atmosphere of strange and wondrous beauty. Heaven has poured its brightness over that consecrated spot, and on the beams of light, which glitter there, Moses and Elias have descended, and, wrapped in the same shining vestments, stand beside him. Wonder follows wonder, for those three glittering forms are talking with each other, and amid the thrilling accents are heard the words,

---

[*] Read the 17th Chapter of Matthew.

"Mount Olivet," "Calvary!"—"the agony and the death of the crucifixion!"

6. No wonder a sudden fear came over Peter, that paralyzed his tongue, and crushed him to the earth, when, in the midst of his speech, he saw a cloud descend like a falling star from heaven, and, bright and dazzling, balance itself over those forms of light, while from its bright foldings came a voice, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, hear ye Him!"

7. How long the vision lasted we can not tell; but all that night did Jesus, with his friends, stay on that lonely mountain. Of the conversation that passed between them there, we know nothing; but little sleep, we imagine, visited their eyes that night; and as they sat on the high summit, and watched the stars, as they rose one after another above the horizon, and gazed on the moon as she poured her light over the dim and darkened landscape, words were spoken, that seemed born of Heaven, and truths never to be forgotten were uttered in the ears of the subdued and reverent disciples.

8. O, how different is Heaven and earth! Can there be a stronger contrast than the BATTLE and TRANSFIGURATION of Mount Tabor? One shudders to think of Bonaparte and the Son of God on the same mountain,—one with his wasting cannon by his side, and the other with Moses and Elias just from Heaven. But no after desecration can destroy the first consecration of Mount Tabor; for, surrounded with the glory of Heaven, and honored with the wondrous scene of the TRANSFIGURATION, it stands a SACRED MOUNTAIN on the earth.

LESSON L.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

MRS. HEMANS.

1. I LOOKED on the field, where the battle was spread,
When thousands stood forth in their glancing array;
And the beam from the steel of the valiant was shed
Through the dun-rolling clouds that o'ershadowed the fray.

2. I saw the dark forest of lances appear,
As the ears of the harvest unnumbered they stood,
I heard the stern shout as the foemen drew near,
Like the storm that lays low the proud pines of the wood

3. Afar, the harsh notes of the war-drum were rolled,
Uprousing the wolf from the depth of his lair;
On high to the gust streamed the banner's red fold,
O'er the death-close of hate, and the scowl of despair.

4. I looked on the field of contention again,
When the saber was sheathed, and the tempest had past,
And the wild-weed and thistle grew rank on the plain,
And the fern softly sighed in the low wailing blast.

5. Unmoved lay the lake in its hour of repose, [blue;
And bright shone the stars through the sky's deepened
And sweetly the song of the night-bird arose, [dew.
Where the fox-glove lay gemmed with its pearl-drops of

6. But where swept the ranks of that dark frowning host,
As the ocean in might—as the storm-cloud in speed!
Where now were the thunders of victory's boast—
The slayer's dread wrath, and the strength of the steed?

7. Not a time-wasted cross,—not a moldering stone,—
To mark the lone scene of their shame or their pride;
One grass-covered mound told the traveler alone,
Where thousands lay down in their anguish, and died!

8 O, glory! behold thy famed guerdon's extent;
For this, toil thy slaves through their earth-wasting lot;
A name like the mist, when the night-beams are spent—
A grave with its tenants unwept and forgot.

---

9. What is glory? What is fame?
The echo of a long lost name;
A breath, an idle hour's brief talk,
The shadow of an arrant naught;
A flower that blossoms for a day,
Then quickly vanishes away.

LESSON LI.

NOTE.—The following poetry was written when the author,

"The marvelous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride,"

was only *eleven* years of age.

HYMN OF PRAISE TO THE CREATOR.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

1. ALMIGHTY FRAMER of the skies,
O let our pure devotion rise
Like incense in Thy sight!
Wrapt in impenetrable shade,
The texture of our souls was made,
Till Thy command gave light.

2. The Sun of glory gleamed, the ray
Refined the darkness into day,
And bid the vapors fly.
Impelled by His eternal love,
He left His palaces above,
To cheer our gloomy sky.

3. How shall we celebrate the day,
When Christ appeared in mortal clay,
The mark of worldly scorn?
When the archangels' heavenly lays
Attempted the Redeemer's praise,
And hailed Salvation's morn?

4. A humble form the Savior wore,
The pains of poverty He bore,
To gaudy pomp unknown;
Though in a human walk he trod,
He wrought the wonders of a God,
In glory all His own.

5. Despised, oppressed, He meekly bears
The torments of this vale of tears,
Nor bids His vengeance rise:

He saw the sons of Adam's race,
Revile His power, despise his grace —
He saw with Mercy's eyes.

LESSON LII.

INFLUENCE OF EDUCATION ON THE HUMAN INTELLECT.

MELVILLE.

1. In the mind of many a peasant whose every moment is bestowed on wringing from the soil a scanty subsistence, there slumber powers which, had they been evolved by early discipline, would have elevated their possessor to the first rank of philosophers; and many a mechanic who goes patiently the round of unvaried toil, is unconsciously the owner of faculties which, nursed and expanded by education, would have enabled him to electrify senates, and to win that pre-eminence which men award to the majesty of genius.

2. There arise occasions, when—peculiar circumstances aiding the development—the pent-up talent struggles loose from the trammels of poverty; and the peasant, through a sudden outbreak of mind, starts forward to the place, for which his intellect fits him. But ordinarily, the powers remain through life, bound-up and torpid; and he, therefore, forms but a contracted estimate of the amount of high mental endowment, who reckons by the proud marbles which cause the aisles of a cathedral to breathe the memory of departed greatness, and never thinks, when walking the village church-yard with its rude memorials of the fathers of the valley, that, possibly, there sleeps beneath his feet one who, if early taught, might have trod with a Newton's step the firmament, or swept with Milton's hand the harp-strings.

---

3. Aye! stand erect! nor bend thy knee, nor bow,
But speak thine own free thoughts, and with an eye,
Bold as an eagle's, cleaving the bright sky,
Hold upward thy proud way! Oh! why shouldst thou,

Whose iron arm hath made the mighty world
A realm of beauty, and subdued the wave,
O'er desert vales and mountain hights unfurled
The flag of Hope, why shouldst thou, like a slave,
Cringe to the nod of Pride, and bend thee low,
Even to the soil thy hand hath taught to bloom
As a fair garden; wherefore shouldst thou so
Bend down, and shut thy soul as in a tomb?
O, stand erect! throw fetters off, and ban,
And speak thine own free thoughts,—thou art a MAN!

R. S. ANDROS.

LESSON LIII.

HONOR DUE TO ALL MEN.

CHALMERS

"Honor all men—Honor the king."

1. To HONOR all men, is alike the lesson of Philosophy and Religion. He who studies humanity, not according to its accidental distinctions in society, but in its great and general characteristics,—he who looks to its moral nature as a piece of curious and interesting mechanism, forgets the distinctions of rank, in the homage which he renders to man, simply as the possessor of a constitution that has so often exercised and regaled his faculties as an object of liberal curiosity.

2. The humblest peasant bears within himself, that very tablet, on the lines and characters of which the highest philosopher may for years, perhaps, have been most intensely gazing. All the secrets of our wondrous economy, are deposited there; and, in the heart even of the most unlettered man, the memory, the understanding, the imagination, the conscience, and every other function and property of the yet inaccessible soul, are all in busy operation. To the owner of such an unexplorable microcosm, we attach somewhat of the same reverence which we entertain for some profound and hidden mystery.

3. To think that each individual around us has within the precincts of his own bosom, a chamber of thoughts and pur-

poses, and fond imaginations as warm and teeming as our own, —that every one of the immense multitude is the center of his own distinct amphitheater, which, however unknown to us, is the universe to him,—that each meditative countenance bespeaks a play of hopes, wishes, and interests within, in every way as active as we experience in ourselves,—and to think that should my own heart cease its palpitations, and were the light of my own wakeful spirit to be extinguished forever, that still there would be a world as full of life and intelligence as before,—there is a humility that ought to be impressed by such a contemplation; or, it ought at least to exalt our reckoning of all men.

4. It is true, that, in what may be called the outward magnitude of these interests, there is a wide distance between a sovereign and his subject—between the cares of an empire, and the cares of a small household economy. They are a different set of objects, wherewith the monarch is conversant, and that keep in play the system of his thoughts and emotions But as the peasant is like him in respect of anatomy, so, with all the diversity of circumstances, he is substantially like him in the frame and mechanism of his spirit.

5. The outward causes, by which each is excited, are vastly different; but the inward excitement of both is the same; and, could we explore the little world that is in each of the two bosoms, we should recognize in each the same busy rotation of hopes and fears, wishes and anxieties. If it is indeed a just calculation, that there is a superiority, a surpassing worth in the moral, which far outweighs the material, then, let the cottage be as widely dissimilar from the palace as it may, there is a similiarity between their inhabitants, not in that which is minute, but in that which is momentous,—and our weightiest arguments for honoring the king, bear with efficacy upon the lesson, to "honor all men."

6. Let us rate the importance of one thinking and living spirit, when compared with all the mute and unconscious materialism which is in our universe. Without such a spirit the whole visible existence were but an idle waste—a nothingness.

For what is beauty, were there no eye to look upon it; and what is music, were there no ear to listen; and what is matter in all its rich and wondrous varieties, without a spectator-mind to be regaled by the contemplation of them? One might conceive the very panorama that now surrounds us,—the same earth, and sea, and skies, that we now look upon,—the same graces on the face of terrestrial nature,—the same rolling wonders in the firmament,—yet without one spark of thought or animation throughout the unpeopled amplitude. This in effect were nonentity.

7. To put out all the consciousness that is in nature, were tantamount to the annihilation of nature; and the lighting up again of but one mind in the midst of this desolation, would of itself restore significancy to the scene, and be more than equivalent to the first creation of it. In other words, one living mind is of more worth than a dead universe; or there is that in every single peasant, to which I owe sublimer homage, than, if untenanted of mind, I should yield to all the wealth of this lower world, to all those worlds that roll in spaciousness and in splendor through the vastnesses of astronomy.

8. Our Savior himself hath instituted the comparison between a world and a soul; and, whether both were alike perishable or alike enduring, His estimate of the soul's superiority would hold. He founds His computation on our brief tenure of all that is earthly, and on the magnitude of those abiding interests which wait the immortal spirit in other scenes of existence. All men are immortal. There is a grandeur of destination here, that far outweighs all the pride and pretension of this world's grandeur.

9. These lordly honors which some men fetch from the antiquity of their race, are but poor indeed, when compared with that more signal honor which all men have in the eternity of their duration. In respect to immortality, the great and the small ones of the earth stand on an equal eminence; and in respect to the death which comes before it, both have to sink to the same humiliating level. The prince shares with the peasant, in the horror and lothsomeness of death,—the

peasant shares with the prince in the high distinction of immortality.

10. It is because in the poorest man's bosom, there resides an undying principle;—it is because of that endless futurity which is before him, and in the progress of which all the splendors and obscurations of our present state will be speedily forgotten;—it is because of these that humanity, however it be clothed and conditioned in this evanescent world, should be the object of an awful reverence. And if, by reason of the perishable glories which sit on a monarch's brow for but one generation, it is imperative to honor the king; then by reason of those glories, to which the meanest may attain, and which are to last forever, it is still more imperative to "HONOR ALL MEN."

---

11. "WHY did the fiat of a GOD give birth
To yon fair Sun, and his attendant Earth?
And, when descending he resigns the skies,
Why takes the gentler Moon her turn to rise,
Whom Ocean feels through all his countless waves,
And owns her power on every shore he laves?

12. Why do the Seasons still enrich the year,
Fruitful and young as in their first career?
Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the trees,
Rocked in the cradle of the western breeze;
Summer in haste the thriving charge receives
Beneath the shade of her expanded leaves,
Till Autumn's fiercer heats and plenteous dews
Dye them at last in all their glowing hues.—

13. 'Twere wild profusion all, and bootless waste,
Pow'r misemployed, munificence misplaced,
Had not its Author dignified the plan,
And crowned it with the majesty of MAN.
For him kind Nature wakes her genial power,
Nurses each herb, and spreads out every flower;
Seas roll to waft him, suns to light him rise;
His footstool Earth, his canopy the Skies."

LESSON LIV.

THE LAST MAN.

CAMPBELL.

1. All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,—
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of time!
I saw the last of human mold,
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

2. The sun's eye had a sickly glare,—
The earth with age was wan;
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands,—
In plague and famine some.
Earth's cities had no sound or tread,
And ships were drifting with the dead—
To shores where all was dumb!

3. Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sear leaves from the wood,
As if a storm passed by;
Saying, "We are twins in death, proud Sun;
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy bids thee go;
For thou, ten thousand thousand years,
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

4. "This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;

Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim,
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death!

5. "Go, Sun, while mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste.—
Go, tell that night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!"

LESSON LV.

THE JUNGFRAU ALP, AND ITS AVALANCHES.

G. B. Cheever.

1. When we came to the Inn upon the Wengern Alp, we were nearly 5,500 feet above the level of the sea. We were directly in face of the Jungfrau, upon whose masses of perpetual snow we had been gazing with so much interest. They seem close to us, so great is the deception in clear air; but a deep, vast ravine, (I know not but a league across from where we were,) separates the Wengern Alp from the Jungfrau, which rises in an abrupt sheer precipice, of many thousand feet, somewhat broken into terraces, down which the Avalanches from the higher beds of untrodden, everlasting snow, plunge thundering into the uninhabitable abyss.

2. Perhaps there is not another mountain so high in all Switzerland, which you can look at so near and so full in the

face. Out of this ravine the Jungfrau rises eleven thousand feet, down which vast hight the Avalanches sometimes sweep with their incalculable masses of ice from the very topmost summit. The idea of a mass of ice, so gigantic that it might overwhelm whole hamlets, or sweep away a forest in its course, being shot down, with only one or two interruptions, a distance of eleven thousand feet, is astounding. But it is those very interruptions that go to produce the overpowering sublimity of the scene.

3. Were there no concussion intervening between the loosening of the mountain ridge of ice and snow, and its fall into the valley, if it shot sheer off into the air, and came down in one solid mass unbroken, it would be as if a mountain had fallen, at noon-day, out of heaven. And this would certainly be sublime in the highest degree, but it would not have the awful slowness and deep prolonged roar of the Jungfrau Avalanche in mid air, nor the repetition of sublimity with each interval of thousands of feet, in which it strikes and thunders.

4. I think, without any exception, it was the grandest sight I ever beheld, not even the cataract of Niagara having impressed me with such thrilling sublimity. Ordinarily, in a sunny day at noon, the Avalanches are falling on the Jungfrau about every ten minutes, with the roar of thunder, but they are much more seldom visible, and sometimes the traveler crosses the Wengern Alp without witnessing them at all. But we were so highly favorĕd as to see two of the grandest Avalanches possible, in the course of about an hour, between twelve o'clock and two. One can not command any language to convey an adequate idea of their magnificence.

5. You are standing far below, gazing up where the great disc of the glittering Alp, cuts the heavens, and drinking in the influence of the silent scene around. Suddenly an enormous mass of snow and ice, in itself a mountain, seems to move; it breaks from the topling outmost mountain ridge of snow, where it is hundreds of feet in depth, and in its first fall of perhaps two thousand feet, is broken into millions of fragments. As you first see the flash of distant artillery by

night, then hear the roar, so here you may see the white flashing mass majestically bowing, then hear the astounding din.

6. A cloud of dusty, dry snow rises into the air from the concussion, forming a white volume of fleecy smoke, or misty light, from the bosom of which thunders forth the icy torrent in its second prodigious fall over the rocky battlements. The eye follows it delighted, as it plows through the path which preceding Avalanches have worn, till it comes to the brink of a vast ridge of bare rock, perhaps more than two thousand feet perpendicular. Then pours the whole cataract over the gulf, with a still louder roar of echoing thunder, to which nothing but the noise of Niagara in its sublimity, is comparable.

7. Nevertheless, you may think of the tramp of an army of elephants, or the roar of multitudinous cavalry marching to battle, of the whirlwind tread of ten thousand bisons sweeping across the prairie, of the tempest surf of ocean beating and shaking the continent, of the sound of torrent floods, or of a numerous host, or the voice of the trumpet on Sinai, exceeding loud, and waxing louder and louder, so that all the people in the camp tremble, or of the rolling orbs of that fierce Chariot, described by Milton,

> "Under whose burning wheels
> The steadfast empyrean shook throughout."

It is with such a mighty shaking tramp that the Avalanche down thunders.

8. Another fall of still greater depth ensues, over a second similar castellated ridge or reef in the surface of the mountain, with an awful, majestic slowness, and a tremendous crash in its concussion, awakening again the reverberating peals of thunder. Then the torrent roars on to another smaller fall, till at length it reaches a mighty groove of snow and ice. Here its progress is slower, and last of all you listen to the roar of the falling fragments, as they drop, out of sight, with a dead weight into the bottom of the gulf, to rest there forever.

9. Figure to yourself a cataract like that of Niagara, poured in foaming grandeur, not merely over one great precipice of two hundred feet, but over the successive ridgy precipices of

two or three thousand, in the face of a mountain eleven thousand feet high, and tumbling, crashing, thundering down, with a continuous din of far greater sublimity than the sound of the grandest cataract.

10. The roar of the falling mass begins to be heard the moment it is loosened from the mountain; it pours on with the sound of a vast body of rushing water; then comes the first great concussion, a booming crash of thunders, breaking on the still air in mid-heaven; your breath is suspended, as you listen and look; the mighty glittering mass shoots headlong over the main precipice, and the fall is so great, that it produces to the eye that impression of dread majestic slowness, of which I have spoken, though it is doubtless more rapid than Niagara. But if you should see the cataract of Niagara itself coming down five thousand feet above you in the air, there would be the same impression. The image remains in the mind, and can never fade from it; it is as if you had seen an alabaster cataract from heaven.

11. The sound is far more sublime than that of Niagara, because of the preceding stillness in those Alpine solitudes. In the midst of such silence and solemnity, from out the bosom of those glorious, glittering forms of nature, comes that rushing, crashing, thunder-burst of sound! If it were not that your soul, through the eye, is as filled and fixed with the sublimity of the vision, as through the sense of hearing with that of the audible report, methinks you would wish to bury your face in your hands, and fall prostrate, as at the voice of the Eternal.

LESSON LVI.

DIRECTION.—In reading or speaking the following sublime composition, the elocution should be slow, full, and distinct, expressing emotions of sublimity and reverence.

THE MOUNTAIN HYMN.

COLERIDGE.

1. O DREAD and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,

Didst vanish from my thought;—entranced in prayer,
I worshiped the INVISIBLE alone.
Yet like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy;
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing,—there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven!

2. Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest;—not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy. Awake,
Voice of sweet song! awake, my heart, awake
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

3. Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
O! struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink!
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald, wake! O wake! and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

4. And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered, and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded, and the silence came,—
"Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?"

5. Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—

Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
"God!" let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo,—"God!"
"God!" sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder,—"God!"

6. Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth—"God!" and fill the hills with praise!

7. Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose brow the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds that vail thy breast,—
Thou too, again, stupendous Mountain, thou,
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base,
Slow traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me,—rise, O ever rise!
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit, throned among the hills,
Thou dread embassador from earth to heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
"Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God."

LESSON LVII.

Explanatory Note.—1. **William Tell**, a peasant of Switzerland, is celebrated for his resistance to the tyranny of the Austrian Governor, **Gesler**, and as one of the heroes who restored liberty to his oppressed country in 1307. For want of obedience to the mandate of Gesler, in bowing to his hat, Tell was condemned to shoot an apple from the head of his own son. He succeeded without harming his boy, but confessed that the second arrow which he had concealed, was intended, in case he failed, to shoot the tyrant himself.

TELL ON THE ALPS.

1. Once more I breathe the mountain air; once more
I tread my own free hills! My lofty soul
Throws all its fetters off; in its proud flight,
'Tis like the new-fledged eaglet, whose strong wing
Soars to the sun it long has gazed upon
With eye undazzled. O! ye mighty race
That stand like frowning giants, fixed to guard
My own proud land; why did ye not hurl down
The thundering avalanche, when at your feet
The base usurper stood? A touch—a breath,
Nay, even the breath of prayer, ere now, has brought
Destruction on the hunter's head; and yet
The tyrant passed in safety. God of Heaven!
Where slept thy thunder-bolts?

2. O, liberty!
Thou choicest gift of Heaven, and wanting which
Life is as nothing; hast thou then forgot
Thy native home? Must the feet of slaves
Pollute this glorious scene? It can not be.
Even as the smile of Heaven can pierce the depths
Of these dark caves, and bid the wild flowers bloom
In spots where man has never dared to tread;
So thy sweet influence still is seen amid
These beetling cliffs. Some hearts still beat for thee,
And bow alive to Heaven; thy spirit lives,
Aye, and shall live, when even the very name
Of tyrant is forgot.

3 Lo! while I gaze
Upon the mist that wreathes yon mountain's brow,
The sunbeam touches it, and it becomes
A crown of glory on his hoary head;
O! is not this a presage of the dawn
Of freedom o'er the world? Hear me, then, bright
And beaming Heaven! while kneeling thus I vow
To live for FREEDOM, or with her—to die!

---

4. Oh! with what pride I used
To walk these hills, and look up to my God,
And bless Him that it was so. It was free,—
From end to end, from cliff to lake 'twas free,—
Free as our torrents are, that leap our rocks,
And plow our valleys, without asking leave,—
Or as our peaks that wear their caps of snow,
In very presence of the regal sun!
How happy was I in it then! I loved
Its very storms! Yes, I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master save his own!

5. Ye know the jutting cliff, round which a track
Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow
To such another one, with scanty room
For two abreast to pass? O'ertaken there
By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,
And while gust followed gust more furiously,
As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
And I have thought of other lands, where storms
Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wished me there—the thought that mine was free,
Has checked that wish, and I have raised my head,
And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,
Blow on! THIS IS THE LAND OF LIBERTY! KNOWLES.

LESSON LVIII.

Explanatory Notes.—1. Julius Cesar, after various conquests, was appointed Governor of Gaul, a country embracing what is now France His ambition was opposed by that of Pompey, through whose influence the Roman Senate passed a decree, divesting Cesar of his power. Upon this he crossed the Rubicon, a small river which formed the boundary of his province from Italy,—an act which was a virtual declaration of war. He was victorious, and finally conquered Pompey in battle on the plains of Pharsalia. His successes, however, created him enemies, and he was stabbed in the Senate-House, by the chiefest of the Senators, among whom was his friend Brutus.

2. Albion is a name sometimes applied to England.

THE EVILS OF WAR.

H. Clay

"The drying up a single tear, has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore."—Byron.

1. War, pestilence, and famine, by the common consent of mankind, are the three greatest calamities which can befall our species; and war, as the most direful, justly stands foremost and in front. Pestilence and famine, no doubt for wise although inscrutable purposes, are inflictions of Providence, to which it is our duty, therefore, to bow with obedience, humble submission, and resignation. Their duration is not long, and their ravages are limited. They bring, indeed, great affliction, while they last, but society soon recovers from their effects.

2. War is the voluntary work of our own hands, and whatever reproaches it may deserve, should be directed to ourselves When it breaks out, its duration is indefinite and unknown,—its vicissitudes are hidden from our view. In the sacrifice of human life, and in the waste of human treasure,—in its losses and in its burdens,—it affects both belligerent nations, and its sad effects of mangled bodies, of death, and of desolation, endure long after its thunders are hushed in peace.

3. War unhinges society, disturbs its peaceful and regular industry, and scatters poisonous seeds of disease and immorality, which continue to germinate and diffuse their baneful influence long after it has ceased. Dazzling by its glitter

pomp, and pageantry, it begets a spirit of wild adventure and romantic enterprise, and often disqualifies those who embark in it, after their return from the bloody fields of battle, for engaging in the industrious and peaceful vocations of life.

4. History tells the mournful tale of conquering nations and conquerors. The three most celebrated conquerors, in the civilized world, were ALEXANDER, CESAR, and NAPOLEON. The first, after ruining a large portion of Asia, and sighing and lamenting that there were no more worlds to subdue, met a premature and ignoble death. His lieutenants quarreled and warred with each other as to the spoils of his victories, and finally lost them all.

5. CESAR,[1] after conquering Gaul, returned with his triumphant legions to Rome, passed the Rubicon, won the battle of Pharsalia, trampled upon the liberties of his country, and expired by the patriot hand of Brutus. But Rome ceased to be free. War and conquest had enervated and corrupted the masses. The spirit of true liberty was extinguished, and a long line of emperors succeeded, some of whom were the most execrable monsters that ever existed in human form.

6. And NAPOLEON, that most extraordinary man, perhaps, in all history, after subjugating all continental Europe, occupying almost all its capitals,—seriously threatening proud Albion[2] itself,—and decking the brows of various members of his family with crowns torn from the heads of other monarchs, lived to behold his own dear France itself in possession of his enemies, was made himself a wretched captive, and far removed from country, family, and friends, breathed his last on the distant and inhospitable rock of St. Helena.

7. The Alps and the Rhine had been claimed as the natural boundaries of France, but even these could not be secured in the treaties, to which she was reduced to submit. Do you believe that the people of Macedon or Greece, of Rome, or of France, were benefited, individually or collectively, by the triumphs of their captains? Their sad lot was immense sacrifice of life, heavy and intolerable burdens, and the ultimate loss of liberty itself.

LESSON LIX.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.—1 The following is an extract from a Speech delivered in the United States' Senate, on the Oregon Question, at a time when fears were entertained that war would ensue between Great Britain and the United States.

PEACE, THE POLICY OF A NATION.

J. C. CALHOUN.

1. I AM opposed to war as a friend to human improvement, to human civilization, to human progress and advancement. Never in the history of the world has there occurred a period so remarkable. The chemical and mechanical powers have been investigated and applied to advance the comforts of human life, in a degree far beyond all that was ever known before. Civilization has been spreading its influence far and wide, and the general progress of human society has outstripped all that had been previously witnessed.

2. The invention of man has seized upon, and subjugated two great agencies of the natural world, which never before were made the servants of man. I refer to *steam*, and to *electricity*, under which I include magnetism in all its phenomena. We have been distinguished by Providence for a great and noble purpose, and I trust we shall fulfill our high destiny.

3. Again, I am opposed to war, because I hold that it is now to be determined whether two such nations as these[1] shall exist for the future, as friends or enemies. A declaration of war by one of them against the other, must be pregnant with miseries, not only to themselves, but to the world.

4. Another reason is, that mighty means are now put into the hands of both, to cement and secure a perpetual peace, by breaking down the barriers of commerce, and uniting them more closely in an intercourse, mutually beneficial. If this shall be accomplished, other nations will, one after another, follow the fair example, and a state of general prosperity, heretofore unknown, will gradually unite and bless the nations of the world.

5. And far more than all. An intercourse like this, points

to that inspiring day which philosophers have hoped for, which poets have seen in their bright dreams of fancy, and which prophecy has seen in holy vision,—when men shall learn war no more. Who can contemplate a state of the world like this, and not feel his heart exult at the prospect? And who can doubt that, in the hand of an Omnipotent Providence, a free and unrestricted commerce shall prove one of the greatest agents in bringing it about?

6. Finally, I am against war, because peace—peace is preeminently our policy. Our great mission as a people is to occupy this vast domain,—there to level forests, and let in upon their solitude the light of day; to clear the swamps and morasses, and redeem them to the plow and the sickle; to spread over hill and dale the echoes of human labor, and human happiness, and contentment; to fill the land with cities and towns; to unite its opposite extremities by turnpikes and railroads; to scoop out canals for the transmission of its products, and open rivers for its internal trade.

7. War can only impede the fulfillment of this high mission of Heaven; it absorbs the wealth, and diverts the energy which might be so much better devoted to the improvement of our country. All we want is peace,—established peace; and then time, under the guidance of a wise and cautious policy, will soon effect for us all the rest. Where we find that natural causes will of themselves work out our good, our wisdom is to let them work; and all our task is to remove impediments. In the present case, one of the greatest of these impediments, is found in our impatience.

8. Yes, time—ever-laboring time—will effect everything for us. Our population is now increasing at the annual average of six hundred thousand. Let the next twenty-five years elapse, and our increase will have reached a million a year, and at the end of that period we shall count a population of forty-five millions. Before that day it will have spread from ocean to ocean. The coasts of the Pacific will then be as densely populated, and as thickly settled with villages and towns, as is now the coast of the Atlantic.

9. If we can preserve peace, who shall set bounds to our prosperity, or to our success? With one foot planted on the Atlantic, and the other on the Pacific, we shall occupy a position between the two old continents of the world,—a position eminently calculated to secure to us the commerce and the influence of both. If we abide by the counsels of common sense,—if we succeed in preserving our constitutional liberty, we shall then exhibit a spectacle such as the world never saw.

10. I know that this one great mission is encompassed with difficulties; but such is the inherent energy of our political system, and such its expansive capability, that it may be made to govern the widest space. If by war we become great, we can not be free; if we will be both great and free, our policy is peace.

LESSON LX.

Explanatory Note.—1. **Laplace** was a celebrated French Mathematician and Astronomer, born in 1749. He was appointed to several political stations.

THE TRUE HONOR OF A NATION.

W. R. Prince.

1. A nation's real honor consists in the practice of virtue,—acts of justice,—in enduring wrongs with patience,—promoting the welfare of other nations by deeds of kindness,—in endeavoring to allay animosities and secure peace among all,—in advancing literature and fostering the arts and sciences. These are the virtues that command respect and admiration,—the gems that render radiant a nation's brow.

2. What is it, that gives character and permanence to a nation's fame? Is it its military exploits, heroes, and warriors? What would there be to admire in the history of ancient Greece and Rome, were it not that we meet the instructions of the distinguished philosophers of Athens,—listen to the strains of their poets,—are moved by the eloquence of Cicero,—are quailed beneath the thunders of Demosthenes? What but their names gave to those republics a splendor, that eclipses the mightiest efforts of all modern nations?

3. What adorns the character of France and England, and renders them venerable? Were the names of their ambitious warriors blotted from the pages of their history, their national honor would remain unstained,—their splendor untarnished. It is such men as Laplace,[1] Milton, Locke, and Newton, that render these nations renowned, and give them a character that is respected by the world. These are names that will be cherished and remembered long after those of heroes and warriors are forgotten. They will ever remain the pyramids of their nation's glory, majestic in the midst of ruins, gilded with light, the admiration of future ages.

LESSON LXI.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.—1. WELLINGTON is a distinguished English general, and was the commander of the English army at the battle of Waterloo, in opposition to Bonaparte.

2. SIR WALTER SCOTT, the most popular writer of his age, was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1771. He was the author of a number of works, among them, "The Lady of the Lake," "Marmion," "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," &c.

THE WARRIOR AND THE POET.

WM. H. PRESCOTT.

1. THE soldier by a single victory, enlarges the limits of an empire;—he may do more; he may achieve the liberties of a nation, or roll back the tide of barbarism ready to overwhelm them. WELLINGTON[1] was placed in such a position, and nobly did he do his work; or rather, he was placed at the head of such a gigantic moral and physical apparatus as enabled him to do it. With his own unassisted strength he could have done nothing.

2. But it is on his own solitary resources that the great writer is to rely. And yet, who shall say that the triumphs of WELLINGTON, have been greater than those of SIR WALTER SCOTT[2], whose works are familiar as household words to every fireside in his own land, from the castle to the cottage; have crossed oceans and deserts, and, with healing on their wings, found their way to the remotest regions; have helped to form

the character, until his own mind may be said to be incorporated into those of hundreds of thousands of his fellow-men?

3. Who is there that has not, at some time or other, felt the heaviness of his heart lightened, his pains mitigated, and his bright moments of life, made still brighter by the magical touches of his genius? And shall we speak of his victories as less real,—less serviceable to humanity,—less truly glorious than those of the greatest captain of his day? The triumphs of the warrior are bounded by the narrow theater of his own age; but those of a Scott, or a Shakspeare, will be renewed with greater and greater luster in ages yet to come, when the victorious chieftain shall be forgotten, or shall live only in the song of the minstrel, and the page of the chronicler.

LESSON LXII.

THE ANGEL OF PEACE, AND THE ANGEL OF MERCY.

J. C. Prince.

1. In the shadow of slumber as dreaming I lay,
While the skies kindled up at the coming of day,
Two angels, with pinions of splendor unfurled,
Came down with the softness of light on the world:
Grace, glory, and gentleness, compassed them round,
And their voices came forth with mellifluous sound,
As they uttered sweet words, heard and echoed above,
And departed on God-given missions of love.

2. From nation to nation one wandered afar,
And the tumult, the broil, the delirium of war,
The music that mocked the last struggle of life,
The trumpet that wailed through the pauses of strife,
The sod-staining revel, the cloud-cleaving roar,
Were awed into silence to waken no more;—
The death-dealing bolt of the cannon was staid,
The soldier flung from him the blood-reeking blade,
The plume was uncared for, the helmet unworn,
The laurel was withered, the banner was torn,

The gorgeous delusion of warfare was past,
And the Spirit of Brotherhood triumphed at last!

3. Then Science arose from his thralldom, and stole
From the keeping of Nature new gifts for the Soul:
Then valorous Enterprise waved his proud hand,
And might and magnificence covered the land;
Then Commerce, from bonds of oppression set free,
Linked country to country, and sea unto sea;
Then Art, with a dream-like devotion, refined
Into beauty and purity, matter and mind.

4. Then Knowledge let loose all her treasures, and found
Goodly seed springing up in the stoniest ground;
Power, Plenty, Intelligence, prospered amain,
Secure of a placid and permanent reign;
While the Poet, a prophet, a teacher in song,
Sang hymns of rejoicing, to gladden the throng.
O'er the earth her broad pinions thus spreading afar,
Did the ANGEL OF PEACE hush the tumult of war!

5. The other sweet visitant, sweetly sublime,
Went forth as a pleader for Error and Crime;
In the palace she tempered the soul of the King,
His proud heart was softened at the touch of her wing.
In the Senate she governed with eloquent awe,—
She swayed in the Council, she lived in the Law;
In the Prison, 'mid apathy, terror, and gloom,
To the wretch who lay waiting the word of his doom,
She whispered of hope, breathed a calm o'er his fears,
Till his eyes overflowed with the blessing of tears,—
Till his spirit shook off the sad mien of despair,
And his lips were inspired with the fervor of prayer.

6. By the side of grave Justice she took her proud stand,
And touched the dread scales with so lenient a hand,
That the guilty, o'erburdened with gladness, withdrew
To a life of repentance and usefulness too,—

To a life which atoned to the world for the past,
And canceled the records of sinning at last.
And well might such multiform blessings have birth,
For the ANGEL OF MERCY had hallowed the earth!

LESSON LXIII.

THE UNIVERSAL REIGN OF PEACE.

COWPER.

1. THE groans of Nature in this nether world,
Which Heaven has heard for ages, have an end.
Foretold by prophets; and by poets sung,
Whose fire was kindled at the prophets' lamp;
The time of rest, the promised Sabbath, comes.

2. Six thousand years of sorrow have well-nigh
Fulfilled their tardy and disastrous course
Over a sinful world; and what remains
Of this tempestuous state of human things
Is merely as the working of a sea
Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest;—
For He, whose car the winds are, and the clouds,
The dust that waits upon His sultry march,
Shall visit Earth in mercy,—shall descend,
Propitious, in His chariot paved with love,—
And what His storms have blasted and defaced
For man's revolt, shall with a smile repair.

3 O scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,—
Scenes of accomplished bliss! which who can see,
Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
His soul refreshed with foretaste of the joy?
Rivers of gladness water all the Earth,
And clothe all climes with beauty.

4 The fruitful field
Laughs with abundance; and the land, once lean,
Or fertile only in its own disgrace,
Exults to see its thistly curse repealed.

The various seasons woven into one,
And that one season an eternal spring;
The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence,
For there is none to covet, all are full.

5. The lion, and the leopard, and the bear,
Graze with the fearless flocks; all bask at noon,
Together, or all gambol in the shade
Of the same grove, and drink one common stream.
Antipathies are none. No foe to man
Lurks in the serpent now.—The mother sees,
And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand
Stretched forth to dally with the crested worm,
To stroke his azure neck, or to receive
The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.

6. All creatures worship man; and all mankind,
One Lord, One Father. Error has no place,—
That creeping pestilence is driven away;
The breath of Heaven has chased it. In the heart
No passion touches a discordant string,
But all is harmony and love. Disease
Is not;—the pure and uncontaminate blood
Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age.

7. One song employs all nations; and all cry,
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain for us!"
The dwellers in the vales, and on the rocks,
Shout to each other, and the mountain-tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy;
Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round.

LESSON LXIV.

Explanatory Notes.—1. **Gymnasium** was a name given by the Greeks and Romans to the public buildings, where the young men exercised themselves in running, leaping, wrestling, &c. In them, also, philosophers and teachers lectured. There were collected all the apparatus necessary to improve in the arts of peace and war. Such a gymnasium was also called a *Palæstra.*

2. **Praxit'eles** was one of the greatest sculptors of Greece.

3. **Laocoon** is the name of one of the finest works of sculpture known. By whom it was wrought, it is not precisely known. It was found in 1506 by diggers in a vineyard. It is now at Rome. It represents the dying agonies of Laocoon, who, it is said, was a priest of Neptune at Troy, and was killed, with his two sons, by two enormous serpents.

4. **Ros'cius** was a celebrated Roman actor. He died about 60 years before Christ.

5. **Sophocles** was a distinguished dramatist of Athens. He lived 450 years before Christ. Among his other excellent dramas, is that of Œdipus.

6. **Æs'chylus** was a celebrated Grecian dramatist, who lived before Sophocles. He has been styled "the father of tragedy."

7. **Euripides** was also a Grecian dramatist of great celebrity, who lived at the same time with Sophocles.

8. **Whitefield**, an eminent preacher, was born in England in 1597. He visited the United States several times, and was distinguished for his elocutionary powers.

ART IN ORATORY.

1. "Nature is the Art of God." The symmetry, the beauty, the unity, the perfection which it reveals, attest not merely a divine origin, but a divine Artist. Man, whether we regard him in his relation to nature, or as an independent creation, beautifully illustrates and confirms this truth. In the full development of his being, spiritual and physical, we have the product of an art and an Artist, divine as the work of no other art or artist ever can be. The account we have received of it from its Author, should exalt, while it inspires us with awe,—"IN THE IMAGE OF GOD CREATED HE HIM."

2. That image of Divinity, defaced though it has been, bears many a trace of its Grand Original. Man, too, is an artist, a creator; finite it is true, but yet a creator. The hard, jagged, and shapeless rock, in his hand, will grow into forms of majesty, grace, and beauty, which kings will reverence. He can change

> "The blank canvas to a magic mirror,
> Making the absent present; and to shadows
> Give light, depth, substance, bloom,—yea, thought and motion."

3. Under his plastic power, columns rise,—cornice, freeze and architrave, roof and dome,—while within, curiously graven

pillars sustain arches and vaults, fashioned together, which roll back anthems, that other men of powers no less transcendent, have created to thrill, dilate, and ravish the soul.

4. We have in the perfect oration, the proportions, the symmetry, the strength, and the imposing dignity of the architectural ideal,—whether it be the simplicity, noble plainness, and chastened severity of the manly Doric,—the light airy elegance and matron grace of the Ionic,—the magnificence and luxuriant splendor of the rich Corinthian,—or the vastness and gloomy grandeur of the sublime Gothic. To what school of painting, too, can we not present a counterpart? Words are themselves the pictures of thought, and when selected and combined with the taste, skill, and spirit of a master, will rival the excellence of design and anatomical fidelity of the Florentine, the ease and expression of the Roman, or the light and shade and perfect coloring of the Venetian schools.

5. We can also find in the perfect orator, the ability to effect in substance all that can be effected by art in musical performance. The oratorio in itself may be admirable. Its full effect, however, as a work of art, must depend upon the execution; and here it may be aided immensely by instruments. But with such materials as are assumed for the orator, what music has he not created? How skillfully and effectively has he not played upon thousands of those thousand-stringed harps at once; alternately elevating and subduing, thrilling and soothing, rousing them to martial fury, or hushing them into unbreathing repose!

6. And how far does an orator, thus physically educated, surpass the highest achievement of the chisel! Aye, was not man the great prototype of the statuary? Was it not when he had fully developed all these powers, by the discipline and excitement of their public games, in the Gymnasia[1] and Palæstræ, in wrestling, running, and gladiatorial combat, that Phidias and Praxiteles[2] chose him as the model of grace and strength, attitude and expression?

7. With reference to expression, also, the perfect orator's superiority in point of variety, intensity, and force, might be

shown from the same view. This, we are aware, is the glory of sculpture. And in the use of the human form, there really is the opportunity of exhibiting the working of any passion or emotion. The last choking pang, the maddening convulsion, the stagnating circulation, and paralytic death of Laocoon,[3] are legible and audible. There in marble are the gaunt bones, the wrinkled skin, and the protruding veins of old age; there, too, the round finely articulated limbs, the free throbbing buoyancy and restless sporting of boyhood.

8. It is true, also, that in many of these productions we have, not merely a single passion represented, but often a whole act, perhaps a whole life. Yet if we carefully and constantly observe the living human face and figure in its most perfect exhibitions, "in form and moving how express and admirable!" In the ever-varying play of the features lighted up with joy, kindled into rage, haggard and hideous with despair, erect and nervous with indignant scorn, composed into the placid serenity of holy meditation, or dumb with "thoughts that often lie too deep for tears," we shall feel, though we can not express the wonderful contrast. Not to mention the eloquence of a man's right arm, there are meanings which can not be spoken or painted in the sparkling fiery glow,—the fixed riving gaze, the mellow loveliness, the fascinating side-glance, and sympathetic tear of that speechless but mighty coadjutor, —a cultivated eye.

9. They are not permanent, as in marble; many of them may be evanescent as an echo, but they are in the true orator no less effective. They are not the passion petrified, but the ministers of a soul struggling to give birth to a great truth, when language fails or falters. They are the wings of thought and emotion and passion. Roscius[4] is said in a contest with Cicero to have expressed by action every thing which the orator expressed in words. The Œdipus of Sophocles,[5] we are told, was performed at Rome, during the reign of Augustus, entirely by pantomime, and so admirably as to draw tears from the whole assembly.

10. We know little comparatively of the colossal grandeur,

the boldness, and originality of the creations of Æschylus[6]: the harmony, the humanity, and the perfect mastery of the Greek language, of Sophocles; the energy and passionate out-pourings of Milton's favorite Euripides.[7] Nor can we perceive, but as it were afar off, the gigantic proportions of the great poet of man, England's "myriad-minded bard." Yet we confess that the power and productions of him

> "Whose resistless eloquence
> Wielded at will that fierce democracy,—
> Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece
> To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne,"

to our own mind, far transcends them all; and if asked to point to the finest exhibition of intellectual sublimity in the world, we should select out of all others, DEMOSTHENES DELIVERING THE ORATION ON THE CROWN.

11. It meets all the demands we have made of a perfect work of art. It is a pure creation of the soul. It has reality directly connected with its origin and its end. It has the symmetrical proportions and masculine grandeur of Doric architecture; it is painted with the utmost regard to light and shade, and color and grouping. In the orator, also, our high ideal is found. Years of intensest study and cultivation had made the most musical of all things,—the human voice,—in him, we have reason to believe, almost perfect.

12. Dr. Franklin says of Whitefield[8], "his delivery was so improved by repetition, that every accent, every emphasis, every modulation of voice, was so perfectly tuned and well placed, that, without being interested in the subject, one could not help being pleased with the discourse, a pleasure much the same kind with that received from an excellent piece of music;" and Garrick says of him that he could make men weep or tremble by his varied utterances of the word, "Mesopotamia."

13. And can we imagine that the prince of orators, with the most polished and musical of all languages, would be less accomplished, would be deficient at all in this most essential element? The estimate, too, which he placed upon action,

every school-boy knows; and having constantly before him in that palace of art, the noblest and purest models of grace and ease of attitude, expression, action, and repose, he must here also have been no less perfect.

> "Behold, what fire is in his eye, what fervor on his cheek
> That glorious burst of winged words!—how bound they from his tongue
> The full expression of the mighty thought,—the strong triumphant argument,
> The rush of native eloquence, resistless as Niagara,—
> The keen demand,—the clear reply,—the fine poetic image,—
> The nice analogy,—the clenching fact,—the metaphor bold and free,—
> The grasp of concentrated intellect wielding the omnipotence of truth."

LESSON LXV.

Explanatory Notes.—1. Etrurian, or Tuscan, is a word derived from Etruria, the name of a province of Italy, corresponding nearly with Tuscany, the river Tiber forming its southern and south-eastern boundary It was the most enlightened country of Italy, and was in the hight of its glory at the time Rome was being built.

2. Tivoli is the capital of a district, situated eighteen miles north-east of Rome, where the river Teverone precipitates itself 100 feet at one fall. It is remarkable for its beautiful situation and classical associations.

3. Virgil has been styled the prince of Latin poets. He was born seventy years before Christ.

4. Curule means pertaining to a *chariot*. Among the Romans, the *curule chair* or seat was without a back, and was carried in a chariot, and occupied by public officers.

5. Phenix is a fabulous fowl, represented to be the size of an eagle, which is said to rise again from its own ashes.

6. Ægis is a shield or defensive armor. In a figurative sense it means *protection*.

RESTORATION OF THE WORKS OF ART TO ITALY.

Mrs. Hemans.

1. Land of departed fame! whose classic plains
Have proudly echoed to immortal strains;
Whose hallowed soil hath given the great and brave,—
Day-stars of life,—a birth-place and a grave;
Home of the Arts! where glory's faded smile
Sheds lingering light o'er many a moldering pile·
Proud wreck of vanished power, of splendor fled,
Majestic temple of the mighty dead!

Whose grandeur, yet contending with decay,
Gleams through the twilight of thy glorious day;
Though dimmed thy brightness, riveted thy chain,
Yet, fallen Italy! rejoice again!

2. Awake, ye Muses of Etrurian[1] shades,
Or sacred Tivoli's[2] romantic glades;
Wake, ye that slumber in the bowery gloom,
Where the wild ivy shadows Virgil's[3] tomb;
If yet by classic streams ye fondly rove,
Haunting the myrtle vale, the laurel grove;
Oh! rouse once more the daring soul of song,
Seize with bold hand the harp, forgot so long,
And hail, with wonted pride, those works revered,
Hallowed by time, by absence more endeared.

3. Ye, at whose voice fair Art, with eagle glance,
Burst in full splendor from her death-like trance;
Whose rallying call bade slumbering nations wake,
And daring Intellect his bondage break;
Beneath whose eye the lords of song arose,
And snatched the Tuscan[1] lyre from long repose,
And bade its pealing energies resound,
With power electric, through the realms around;
O, high in thought, magnificent in soul!
Born to inspire, enlighten, and control!
O, rise and view your glorious reign once more,
The shrine where nations mingle to adore!

4. There thou,* fair offspring of immortal Mind!
Love's radiant goddess, idol of mankind!
Once the bright object of Devotion's vow,
Shalt claim from taste a kindred homage now.
Oh! who can tell what beams of heavenly light,
Flashed o'er the sculptor's intellectual sight,
How many a glimpse, revealed to him alone,
Made brighter beings, nobler worlds, his own,

---

* Reference is here had to *Sculpture*.

Ere, like some vision sent the earth to bless,
Burst into life thy pomp of loveliness!

5. Young Genius there, while dwells his kindling eye
On forms, instinct with bright divinity,—
While new-born powers, dilating in his heart,
Embrace the full magnificence of Art;
From scenes, by Raphael's* gifted hand arrayed,
From dreams of heaven, by Angelo portrayed;
From each fair work of Grecian skill sublime,
Sealed with perfection, "sanctified by time;"
Shall catch a kindred glow, and proudly feel
His spirit burn with emulative zeal;
Buoyant with loftier hopes, his soul shall rise,
Imbued at once with nobler energies;
O'er life's dim scenes on rapid pinions soar,
And worlds of visionary grace explore;
Till his bold hand give glory's day-dream birth,
And with new wonders charm admiring earth.

6. Venice, exult! and o'er thy moonlight seas,
Swell with gay strains each Adriatic breeze!
What though long fled those years of martial fame,
That shed romantic luster o'er thy name;
Though quenched the spirit of thine ancient race,
And power and freedom scarce have left a trace;
Yet still shall Art her splendors round thee cast,
And gild the wreck of years forever past.

7. And thou, whose Eagle's towering plume unfurled,
Once cast its shadow o'er a vassal world,
Eternal city!† round whose curule[4] throne,
The lords of nations knelt in ages flown;
Thou, whose Augustan‡ years have left to time
Immortal records of their glorious prime;
When deathless bards, thine olive-shades among,
Swelled the high raptures of heroic song;

---

* Consult Note 1, p. 105. † Rome. ‡ See Note 5, p. 106.

Fair, fallen Empress! raise thy languid head
From the cold altars of th' illustrious dead,
And once again, with fond delight, survey,
The proud memorials of thy noblest day.

8. Lo! where thy sons, O Rome! a godlike train,
In imaged majesty return again!
Bards, chieftains, monarchs, tower with mien august,
O'er scenes that shrine their venerable dust;
Those forms, those features, luminous with soul,
Still o'er thy children seem to claim control;
With awful grace arrest the pilgrim's glance,
Bind his rapt soul in elevating trance,
And bid the past, to fancy's ardent eyes,
From time's dim sepulcher in glory rise.

9. Souls of the lofty! whose undying names,
Rouse the young bosom still to noblest aims;
Oh! with your images could fate restore
Your own high spirit to your sons once more;
Patriots and heroes! could those flames return,
That bade your hearts with freedom's ardor burn,
Then from the sacred ashes of the first,
Might a new Rome in Phenix[5] grandeur burst!
With one bright glance dispel th' horizon's gloom;
With one loud call, wake Empire from the tomb;
Bind round her brows her own triumphal crown,
Lift her dread Ægis[6] with majestic frown,
Unchain her eagle's wing, and guide his flight,
To bathe his plumage in the fount of light.

LESSON LXVI.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.—1. RED JACKET was a famous Indian chief of the Seneca nation, who lived near Buffalo. He was distinguished for his extraordinary eloquence. At one time he was hostile to the interests of the Americans, but afterward became warmly attached to them.

2. TECUMSEH was a Shawanee chief, distinguished for his vivid and powerful eloquence, and his constant and bitter enmity toward the whites

actuated by disinterested patriotism in behalf of his own country and people. He was successful in forming, to a great extent, a union of all the Western Indians against the Americans, and in the war of 1812 he proved a formidable ally of the British, against the Americans. He was exemplary through life in his habits of temperance and adherence to truth He was killed in the decisive battle of the Moravian towns.

3. CALUMET is the Indian pipe of peace. On all occasions when Indian chiefs or warriors meet in peace, or at the close of a war, or in their talks and treaties, the calumet is handed round, and each one smokes a few whiffs. To accept it, is to agree to terms proposed; to refuse it, is to reject them.

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

1. A FEW suns more, and the Indian will live only in history. A few centuries, and that history will be colored with the mellow romantic light, in which time robes the past, and contrasted with the then present wealth and splendor of America, may seem so impossible, as to elicit from the historian a philosophic doubt of its authenticity. The period may arrrive when the same uncertainty which hangs over the heroic days of every people, may attend its records, and the stirring deeds of the battle-field and council-fire, may be regarded as attractive fictions,—at the best, as beautiful exaggerations.

2. As an engrossing subject to an American, as coming to us the only relic of the literature of the Aborigines, and the most perfect emblem of their character, their glory, and their intellect, we should dearly cherish the remains of their oratory. In these we see developed the motives which animated their actions, and the light and shadows of their very soul. The iron incasement of apparent apathy, in which the savage had fortified himself, impenetrable at ordinary moments, is laid aside in the council-room. The genius of eloquence bursts the arbitrary bands of custom, and the Indian stands forth accessible, natural, and legible. We commune with him, listen to his complaints, understand, appreciate, and even feel his injuries.

3. As Indian Eloquence is the key to their character, so is it a noble monument of their literature Oratory seldom finds a more auspicious field. A wild people, with an ample region for thought, forbade feebleness,—uncultivated, but intelligent

and sensitive, a purity of idea, chastely combined with energy of expression, a ready fluency, and imagery,—now exquisitely delicate, now soaring to the sublime,—all united to rival the efforts of any ancient or modern orator.

4. What can be imagined more impressive, than a warrior rising in the council-room to address those who bore the same scarred marks of their title to fame and the chieftainship? The dignified stature, the easy repose of limbs, the graceful gesture, the dark speaking eye, excite equal admiration and expectation. We would anticipate eloquence from an Indian. He has animating remembrances,—a poverty of language, which exacts rich and apposite metaphorical allusions, even for ordinary conversation,—a mind which, like his body, has never been trammeled and mechanized by the formalities of society,—and passions which, from the very outward restraint imposed upon them, burn more fiercely within. There is a mine of truth in the reply of RED JACKET,[1] when called a warrior;—"A *wárrior!*" said he; "I am an *orator*—I was *born* an orator."

5. There are not many speeches remaining on record, but even in this small number there is such a rich and varied vein of all the characteristics of true eloquence, that we rise from their perusal with regret that so few have been preserved. Nowhere can be found a poetic thought, clothed in more captivating simplicity of expression, than in the answer of TECUMSEH[2] to GOVERNOR HARRISON, in the conference at Vincennes. It contains a high moral rebuke, and a sarcasm, hightened in effect by an evident consciousness of loftiness above the reach of insult.

6. At the close of his address, he found that no chair had been placed for him,—a neglect which Governor Harrison ordered to be remedied as soon as discovered. Suspecting, perhaps, that it was more an affront than a mistake, with an air of dignity, elevated almost to haughtiness, he declined the seat, proffered with the words, "Your father requests you to take a chair," and answered, as he calmly disposed himself on the ground: "My fáther! The sun is my father, and the earth is my mother. I WILL REPOSE ON HER BOSOM."

7. We can not give a better idea of the effect of their harangues upon their own people, and at the same time a finer instance of their gratefulness, when skillfully touched, than in the address to the Wallah Wallahs by their young chief, the MORNING STAR. In consequence of the death of several of their tribe, killed in one of their predatory excursions against the whites, they had collected in a large body, for the purpose of assailing them. The stern uncompromising hostility, with which they were animated, may be imagined from the words they chanted on approaching to the attack.

8. "Rest, brothers, rest! You will be avenged. The tears of your widows will cease to flow, when they behold the blood of your murderers, and on seeing their scalps, your children shall sing and leap for joy. Rest, brothers, in peace! Rest, we shall have blood!" The last strains of the death-song had died away. The gleaming eye, burning with the desire of revenge,—the countenance, fierce even through an Indian's cloak,—the leveled gun and poised arrow,—forbade promise of peace, and their superior force as little hope of successful resistance.

9. At this moment of awful excitement, a mounted troop burst in between them, and its leader addressed his kindred: "Friends and relations! Three snows have only passed over our heads, since we were a poor, miserable people. Our enemies were numerous and powerful; we were few and weak. Our hearts were as the hearts of children. We could not fight like warriors, and were driven like deer about the plain. When the thunder rolled, and the rains poured, we had no place but the rocks, whereon we could lay our heads.

10. "Is such the case now? No! we have regained possession of the land of our fathers, in which they and their fathers' fathers lie buried; our hearts are great within us, and we are now a nation. Who has produced this change? The white man! And are we to treat him with ingratitude? *The warrior with the strong arm and great heart, will never rob a friend.*" The result was wonderful. There was a complete

revulsion of feeling. The angry waves were quieted, and the savage, forgetting his enmity, smoked the calumet[3] with those whom the eloquence of Morning Star alone had saved from his scalping-knife.

11. View the evidences of their attachment to the customs of their fathers, and of their heroic resolution to leave their bones in the forests where they were born, and then revert to their unavailing, hopeless resistance against the march of civilization,—and though we know it is the rightful, natural course of things,—yet it is a hard heart which does not feel for their fate. Turn to Red Jacket's graphic description of the fraud which purloined their territory, and shame mingles with our pity.

12. "Brothers, at the treaties held for the purchase of our lands, the white men, with *sweet voices* and *smiling faces*, told us they *loved us*, and they would not cheat us, but that the king's children on the other side of the lake, would cheat us. When we go on the other side of the lake, the king's children tell us your people will cheat us. These things puzzle our heads, and we believe that the Indians must take care of themselves, and not trust either in your people, or the king's children. Brothers, our seats were once large, and yours very small. You have now become a great people, and we have *scarcely a place left to spread our blankets.*"

13. Some of the speeches of SHENANDOAH, a celebrated Oneida chief, contain the truest touches of natural eloquence. He lived to a great age; and in his last oration in council, he opened with the following sublime and beautiful sentence: "Brothers,—I am an aged hemlock. The winds of a hundred winters have whistled through my branches, and I am dead at the top." Every reader who has seen a tall hemlock, with a dry and leafless top surmounting its dark green foliage, will feel the force of the simile: "*I am dead at the top.*" His memory, and all the vigorous powers of youth, had departed forever.

14. Not less felicitous was the close of a speech made by **PUSHMATAHA'**, a venerable chief of a western tribe, at a coun-

cil held in Washington, many years since. In alluding to his extreme age, and to the probability that he might not even survive the journey back to his tribe, he said: "My children will walk through the forests, and the Great Spirit will whisper in the tree-tops, and the flowers will spring up in the trails,—but PUSHMATAHA' will hear not,—he will see the flowers no more. He will be gone. His people will know that he is dead. The news will come to their ears, *as the sound of the fall of a mighty oak in the stillness of the woods.*"

15. Their actions may outlive, but their oratory ***must*** survive their fate. It contains many attributes of true eloquence. With a language too barren, and minds too free for the rules of rhetoric, they still attained the power of touching the feelings, and a sublimity of style, which rivals the highest productions of their more cultivated enemies. Expression, apt and pointed,—language, strong and figurative,—comparisons, rich and bold,—descriptions, correct and picturesque,—and gestures, energetic and graceful,—were the most striking peculiarities of their oratory.

16. These orations, the accurate mirrors of their character, their bravery, immovable stoicism, and their native grandeur, hightened as they are in expressiveness by the melancholy accompaniment of approaching extermination, will be as enduring as the swan-like music of Attican and Roman eloquence, which was the funeral song of the liberties of those republics.

LESSON LXVII.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.—1. In the spring of 1832, several tribes ot Indians on the north-western frontier, commenced a war upon the whites, on account of attempts to drive them from their lands which had been sold to the United States, without the consent of all concerned. The party opposed, headed by BLACK HAWK, determined not to remove.

The Indians, however, were defeated after a battle of upward of three nours. Black Hawk escaped, but afterward voluntarily gave himself up a prisoner of war, at Prairie Du Chien, Aug. 27, 1832, on which occasion he delivered the following speech, which, though it does not breathe the Christian spirit of forgiveness, yet bespeaks a nobleness which, under the circumstances, could hardly be expected from an untutored Indian.

SPEECH OF BLACK HAWK.

1. You have taken me prisoner with all my warriors. I am much grieved, for I expected, if I did not defeat you, to hold out much longer, and give you more trouble before I surrendered. I tried hard to bring you into ambush, but your last general* understands Indian fighting. I determined to rush on you, and fight you face to face; I fought hard. But your guns were well aimed. The bullets flew like birds in the air, and whizzed by our ears like the wind through the trees in winter.

2. My warriors fell around me; it began to look dismal. I saw my evil day at hand. The sun rose dim on us in the morning, and at night it sank in a dark cloud, and looked like a ball of fire. That was the last sun that shone on Black Hawk. His heart is dead, and no longer beats quick in his bosom. He is now a prisoner to the white men; they will do with him as they wish. But he can stand torture, and is not afraid of death. He is no coward. Black Hawk is an Indian.

3. He has done nothing, for which an Indian ought to be ashamed. He has fought for his countrymen, against white men who came, year after year, to cheat them, and take away their lands. You know the cause of our making war. It is known to all white men. They ought to be ashamed of it. The white men despise the Indians, and drive them from their homes. But the Indians are not deceitful. The white men speak bad of the Indian, and look at him spitefully But the Indian does not tell lies; Indians do not steal.

4. An Indian who is as bad as the white men, could not live in our nation; he would be put to death, and be eaten up by wolves. The white men are bad schoolmasters; they carry false looks, and deal in false actions; they smile in the face of the poor Indian to cheat him; they shake him by the hand to gain his confidence, to make him drunk, and to deceive him. We told them to let us alone, and keep away from us; but they

---

* General Atkinson.

followed on, and beset our paths, and they coiled themselves among us, like the snake. They poisoned us by their touch.

5. We were not safe. We lived in danger. We were becoming like them, hypocrites and liars,—all talkers and no workers. We looked up to the GREAT SPIRIT. We went to our father.* We were encouraged. His great council gave us fair words and big promises, but we obtained no satisfaction,—things were growing worse. There were no deer in the forest. The opossum and beaver were fled; the springs were drying up, and our people were without victuals to keep them from starving.

6. We called a great council, and made a large fire. The spirit of our fathers arose and spoke to us to avenge our wrongs or die. We all spoke before the council-fire. It was warm and pleasant. We set up the war-whoop, and dug up the tomahawk; our knives were ready, and the heart of BLACK HAWK swelled high in his bosom, when he led his warriors to battle. He is satisfied. He will go to the world of spirits contented. He has done his duty. His father will meet him there, and commend him.

7. BLACK HAWK is a true Indian, and disdains to cry like a woman. He feels for his wife, his children, and his friends. But he does not care for himself. He cares for the nation and the Indians. They will suffer. He laments their fate. The white men do not *scalp* the *heads;* but they do worse,—they *poison* the *heart;* it is not pure with them. His countrymen will not be *scalped,* but they will, in a few years, become like the white men, so that you can not trust them; and there must be, as in the white settlements, nearly as many officers as men, to take care of them, and keep them in order.

8. Farewell, my nation! BLACK HAWK tried to save you, and avenge your wrongs. He drank the blood of some of the whites. He has been taken prisoner, and his plans are stopped. He can do no more! He is near his end. His sun is setting, and he will rise no more. Farewell to BLACK HAWK!

---

* "*Father*" here refers to the PRESIDENT of the United States; and "*his council*," to the CONGRESS

LESSON LXVIII.

THE INDIAN HUNTER.

ELIZA COOK.

1. **Oh!** why does the white man follow my path,
   Like the hound on the tiger's track?
   Does the flush on my dark cheek waken his wrath,—
   Does he covet the bow at my back?

2. He has rivers and seas, where the billows and breeze
   Bear riches for him alone;
   And the sons of the wood never plunge in the flood,
   Which the white man calls his own.

3. Why, then, should he come to the streams where none
   But the red man dares to swim?
   Why, why should he wrong the hunter,—one
   Who never did harm to him?

4. The Father above thought fit to give
   The white man corn and wine;
   There are golden fields where he may live,
   But the forest shades are mine.

5. The Eagle hath its place of rest;
   The wild horse,—where to dwell;
   And the Spirit that gave the bird its nest,
   Made me a home as well.

6. Then back! go back from the red man's track;
   For the hunter's eyes grow dim,
   To find that the white man wrongs the one
   Who never did harm to him.

LESSON LXIX.

THE DYING ARCHER.

R. C. WATERSTON.

1 **The** day has near ended, the light quivers through
The leaves of the forest, which bend with the dew;
The flowers bow in beauty, the smooth-flowing stream
Is gliding as softly as thoughts in a dream;

The low room is darkened, there breathes not a sound,
While friends in their sadness are gathering round;
Now out speaks the Archer, his course well nigh done,
(=) "Throw, throw back the lattice, and let in the sun"

2. The lattice is opened; and now the blue sky
Brings joy to his bosom, and fire to his eye;
There stretches the greenwood, where, year after year,
He "chased the wild roe-buck, and followed the deer."
He gazed upon mountain, and forest, and dell,
(*p.*) Then bowed he, in sorrow, a silent farewell!
"And when we are parted, and when thou art dead,
Oh! where shall we lay thee?" his followers said.

3. Then up rose the Archer, and gazed once again
On far-reaching mountain, and river, and plain;
(°) "Now bring me my quiver, and tighten my bow,
And let the winged arrow my sepulcher show!"
(=) Out, out through the lattice the arrow has passed,
And in the far forest has lighted at last;
"And there shall the hunter in slumber be laid,
Where wild deer are bounding beneath the green shade."

4. His last words are finished;—his spirit hath fled,
(*pl.*) And now lies in silence the form of the dead.
The lamps in the chamber are flickering dim,
And sadly the mourners are chanting their hymn;
And now to the greenwood, and now on the sod,
Where lighted the arrow, the mourners have trod;
And thus by the river, where dark forests wave,
That noble old Archer hath found him a grave.

---

5. "As the light leaf, whose fall to ruin bears
Some trembling insect's little world of cares,
Descends in silence,—while around waves on
The mighty forest, reckless what is gone!
Such is man's doom,—and ere an hour be flown,
Start not then trifler!—such may be thine own!"

LESSON LXX.

Note.—The following speech of Black Thunder, generally styled the patriarch of the Fox Tribe, was delivered before the American Commissioners who had assembled many chiefs, at a place called the Portage. He arose and addressed himself to the Commissioner who had opened the council.

SPEECH OF BLACK THUNDER.

1. My father, restrain your feelings, and hear calmly what I shall say. I shall say it plainly. I shall not speak with fear and trembling. I have never injured you, and innocence can feel no fear. I turn to you all, red men and white men,—where is the man who will appear as my accuser? Father, I understand not clearly how things are working. I have just been set at liberty. Am I again to be plunged into bondage? But I am incapable of change. You may, perhaps, be ignorant of what I tell you; but it is a truth, which I call Heaven and earth to witness.

2. It is a fact which can easily be proved, that I have been assailed in almost every possible way that pride, fear, feeling, or interest, could touch me,—that I have been pushed to the last to raise the tomahawk against you,—but all in vain. I never could be made to feel that you were my enemy. If this be the conduct of an enemy, I shall never be your friend.

3. You are acquainted with my removal from Prairie Du Chien. I went and formed a settlement, and called my warriors around. We took counsel, and from that counsel we have never departed. We smoked and resolved to make common cause with the United States. I sent you the pipe,—it resembled this,—and I sent it by the Missouri, that the Indians of the Mississippi might not know what we were doing. You received it. I then told you that your friends should be my friends,—that your enemies should be my enemies,—and that I only awaited your signal to make war. If this be the conduct of an enemy, I shall never be your friend.

4. Why do I tell you this? Because it is a truth, and a melancholy truth, that the good things which men do, are

often buried in the ground, while their evil deeds are stripped naked, and exposed to the world. When I came here, I came to you in friendship. I little thought I should have to defend myself. I have no defense to make. If I were guilty, I should have come prepared; but I have ever held you by the hand, and I am come without excuses.

5. If I had fought against you, I would have told you so; but I have nothing now to say here in your council, except to repeat what I said before to my Great Father, the President of your nation. You heard it, and no doubt remember it. It was simply this. My lands can never be surrendered; I was cheated, and basely cheated, in the contract; I will not surrender my country, but with my life.

6. Again, I call Heaven and earth to witness, and I smoke this pipe in evidence of my sincerity. If you are sincere, you will receive it from me. My only desire is, that we should smoke it together—that I should grasp your sacred hand; and I claim for myself and my tribe the protection of your country. When this pipe touches your lip, may it operate as a blessing upon all my tribe. May the smoke rise like a cloud, and carry away with it all the animosities which have arisen between us.

LESSON LXXI.

THE AGED INDIAN'S LAMENT.

MRS. HEMANS.

1. WARRIORS! my noon of life is past,
The brightness of my spirit flown;
I crouch before the wintry blast,
Amidst my tribe I dwell alone;
The heroes of my youth are fled,
They rest among the warlike dead.

2. Ye slumberers of the narrow cave!
My kindred chiefs in days of yore!
Ye fill an unremembered grave,
Your fame, your deeds, are known no more.

The records of your wars are gone,
Your names forgot by all but one.

3. Soon shall that one depart from earth,
To join the brethren of his prime;
Then will the memory of your birth,
Sleep with the hidden things of time.
With him, ye sons of former days!
Fades the last glimm'ring of your praise.

4. His eyes, that hailed your spirits' flame,
Still kindling in the combat's shock,
Have seen, since darkness vailed your fame,
Sons of the desert and the rock,—
Another, and another race,
Rise to the battle and the chase.

5. Descendants of the mighty dead!
Fearless of heart and firm of hand!
O! let me join their spirits fled,
O! send me to their shadowy land.
Age hath not tamed Ontara's heart,
He shrinks not from the friendly dart.

6. These feet no more can chase the deer,
The glory of his arm is flown;—
Why should the feeble linger here,
When all the pride of life is gone?
Warriors! why still the stroke deny?
Think ye Ontara fears to dié?

7. He feared not in his flower of days,
When strong, to stem the torrent's force,
When through the forest's pathless maze,
His way was as an eagle's course!
When war was sunshine to his sight,
And the wild hurricane, delight!

8. Shall then the warrior tremble *now?*
Now when his envied strength is o'er?

Hung on the pine his idle bow,
His pirogue* useless on the shore?
When age hath dimmed his failing eye,
Shall he, the joyless, fear to die?

9. Sons of the brave! delay no more,
The spirits of my kindred call;
'Tis but one pang, and all is o'er!
O! bid the aged cedar fall!
To join the brethren of his prime,
The mighty of departed time.

LESSON LXXII.

Explanatory Note.—1. **Sarcophagi** is the plural of ***Sarcophagus***, the Greek name of a *stone coffin*. The word *literally* means a ***flesh-devouring***. It was so called by the ancients, because the species of stone, in which they deposited the dead which they did not choose to burn, caused the flesh, bones, and all except the teeth, to consume and waste away in a very short time.

A VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.

H. Greeley.

Washington, Sept. 4, 1841.

1. A steamboat passage of six miles to Alexandria, and a drive of nine miles farther in the same southern direction, over a wretched road, through a thin-soiled, wood-covered country, brought us, in a little less than three hours from this city, to Mount Vernon. The estate is completely isolated from all other cultivation; on the east, by the broad, magnificent Potomac, which sweeps partly around it in a south-easterly and then southerly direction; on the west and south-west, by a broken tract of half-grown forest, through which a brooklet has worn a deep and wide gorge on its way to the river.

2. The cultivated portion of the estate, stretches mainly north and north-west from the mansion, a plain and modest white house of goodly size, which stands near the bank of the Potomac, fronting westerly upon the garden and grounds of the

---

* A canoe formed out of the trunk of a tree.

estate, around which half a dozen humbler dwellings, tenanted by families of black laborers and servants, are scattered with little regard to order or symmetry. The estate is now the possession and residence of Mrs. John A. Washington, widow of a nephew of Judge Bushrod Washington, himself the nephew of Gen. George Washington;—so swiftly do the generations of men follow each other in their solemn march to the tomb!

3. The original resting-place of the Father of his Country, and the old family sepulcher, is south of the mansion, immediately on the bank of the Potomac, though a steep and woody descent of over a hundred feet intervenes between it and the water. This sepulcher is a mere excavation in the earth, walled over in the rudest manner, and looking far more, at its entrance, like a hop-kiln or out-door cellar, than a place of rest for the illustrious departed.

4. But this cemetery is now deserted and of course dilapidated. A new and more fitting mausoleum of brick was constructed in 1837, south of the garden, and some two or three hundred yards south-west of the former, in which the remains of the Washington family are now deposited. It is built on ground sloping to the south, and the family cemetery is excavated in the hill-side, and is entered by an iron door; but in front of this, under the neat and appropriate brick structure itself, separated from the outer world only by a strong iron railing, rest side by side, in two marble sarcophagi,[1] the ashes of GEORGE and MARTHA WASHINGTON.

5. These marble inclosures are well executed, though simple, and I believe were presented by Mr. T. Struthers, a Philadelphia artist, as a token of affectionate reverence and admiration for the memory of the great departed. The inscription upon the top merely states the name, age, and time of the decease of each respectively; the death of Mrs. Washington having occurred in 1801, two years after that of her revered consort; and as her age is stated at 71 years, while he did not reach 68, she must have been nearly two years his senior.

6. After musing an hour by the sepulcher, we were conducted through the garden by a communicative black man,

who rejoices in the appellation of Bill Smith, and who has been forty years on the estate, having come there with Bushrod Washington, soon after the decease of the Ex-President. The garden is rich in rare and valuable plants; among them are many planted by the hand of the Father of his Country.

7. Peaches, pears, lemons, oranges, are thickly surrounded by the aloe, myrtle, rose, geranium, &c., as well as by plants whose unfamiliar names escape me. The burning of an adjoining building, a few years since, destroyed some of them; but the garden is probably little changed since its world-renowned master stood in its midst, save in the greater profusion of its contents. Long may it continue to people the mind of the visitor with images of the past, and fitly blend its fragrance with the memory of WASHINGTON!

8. Slowly, pensively, we turned our faces from the rest of the mighty dead, to the turmoil of the restless living,—from the solemn, sublime repose of Mount Vernon, to the ceaseless intrigues, the petty strifes, the ant-hill bustle of the Federal City. Each has its own atmosphere; London and Mecca are not so unlike as they. The silent, enshrouding woods, the gleaming, majestic river, the bright, benignant sky,—it is fitly here, amid the scenes he loved and hallowed, that the man whose life and character have redeemed Patriotism and Liberty from the reproach which centuries of designing knavery and hollow profession had cast upon them, now calmly awaits the trump of the Archangel.

9. Who does not rejoice that the original design of removing his ashes to Washington, has never been consummated,—that they lie where the pilgrim may reverently approach them, unvexed by the light laugh of the time-killing worldling,—unannoyed by the vain or vile scribblings of the thoughtless or the base? Thus may they repose forever!—that the heart of the Patriot may be invigorated,—the hopes of the Philanthropist strengthened, and his aims exalted,—the pulse of the American quickened, and his aspirations purified by a VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.

10. Disturb not his slumber, let Washington sleep,
'Neath the boughs of the willow that over him weep;
His arm is unnerved, but his deeds remain bright,
As the stars in the dark vaulted heaven at night.
Oh! wake not the hero, his battles are o'er,
Let him rest undisturbed on Potomac's fair shore;
On the river's green border with rich flowers dressed,
With the hearts he loved fondly, let Washington rest.

11. Awake not his slumbers, tread lightly around;
'Tis the grave of a freeman,—'tis liberty's mound;
Thy name is immortal,—our freedom it won,—
Brave sire of Columbia, our own Washington.
Oh! wake not the hero, his battles are o'er,
Let him rest, calmly rest, on his dear native shore;
While the stars and the stripes of our country shall wave
O'er the land that can boast of a Washington's Grave.

M. S. Pike

LESSON LXXIII.

Note.—The following beautiful Epitaph was discovered on the back of a Portrait of Washington, sent to the family from England. It was cop'ed from a transcript in the hand-writing of Judge Washington.

AN EPITAPH TO WASHINGTON.

1. The defender of his Country,—the founder of Liberty,
The friend of man.
History and tradition are explored in vain
For a parallel to his character.
In the annals of modern greatness
He stands alone,
And the noblest names of Antiquity
Lose their luster in his presence.
Born the benefactor of mankind,
He united all the greatness necessary
To an illustrious career.
Nature made him great,
He made himself virtuous.

Called by his Country to the defense of her Liberties,
He triumphantly vindicated the rights of humanity,
And on the pillars of National Independence,
Laid the foundation of a great REPUBLIC.

2. Twice invested with Supreme Magistracy
By the unanimous vote of a free-people,
He surpassed in the Cabinet
The glories of the field,
And voluntarily resigning the scepter and the sword,
Retired to the shades of private life;
A spectacle so new, and so sublime,
Was contemplated with profoundest admiration,
And the name of WASHINGTON,
Adding new luster to humanity,
Resounded to the remotest regions of the earth.
Magnanimous in youth,
Glorious through life,
Great in death;
His highest ambition, the happiness of mankind,
His noblest victory the conquest of himself.
Bequeathing to posterity the inheritance of his fame,
And building his monument in the hearts of his Countrymen;
He lived—the ornament of the Eighteenth Century,
He died regretted by a mourning world.

LESSON LXXIV.

WASHINGTON.

ELIZA COOK.

1. LAND of the West! though passing brief the record of thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all on history's wide page.
Let all the blasts of fame ring out,—thine shall be loudest far;
Let others boast their satellites,—thou hast the planet-star.
Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall ne'er depart;
'Tis stamp'd upon the dullest brain, and warms the coldest heart,—
A war-cry fit for any land where freedom's to be won;
Land of the West! it stands alone,—it is thy WASHINGTON

2. Rome had its Cesar, great and brave; but stain was on his wreath;
He liv'd the heartless conqueror, and died the tyrant's death.
France had its eagle; but his wings, though lofty they might soar,
Were spread in false ambition's flight, and dipp'd in murder's gore.
Those hero-gods, whose mighty sway would fain have chain'd the waves;
Who flesh'd their blades with tiger zeal, to make a world of slaves;
Who, though their kindred barr'd the path, still fiercely waded on;
O, where shall be *their* "glory" by the side of WASHINGTON?

3. He fought, but not with love of strife; he struck, but to defend;
And ere he turn'd a people's foe, he sought to be a friend.
He strove to keep his country's right by reason's gentle word,
And sighed when fell injustice threw the challenge,—sword to sword;
He stood the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and sage;
He showed no deep avenging hate,—no burst of despot rage;
He stood for Liberty and Truth, and dauntlessly led on,
Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of WASHINGTON.

4. No car of triumph bore him through a city fill'd with grief;
No groaning captives at the wheels proclaim'd him victor chief;
He broke the gyves of slavery, with strong and high disdain,
And forged no scepter from the links, when he had crushed the chain
He saved his land; but did not lay his soldier trappings down,
To change them for the regal vest, and "don" a kingly crown.
Fame was too earnest in her joy,—too proud of such a son,—
To let a robe and title mask a noble WASHINGTON!

5. England, my heart is truly thine, my loved, my native earth!
The land that holds a mother's grave, and gave that mother birth.
O, keenly sad would be the fate that thrust me from thy shore,
And faltering my breath that sighed, "Farewell for evermore!"
But did I meet such adverse lot, I would not seek to dwell
Where olden heroes wrought the deeds for Homer's songs to tell.
"Away, thou gallant ship!" I'd cry, "and bear me swiftly on;
But bear me from my own fair land to that of WASHINGTON."

LESSON LXXV

EXPLANATORY NOTES.—1. CICERO, the great Roman orator, was driven into exile by the ambitious CLODIUS and his faction. He went into Macedonia, where meeting PHILISCUS, a sculptor, whom he had formerly known at Athens, the following dialogue ensued. CICERO was afterward recalled by the Roman people.

2. HIPPOC'RATES was a celebrated physician of Athens, who, under the

impression that he had delivered the city from a dreadful pestilence, was presented with a golden crown.

3. CAMILLUS, a Roman, was styled a second Romulus for his services to his country. For slight reasons, however, he was banished. During his exile, Rome was besieged by the Gauls. In the midst of their misfortunes, the Romans elected him dictator, and he, forgetting their ingratitude, marched to the relief of his country, which he delivered, after it had been for some time in the possession of the enemy.

4. SCIPIO, a noble Roman, who defeated the Carthaginians in several bloody battles, in one of which 54,000 of them were left dead on the field; in another 20,000. For his success he was styled *Africanus*. But he was afterwards falsely accused of extortion and indolence, when he retired in disgust at the injustice of his countrymen, to Liternum, a town of Campania.

5. ARISTIDES, though, on account of his great integrity, styled the Just, was, through the influence of his rival, Themistocles, banished for ten years. He was, however, recalled by the Athenians before six years of his exile had expired.

6. THEMIS'TOCLES, an Athenian general, who successfully and courageously resisted the army of Xerxes, was disinherited in his youth by his father, on account of his vicious conduct. This act roused his ambition for renown.

7. SOLON, one of the seven wise men of Greece, is distinguished as a lawgiver. After having established the most salutary laws and regulations, and bound the Athenians by a solemn oath, to observe them for 100 years, he resigned the office of legislator, and traveled in other countries. After ten years he returned, but had the mortification to find that the greater part of his laws was disregarded by the factious spirit of his countrymen.

DESPONDENCY; OR, CICERO AND PHILISCUS.

Philiscus.—I AM surprised, Cicero', to see you lamenting your misfortune in this childish manner. What! yŏu! who have been disciplined in every kind of learning;—yŏu! who have been so often the guide and counselor of others!

Cicero.—I am just beginning, Philiscus, to learn practically the truth of the old remark, that to know what is a proper course of action, and to pursue it, are widely different things.

Philiscus.—Yet still, permit me to say it, this weakness surprises me. Let us reason the matter together. I would gladly administer any consolation in my power. Though, indeed, the case is much the same as if some ordinary physician had offered to prescribe for Hippocrates[2] in a fit of the spleen or the gout.

Cicero.—If you can say any thing whatever, Philiscus, which may help to remove this darkness from my mind, and to restore me to myself, most ready am I to hear you.

Philiscus.—Come, then, let us consider whether these are really evils which have befallen you; if they are, how they can be remedied. First of all, I see you in possession of perfect bodily health, a good which in the order of nature, may be reckoned the first. Next, you have a sufficiency of all the necessaries of life, which may be accounted the second good according to nature. Possessing health, then, and in no danger of want, you surely have the means of happiness in your own power.

Cicero.—But of what avail, Philiscus, is mere corporeal good, when some great affliction is devouring the soul? Is it possible, think you, in the pleasures of sense, to forget the pangs of the mind?

Philiscus.—But at least you will agree with me in thinking that our mental maladies are, in a great degree, under our own control, certainly much more so than our bodily ills. The body carries in itself the seeds of incurable disorder; but the mind, being of a divine nature, is easily brought back to a state of order and harmony. Your afflictions are mental, not corporeal. With an exertion of ordinary energy, you could cast them from you.

Cicero.—Do you then look upon ignominy and flight as evils of such very trivial magnitude?—To be deprived of home and of friends, to be driven from one's country with contumely, to wander an exile in a strange land, an object of laughter to one's enemies, and a cause of disgrace to one's kindred?

Philiscus.—Frankly, yes. Man is constituted of two elements, a mind and a body, to each of which nature has assigned certain specific evils and specific goods. Disgrace and exile, with other things of a like kind, are evils of custom and opinion merely. They hurt neither the body nor the mind. The body is neither bruised nor made sick by them, nor does the mind become less intelligent or less just, in consequence of them. And why? because they are not naturally and in themselves, *evils*. Just so neither is honorable station nor a residence in one's own country, naturally *good*.

2. Consider, too, how variable human opinion is on such subjects. The very same things which are reckoned disgraceful at one place or period, are lauded at another; and an action which in Greece might deserve a statue, would very possibly be regarded in India as an atrocious crime. One would think it ridiculous enough, if one were to hear of a vote being taken declaring a certain person to be sick or to have a depraved heart. Disease and depravity are evils, simply because nature has made them so. Human opinion can add no force to the decrees of nature, nor can it substitute its own decrees for hers.

3. What is it to be an exile? It is to be forced to live unwillingly out of one's own country. "*To live out of one's own country,*"—does that constitute the evil? How many thousands are there who do so voluntarily, thinking it no evil at all! But "*unwillingly!*" For myself, I do not see how this unwillingness can, in any case, appertain to a wise man. At any rate, if it is this which constitutes the evil of exile, the remedy is in your own power. You can live as willingly in Macedonia as in Rome. There is truth in the old saying, that we ought not to require things to happen as we wish, but rather to wish for such things as do of necessity happen.

4. Our lot in life is not of our own choosing. But such as it pleases Providence to assign unto us; such, willingly or unwillingly, we must accept. If, however, it is not merely the ignominy and the exile which afflict you, but the fact, that, while you had not only done no injury to your country, but, on the other hand, actually merited rewards for most important services rendered to her, you should thus be banished and dishonored,—consider, I pray you, that it having been once allotted that you were to fall, it, at least, happened well and fortunately that you fell without guilt.

5. You had toiled in behalf of your fellow-citizens, not in a private capacity, but as consul; not unauthorized and officiously, but in obedience to the decrees of the Senate; not out of se-

ditious views, but with the best and purest intentions. Certain ambitious and vindictive men conspired to destroy you. It is for them to mourn over the injustice of their conduct. To bear manfully on your part, whatever good or evil Providence sees fit to send upon you, is both praiseworthy and necessary.

6. What can it matter whether you are to pass the remainder of your life in Macedon or elsewhere? Place can cause neither happiness nor misery. The mind is its own place, and it is there that we are to seek our country and our happiness. Aware of this, Camillus[3] went cheerfully to dwell in Ardea. Conscious of this, Scipio[4] lived without murmuring at Liternum. Need I mention Aristides[5] or Themistocles[6], whom exile only made more glorious? Or Solon[7], who was a voluntary exile for ten years?

7. It is useless to repine at our lot. We shall not by our murmuring escape what is assigned us, and we shall certainly add to our misfortunes the painful reflection that we grieve in vain. If you will be persuaded by me, Cicero, you shall select for a habitation some retired spot by the sea-shore, and there devote the rest of your life to study, and to the composition of literary works. In the delights of letters and philosophy, in the desire of being useful to men, in the hope of the applause of after ages, your ambition would find ample scope, and your peace of mind be assured.

8. The hill of the Muses, my Cicero, is above tempests, always clear and calm; a hill of the goodliest discovery that man can have, being a prospect upon all the errors and wanderings of the present and former times. Nay, from some cliff, the eye ranges beyond the horizon of the present time, and catches no obscure glimpses of the times to come. So that if one would indeed lead a life that unites safety and dignity, pleasure and merit; if one would win admiration without envy; if one would be in the feast, and not in the throng; in the light, and not in the heat; let him embrace the life of study and contemplation.

LESSON LXXVI.

LOOK ALOFT.

J. Lawrence.

1. In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,—
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,—
"Look aloft," and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

2. If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows, like clouds, are arrayed,
"Look aloft" to the friendship which never shall fade.

3. Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,
"Look aloft" to the Sun that is never to set.

4. Should they who are nearest and dearest thy heart,—
Thy friends and companions,—in sorrow depart,
"Look aloft" from the darkness and dust of the tomb
To that soil where "affection is ever in bloom."

5. And, O! when Death comes in his terrors, to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, "Look aloft," and depart.

LESSON LXXVII.

MONUMENTS OF HUMAN GRANDEUR PERISH.

Collyer.

1. The monuments of human greatness yield in succession to the destroying influence of time. Whatever is magnificent, or beautiful, or excellent, possesses only a temporary influence, and commands only a transient admiration; in the course of a few years, or at most a few ages, imagination is required to

supply departed graces, and genius mourns over extinguished glory.

2. To man in his collective strength nothing seems impossible, and a few things appear even difficult. He has dared every thing; and he has achieved so much as amply to repay him for his labors. The extent of sovereignty which he grasped, when he stretched his scepter over numberless provinces, and planted the line of his dominion from sea to sea, demonstrated the unbounded character of his ambition, and the incalculable variety of his resources.

3. The stupendous productions of art, on which he inscribed his victories, and which he intended as the pillars of his fame, have combined and exhibited all that is sublime in conception, and all that is graceful in execution. Could he have attached durability to these, his triumph would have been complete,—he would have bound time to his chariot-wheels, and rendered the monuments of his greatness coëval with the existence of the heavenly bodies.

4. But that irresistible power has dissolved all the associations which he formed, and overthrown all the structures which he raised. He touched the seats of empire with his commanding scepter, and the thrones of the earth crumbled into dust. Scarcely was the head of the monarch laid beneath the sod, before his dominion perished. Scarcely the active hand of the warrior stiffened in death, ere the provinces which he had won, revolted, and another hero arose, to run the same career of danger and oppression, to mark out the globe for himself, and to resign, in his turn, a crown so hardly achieved.

5. Of Nineveh,—of Babylon,—we have few remains.—Of Egypt we have only characters of degradation.—Of Rome there exist but the melancholy fragments of ruined grandeur. With the respective empires, the monuments of their power have been defaced or destroyed. Time has wasted the gardens,—prostrated the Colossus,—dilapidated the Temples,—unraveled the Labyrinth,—broken down the Mausoleum upon its dead,—and left the Pyramids to mark the progress of his effacing hand, and to deride the folly of human ambition.

6. When these exhibitions of human ability are swept away from the earth, or so much of them only remains as to awaken sentiments of pity, more lively than those of admiration, History restores the empire, and Science rears the fallen cities anew. Again Palmyra rises from among her ruined temples and tottering pillars;—again Rome assumes the scepter of the world, and binds distant nations to her throne. The work of the destroyer is but half effected, while the record of former times remains. The heroes of antiquity live over again; and the great monarchies burst forth afresh in all their primeval splendor.

7. Letters seem to promise that immortality which neither arms could command, nor arts acquire. The blaze of war is quickly extinguished.—It is indeed a devouring fire; but it is short-lived in proportion to its fierceness. Like the beacon which is kindled to affright the nations, it burns for a night, and expires upon its own ashes. But the inspiration of the poet is a lambent flame, playing around the imagination from age to age, and shedding its mild and brilliant light upon distant lands and times, when the consuming element of discord is forgotten.

8. The magic pen of the historian, raises from their resting-places, the departed shades of princes and warriors, and embodying them in their proper forms, brings them again to act their part upon the stage of time; while we feel ourselves sheltered from the miseries, at the same time that we ascertain the extent of their policy and achievements. Yet this mausoleum of former greatness rears its majestic head only for a season.

9. In vain the poet and the historian promise themselves, or the subjects of their eulogy, immortality;—in vain they flatter themselves that they have erected a monument,—more durable than brass, loftier than the royal elevation of the pyramids, which neither the wearing shower, the unavailing tempest, the innumerable succession of years, nor the flight of seasons, shall be able to demolish;—they dream but of a fame that shall move round the circles of time.

10. Many such a fond enthusiast has floated down the stream, without leaving even the wreck of his name as a memorial. And of those who has stood highest on the records of renown, a part of their works has perished. Time has not spared even science. The precious fragments of ancient writings resemble the ruins of some great empire;—enough remains to delight, to impress, to instruct. But these remnants cause us to lament the more bitterly that which is lost to us, as an evil irreparable, and afford a lesson more ample of human vanity than of human distinction.

LESSON LXXVIII.

THE GLORY OF MAN PASSETH AWAY.

WATSON.

1. MARK the glory of collective man. United, he puts on the appearance of strength. He founds empires; he builds cities; he guards by his armies; he cements by his policy. Ah! vain attempt! Still, "all flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass." Trace the track of civilized and powerful man through the world, and you will find it covered with the wreck of his hopes; and the very monuments of his power have been converted into the mockery of his weakness. His eternal cities molder in their ruins; the serpent hisses in the cabinet where he planned his empires.

2. Echo itself is startled by the foot which breaks the silence that has reigned for ages in his hall of feast and song. Columns stand in the untrodden desert; and the hut of the shepherd, or the den of the robber, shelters the only residence of his palaces. And the glory which now exists, is crumbling everywhere, where it has not the cement of Christianity, and where it takes not something of perpetuity from the everlasting word. All heathen glory, all Mohammedan pride, creak in the blast, and nod to their fall. The withering wind or the raging tempest shall pass over them in turn; and men shall sit upon the ruins of their proudest grandeur.

LESSON LXXIX.

THE ETERNITY OF GOD.

BIBLE.

1. LORD, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations
Before the mountains were brought forth,
Or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world,
Even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art GOD.
Thou turnest man to destruction;
And sayest, Return, ye children of men.
For a thousand years in thy sight,
Are but as yesterday when it is past,
And as a watch in the night.

2. Thou carriest them away as with a flood;
They are as a sleep;
In the morning they are like grass which groweth up;
In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up:
In the evening it is cut down, and withereth.
For we are consumed by Thine anger,
And by Thy wrath are we troubled.
Thou hast set our iniquities before Thee,
Our secret sins in the light of Thy countenance.

3. For all our days are passed away in Thy wrath;
We spend our years, as a tale that is told.
The days of our years are three-score years and ten;
And if by reason of strength they be four-score years,
Yet is their strength labor and sorrow;
For it is soon cut off, and we fly away.
Who knoweth the power of Thine anger?
Even according to Thy fear, so is Thy wrath.
So teach us to number our days,
That we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

4. Return, O Lord, how long?
And let it repent Thee concerning Thy servants.
O satisfy us early with Thy mercy;
That we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein Thou hast afflicted us,
And the years wherein we have seen evil.
Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants,
And Thy glory unto their children.
And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us;
And establish Thou the work of our hands upon us;
Yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it.

LESSON LXXX.

OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

1. Above,—below,—where'er I gaze,
Thy guiding finger, Lord, I view,
Traced in the midnight planets' blaze,
Or glistening in the morning dew;
Whate'er is beautiful or fair.
Is but Thine own reflection there.

2. I hear Thee in the stormy wind,
That turns the ocean-wave to foam;
Nor less Thy wondrous power I find,
When summer airs around me roam·
The tempest and the calm declare
Thyself,—for Thou art everywhere.

3 I find Thee in the noon of night,
And read Thy name in every star,
That drinks its splendor from the light
That flows from mercy's beaming car:
Thy footstool, Lord, each starry gem
Composes,—not Thy diadem.

4. And when the radiant orb of light
Hath tipped the mountain-tops with gold,
Smote with the blaze, my weary sight
Shrinks from the wonders I behold;—
That ray of glory bright and fair,
Is but Thy living shadow there.

5. Thine is the silent noon of night,—
The twilight eve,—the dewy morn;
Whate'er is beautiful and bright,
Thy hands have fashioned to adorn;—
Thy glory walks in every sphere,
And all things whisper, "GOD IS HERE."

LESSON LXXXI.

INFLUENCE OF AMERICAN LIBERTY.

WEBSTER.

Extract from a Speech delivered in Faneuil Hall, Boston, April 3, 1825.

1. IT is said, that prosperity sometimes hardens the heart. Perhaps, also, it may sometimes have a contrary effect, and elevate and liberalize the feelings. If this can ever be the result of such a cause, there is certainly in the present condition of the country, enough to inspire the most grateful and the kindest feelings. We have a common stock both of happiness and of distinction, of which we are all entitled, as citizens of the country, to partake. We may all rejoice in the general prosperity, in the peace and security which we enjoy, and in the brilliant success which has thus far attended our republican institutions.

2. These are circumstances which may well excite in us all a noble pride. Our civil and political institutions, while they answer for us all the great ends designed by them, furnish, at the same time, an example to others, and diffuse blessings beyond our own limits. In whatever part of the globe, men are found contending for political liberty, they look to the United States with a feeling of brotherhood, and put forth a claim of kindred.

3. The South American States, especially, exhibit a most interesting spectacle. Let the great men who formed our constitutions of government, who still survive, and let the children of those who have gone to their graves, console themselves with the reflection, that whether they have risen or fallen in the little contests of party, they have not only established the liberty and happiness of their own native land, but have con-

ferred blessings beyond their own country, and beyond their own thoughts, on millions of men, and on successions of generations.

4. Under the influence of these institutions, received and adopted in principle, from our example, the whole southern continent has shaken off its colonial subjection.—A new world, filled with fresh and interesting nations, has risen to our sight. America seems again discovered; not to geography, but to commerce, to social intercourse, to intelligence, to civilization, and to liberty.

5. Fifty years ago, some of those who now hear me, and the fathers of many others, listened in this place, to those mighty masters, Otis and Adams. When they then uttered the spirit-stirring sounds of Independence and Liberty, there was not a foot of land on the continent, inhabited by civilized man, that did not acknowledge the dominion of European power. Thank God, at this moment, from us to the south pole, and from sea to sea, there is hardly a foot that does.

6. And when these States, thus newly disinthralled and emancipated, assume the tone, and bear the port of independence, what language, and what ideas do we find associated, with their new acquired liberty? They speak of Constitutions, of Declarations of Rights, of the Liberty of the Press, of a Congress, and of the Representative Government. Where did they learn these? And when they have applied to their great leader and the founder of their States, the language of praise and commendation, till they have exhausted it,—when unsatisfied gratitude can express itself no otherwise, do they not call him their WASHINGTON?

7. The spirit of Continental Independence, the genius of American Liberty, which in earlier times tried her infant voice in the halls and on the hills of New England, utters it now, with power that seems to wake the dead, on the plains of Mexico, and along the sides of the Andes.

> "Her path, where'er the Goddess roves,
> Glory pursues, and generous shame,—
> The unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame."

LESSON LXXXII.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF OUR COUNTRY.

JAMES MADISON.

1. LET it be remembered, that it has ever been the pride and boast of America, that the rights, for which she contended, were the rights of human nature. By the blessing of the Author of these rights on the means exerted for their defense, they have prevailed over all opposition. No instance has heretofore occurred, nor can any instance be expected hereafter to occur, in which the unadulterated forms of republican government, can pretend to so fair an opportunity for justifying themselves by their fruits.

2. In this view, the citizens of the United States are responsible for the greatest trust ever confided to a political society. If justice, good faith, honor, gratitude, and all the other qualities which ennoble the character of a nation, and fulfill the ends of government, be the fruits of our establishments, the cause of Liberty will acquire a dignity and luster which it has never yet enjoyed; and an example will be set which can not but have the most favorable influence on the rights of mankind.

3. If, on the other hand, our government should be unfortunately blotted with the reverse of these cardinal and essential virtues, the great cause which we have engaged to vindicate, will be dishonored and betrayed; and the last and fairest experiment in favor of the rights of human nature, will be turned against them; and their patrons and friends exposed to be insulted and silenced by the votaries of tyranny and usurpation.

4. THIS lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchase of our fathers, are ours,—ours to enjoy,—ours to preserve,—ours to transmit. Generations past, and generations to come, hold us responsible for this sacred trust. Our fathers from behind admonish us with their anxious, parental voices; posterity calls out to us from the bosom of the future; the world turns hither with its solicitous

eye; all, all conjure us to act wisely and faithfully in this relation which we sustain. We can never, indeed, pay the debt which is upon us; but by virtue, by morality, by religion, by the cultivation of every good principle and every good habit we may hope to enjoy the blessing through our day, and to leave it unimpaired to our children.

5. Let us feel deeply how much of what we are, and what we possess, we owe to this liberty and these institutions of government. Nature has indeed given us a soil which yields bounteously to the hand of industry; the mighty and fruitful ocean is before us, and the skies over our heads shed health and vigor. But what are lands, and seas, and skies, to civilized man, without society, without knowledge, without morals, without religious culture? and how can these be enjoyed, in all their excellence, but under the protection of wise institutions and a free government?

6. There is not one of us, who does not at this moment, and at every moment, experience in his own condition, and in the condition of those most near and dear to him, the influence and benefits of this liberty, and of these institutions. Let us, then, acknowledge the blessing; let us feel it deeply and powerfully; let us cherish a strong affection for it, and resolve to maintain and perpetuate it. The blood of our fathers,—let it not have been shed in vain; the great hope of posterity,—let it not be blasted.

7. It can not be denied, but by those who would dispute against the sun, that with America, and in America, a new era has commenced in human affairs. This era is distinguished by free representative government, by entire religious liberty, by improved systems of national intercourse, by a newly-awakened and unconquerable spirit of free inquiry, and by a diffusion of knowledge through the community, such as has been before altogether unknown and unheard of. America, America,—our country, our dear native land, is inseparably connected, fast bound up, in fortune and by fate, with these great interests. If they fall, we fall with them; if they stand, it will be because we have upheld them.—WEBSTER.

LESSON LXXXIII.

NOTE.—The following spirited poetry portrays the undying patriotism which fired the hearts of the men of the American Revolution, influencing them to sacrifice their all for their country's liberty, and which, in view of its cost, led them duly to estimate its worth.

THE DYING PATRIOT'S BEQUEST.

C. M. BROSNAN.

1. I'VE seen the clouds of crimson war above my country lower,
And in my log-ribbed cabin felt oppression's ruthless power,
When England poured her hireling sons o'er mountain-top and plain,
And inward felt my soul on fire to cancel that foul stain.

2. It brav'd proud Britain's marshal'd hosts, her glittering pomp and pride,
Nor feared to quench youth's patriot flame in life's red-gushing tide:
One deep impassioned pulse alone each wild emotion swayed;
Columbia called her free-born sons to lend her hope and aid.

3. Then pealed the trumpet's thrilling note upon the muttering gale,
And upward rose the cry, "TO ARMS!" from mountain side and vale,
While echo from his giant lungs, prolonged the martial cry,
Till loudly shouted woods and hills, and laugh'd a hoarse reply.

4. His grateful task the plowman quit, and waving high in air
His helmet, plume, and whetted steel, far-flashing, bright, and bare,
Into the whirling vortex plunged, where drunken conflict reeled,
And warriors, locked in death's embrace, lay quivering on the field.

5. Scarce eighteen summers then I'd seen, my soul yet throbbed for fame,
The patriot's love had blazed therein, to one fierce, quenchless flame;
I grasped my country's stainless flag, and mingled with the foe,
Where battle's blood-red billows clash, and tides of slaughter flow.

6. But now I am a feeble man,—they tell me I am old;
What means this faint and languid pulse? My limbs grow stiff and cold;
The world is fading from my view,—my sight is dim and weak,
And ah! some power is pressing here, that will not let me speak.

7. Away, my son! bring me that flag, and spread it out on high
Before the leaden sleep of death shall seal my swimming eye
Oh! shroud me in its sacred folds, its holy stripes and stars,
No meeter pall is there to hide an old man's wounds and scars.

8. It floated o'er the gory field where brave Montgomery fell,
While pale-faced carnage ghastly scowled,—I marked his aspect well,—
Till vultures poised on balanced wing, in air suspended stood,
And snuffed, upon the streaming gales their feast of human blood.

9. 'Tis well! and now my darling boy, my last bequest to thee,
Is that thou wouldst defend this flag,—this banner of the free;
If unavenged a foeman dare to blot its glorious sun,
Thy father's blessing shall not rest on his degenerate son.

10. Thus spoke an aged, patriot chief, and one brief moment smiled,
Then clasped with parent tenderness, that fondly cherished child;
Around him wrapped his country's flag, ere his proud soul retired,
And thus beneath its mantling folds the patriot chief expired.

LESSON LXXXIV.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

J. C. Pray, Jr.

1. Hail! Standard of the free and bold!
I love thy waving gorgeousness,
Which seems, like changing skies, to fold
Thy stars which, fixed, both guide and bless!
They are the emblems true of States,
Linked fast in league well known to fame—
Whose souls thy glory emulates,—
Whose sons shall never read thy shame,
Till, as a Pleiad gone from Heaven's own blue
A star be lost from thy holy hue.

2. Float ever, Flag, as when at first,
Our fathers bore thee through the air,
And pledged their lives, while on them burst
Thy glorious stars in splendor there,—
Aye, pledged their lives and liberty,
While thou their canopy shouldst stand,
To guard, protect, and honor thee,—
The emblem of our rising land:
Aye!—float as when each soldier in his tent,
Dreamed that his flag was the firmament.

3. Thou lofty ensign of the free,—
May every land thy glory know,
And every freeman cling to thee,
While breezes 'mid thy folds shall flow.

May hand, and heart, and hopes, and zeal.
Be ever by thy form inspired,—
And should it shake the common weal,
May every soul by thee be fired,—
Each patriot heart discern amid thy form,
A beacon-star in the battle-storm.

LESSON LXXXV.

Explanatory Note.—1. The Ignis Fatuus is a meteoric light which appears at night, over marshy grounds, supposed to be phosphoric matter emitted from decaying animals or vegetables. It disappears on approaching the spot where seen. The words, *literally*, mean a *harmless* or *flashy fire*.

MEMORY AND HOPE.—An Apologue.

James K. Paulding.

1. Hope is the leading-string of youth; Memory is the staff of old age,—yet for a long time they were at variance, and scarcely ever associated together. Memory was almost always grave,—nay, sad and melancholy. She delighted in silence and repose, amid rocks and waterfalls,—and whenever she raised her eyes from the ground, it was to look back over her shoulder. Hope was a smiling, dancing, rosy boy, with sparkling eyes, whom it was impossible to look upon, without being inspired by his gay and sprightly buoyance.

2. Wherever he went, he diffused around him gladness and joy,—the eyes of the young sparkled brighter than ever at his approach,—old age, as it cast its dim glance at the blue vault of heaven, seemed inspired with new vigor,—the flowers looked more gay,—the grass, more green,—the birds sung more cheerily,—and all nature seemed to sympathize in his gladness. Memory was of mortal birth,—but Hope partook of immortality.

3. Once they chanced to meet, and Memory reproached Hope with being a deceiver,—she charged him with deluding mankind by visionary, impracticable schemes, and exciting expectations that only led to disappointment and regret,—with

being the *ignis fatuus*[1] of youth, and the scourge of old age. But Hope cast back upon her the charge of deceit, and maintained that the pictures of the past were as much exaggerated by Memory as were the anticipations of Hope. He declared that she looked at objects at a great distance in the past,—he in the future,—and that this distance magnified every thing "Let us make the circuit of the world," said he, "and try the experiment." Memory consented, reluctantly, and they went their way together.

4. The first person they met was a school-boy, lounging lazily along, and stopping every moment to gaze around, as if unwilling to proceed on his way;—by-and-by he sat down and burst into tears. "Whither so fast, my good lad?" asked Hope, cheeringly. "I am going to school," replied the lad, "to study, when I would a thousand times rather be at play, —and to sit on a bench with a book in my hand, while I long to be sporting in the fields. But never mind, I shall be a man soon, and then I shall be as free as the air." Saying this, he skipped away merrily, in the hope of soon being a man. "It is thus you play upon the inexperience of youth," said Memory, reproachfully.

5. Passing onward, they met a beautiful girl, pacing in a slow and melancholy manner, behind a party of gay young men and maidens who walked arm in arm with each other, and were flirting and exchanging all those harmless courtesies which nature prompts on such occasions. They were all gayly dressed in silks and ribbons,—but the little girl had on a simple frock, a homely apron, and clumsy thick-soled shoes. "Why do you not join yonder group," asked Hope, "and partake in the gayety, my pretty little girl?" "Alas!" replied she, "they take no notice of me. They call me a child. But I shall soon be a woman,—and then I shall be *so* happy!" Inspired by this hope, she quickened her pace, and was soon seen dancing merrily with the rest.

6. In this manner they wended their way,—from nation to nation,—and clime to clime,—until they had made the circuit of the universe. Wherever they came, they found the human

race, repining at the present, and looking forward to a riper age for happiness. All anticipated some future good,—and Memory had scarce any thing to do but to cast looks of reproach at her companion. "Let us return home," said she, "to that delightful spot where I first drew my breath. I long to repose among its beautiful bowers,—to listen to the brooks that murmured a thousand times sweeter,—and to the echoes that were softer than any I have since heard. Ah! there is nothing on earth so enchanting as the scenes of my earliest youth."

7. Hope indulged himself in a sly, significant smile, and they proceeded on their way home. As they journeyed but slowly, many years elapsed ere they reached the spot whence they had departed. It so happened one day that they met an old man, bending under the weight of years, and walking with trembling steps, leaning on his staff. Memory at once recognized him as the youth they had seen going to school, in their first outset in the tour of the world. As they came nearer, the old man reclined on his staff, and looking at Hope, who being immortal, was still a blithe young boy, sighed as if his heart was breaking.

8. "What aileth thee, old man?" asked the youth. "What aileth I?" he replied, in a feeble, faltering voice,—"what should ail me but old age? I have outlived my health and strength, —I have survived all that was near and dear,—I have seen all I loved, or that loved me,—and now I stand like an old tree, withering alone in the world, without roots, without branches, and without verdure. I have only just enough sensation to know that I am miserable,—and the recollection of the happiness of youthful days, when, careless and full of blissful anticipations, I was a laughing merry boy, only adds to the miseries I now endure."

9. "Behold!" cried Hope, "the deception practiced by thyself! Dost thou remember the boy we met when we first set out together, who was weeping on his way to school, and sighing to be a man?"

10. A little onward they came to a miserable cottage, at the

door of which was an aged woman, meanly clad, and shaking with the palsy,—she sat all alone,—her head resting on her bosom,—and, as the pair approached, vainly tried to raise it up to look at them. "Good-morrow, old lady—and all happiness to you," cried Hope, gayly, and the old woman thought it was a long time since she had heard such a charming salutation.

11. "Happiness!" said she, in a voice that quivered with weakness and infirmity. "Happiness! I have had it not since I was a little girl, without care or sorrow. O, I remember those delightful days when I thought of nothing but the present moment,—nor cared for the future or the past! When I laughed, and played, and sung, from morning till night, and envied no one, or wished to be any other than I was. But those happy times are past, never to return. O, if I could only once more return to the days of my childhood!"

12. The old woman sunk back on her seat, and the tears flowed from her hollow eyes. Hope again reproached her companion,—but he only asked her if she recollected the little girl they had met a long time ago, who was so miserable because she was so young. Memory knew it well enough, and said not another word.

13. They now approached their home; and Memory was on tiptoe, at the thoughts of once more enjoying the unequaled beauties of those scenes, from which she had been so long separated. But, some how or other, it seemed that they were sadly changed. Neither the grass was so green,—the flowers so sweet and lovely,—nor did the brooks murmur,—the echoes answer, or the birds sing half so enchantingly, as she remembered them in long time past. "Alas!" she exclaimed, "how changed is every thing!"

14. "Every thing is the same,—and thou alone art changed," answered Hope. "Thou hast deceived thyself in the past, much as I deceive others in the future."

15. "What is it you are disputing about?" asked an old man, whom they had not observed before, though he was standing close by them; "I have lived almost four-score and ten years, and my experience may, perhaps, enable me to decide between

you." They told him the occasion of their disagreement, and related the history of their journey around the earth. The old man smiled,—and for a few moments sat buried in thought. He then said to them: "I, too, have lived to see all the hopes of my youth turned into shadows, clouds, and darkness, and vanish into nothing. I, too, have survived my fortune, my friends, my children, the hilarity of youth, and the blessings of health!"

16. "And dost thou not despair?" said Memory. "No, I still have one hope left me." "And what is that?" "The hope of Heaven!" Memory turned toward Hope,—threw herself into his arms,—which opened to receive her,—and burst into tears, exclaiming, "Forgive me,—I have done thee injustice. Let us never again separate from each other." "With all my heart," said Hope; and they continued, forever after, to travel ogether, hand in hand, through the world.

LESSON LXXXVI.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.—1. MURAL means *pertaining to a wall.* Among the ancient Romans, a *mural crown*, or golden crown, was bestowed on him who first mounted the wall of a besieged city, and there lodged a standard.

2. EPHEMERA literally denotes that species of insects which live only one day. It is also applied to insects which live but a short time, whether several days or an hour. *Figuratively*, it denotes any thing short-lived.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

1. "SAY, what is Hope?" I asked an ancient sage,
With tott'ring gait, and head quite white with age;—
"Hope!" he replied, "'tis but a meteor ray,
A breath, a dream, the phantom of a day."

2. I asked the mariner on ocean's wave,
Where many thousands find an early grave;—
"My hope," he said, "lies on that distant strand,
The happy spot, I call my native land."

3. I asked the warrior on the tented plain,
Now strewed with bodies of the conquered slain;—

"My hope," he said, "consists in high renown,
In wreaths of laurels, or in mural[1] crown."

4. I asked the airy sons of folly gay,
The bright ephemera[2] of fashion's ray;—
"Hope is the sun of life, his quick'ning power
Gilds as they pass each tiresome, ling'ring hour."

5. I asked an aged worldling who had run
His giddy race,—his course was well nigh done;—
With haggard looks he gazed on all around,
And dashed fair pleasure's chalice on the ground,
And said in tones of deepest misery,
"What's hópe! alas! there is no hope for me.
Oh! 'tis a bubble, false, delusive, fair,—
Inflated but to burst in wild despair!"

6 I asked an aged Christian, and his eye
Beamed with unearthly luster in reply;—
"Hope is my anchor, steadfast, sure, and strong,
In many sorrows, and in trials long;
Although I am a worm of feeble dust,
On this Almighty Rock, I place my trust.

7. "But when my earthly pilgrimage is o'er,
And I shall reach yon blest, celestial shore,
Then vailed from weeping mortals' finite sight,
Hope shall be lost in full, supreme delight;—
And ev'ry passion shall be hushed to bliss,
In pure, ecstatic, lasting happiness."

---

8. Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn,—
When soul to soul, and dust to dust, return,—
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour,—
O, then thy kingdom comes, Immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye,
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day.—CAMPBELL.

LESSON LXXXVII.

THE PURE IN HEART SHALL MEET AGAIN.

WILLIAM LEGGETT

1. If yon bright orbs which gem the night,
   Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,
Where kindred spirits re-unite,
   Whom death hath torn asunder here,—
How sweet it were at once to die,
   And leave this dreary world afar,—
Meet soul with soul, and cleave the sky,
   And soar away from star to star.

2. But O, how dark, how drear, how lone,
   Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
If, wandering through each radiant one,
   We fail to find the loved of this!—
If there no more the ties shall twine,
   That death's cold hand alone can sever!
Ah! then those stars in mockery shine,
   More hateful as they shine forever.

3. It can not be; each hope, each fear,
   That lights the eye, or clouds the brow,
Proclaims there is a happier sphere
   Than this bleak world that holds us now.
There is a voice which sorrow hears,
   When heaviest weighs life's galling chain,—
'Tis Heaven that whispers,—"Dry thy tears,
   The pure in heart shall meet again."

LESSON LXXXVIII.

THE EXISTENCE OF A GOD.

"The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."

1. Go out beneath the arched heavens, at night, and say if you can, "*There is no God!*" Pronounce that dreadful blasphemy, and each star above you will reproach the unbroken

darkness of your intellect; every voice that floats upon the night winds, will bewail your utter hopelessness and folly!

2. Is there no God? Who, then, unrolled the blue scroll, and threw upon its high frontispiece the legible gleamings of immortality? Who fashioned this green earth, with its perpetual rolling waters, and its wide expanse of islands and of main? Who settled the foundations of the mountains? Who paved the heavens with clouds, and attuned, amid the clamor of storms, the voice of thunders, and unchained the lightnings that flash in their gloom?

3. Who gave to the eagle a safe eyrie where the tempests dwell and beat the strongest; and to the dove a tranquil abode amid the forests that echo to the minstrelsy of her moan? Who made THEE, O man! with thy perfected elegance of intellect and form? Who made the light pleasant to thee, and the darkness a covering, and a herald to the first gorgeous flashes of the morning?

---

4. THERE IS A GOD. All nature declares it in a language too plain to be misapprehended. The great truth is too legibly written over the face of the whole creation to be easily mistaken. Thou canst behold it in the tender blade, just starting from the earth in early spring, or in the sturdy oak that has withstood the blasts of fourscore winters. The purling rivulet, meandering through downy meads and verdant glens, and Niagara's tremendous torrent, leaping over its awful chasm, and rolling in majesty its broad sheet of waters onward to the ocean, unite in proclaiming—"THERE IS A GOD."

5. 'Tis heard in the whispering breeze and in the howling storm, in the deep-toned thunder, and in the earthquake's shock; 'tis declared to us when the tempest lowers,—when the hurricane sweeps over the land,—when the winds moan around our dwellings, and die in sullen murmurs on the plain, when the heavens, overcast with blackness, ever and anon are illuminated by the lightning's glare.

6. Nor is the truth less solemnly impressed on our minds,

in the universal hush and calm repose of nature, when all is still as the soft breathings of an infant's slumber. The vast ocean, when its broad expanse is whitened with foam, and when its heaving waves roll mountain on mountain high, or when the dark blue of heaven's vault is reflected with beauty on its smooth and tranquil bosom, confirms the declaration. The twinkling star, shedding its flickering rays so far above the reach of human ken, and the glorious sun in the heavens, —all—all declare, there is a universal FIRST CAUSE.

7. And Man, the proud lord of creation, so fearfully and wonderfully made,—each joint in its corresponding socket,—each muscle, tendon, and artery, performing their allotted functions with all the precision of the most perfect mechanism,—and, surpassing all, possessed of a soul capable of enjoying the most exquisite pleasure, or of enduring the most excruciating pain, which is endowed with immortal capacities, and is destined to live onward through the endless ages of eternity,—these all unite in one general proclamation of the eternal truth,—there is a Being, infinite in wisdom, who reigns over all, undivided and supreme,—the Fountain of all life, Source of all light,—from whom all blessings flow, and in whom all happiness centers.

LESSON LXXXIX.

ATHEISM REPROVED.

From the ITALIAN.

1. "THERE is no God," the fool in secret said,—
"There is no God that rules or earth or sky!"
Tear off the band that folds the wretch's head,
That God may burst upon his faithless eye!
Is there no God?—the stars, in myriads spread,
If he look up, the blasphemy deny;
While his own features, in the mirror read,
Reflect the image of Divinity.

2. Is there no God?—the stream that silv'ry flows,
The air he breathes, the ground he treads, the trees,

The flowers, the grass, the sands, each wind that blows,
All speak of God; through one voice agrees,
And eloquent his dread existence shows;—
Blind to thyself, ah, see Him, fòol, in these!

1. "No Gód! No Gód!"—The simplest flower
That on the wild is found,
Shrinks, as it drinks its cup of dew,
And trembles at the sound.

2. "No Gód!" astonished Echo cries
From out her cavern hoar,
And every wandering bird that flies,
Reproves the Atheist lore.

3. The solemn forest lifts its head,
Th' Almighty to proclaim;
The brooklet, on its crystal bed,
Doth leap to praise his name.

4. High sweeps the deep and vengeful sea,
Along its billowy track,
And red Vesuvius opes its mouth,
To hurl the falsehood back.

5. The palm-tree, with its princely crest,—
The cocoa's lofty shade,—
The bread-fruit bending to its lord,
In yon fair island glade;—

6. The winged seeds, borne by the winds,
The roving sparrow's feed,—
The melon on the desert sands,—
Confute the scorner's creed.

7. "No Gód!"—with indignation high
The fervent sun is stirred;
And the pale moon turns paler still
At such an impious word!

8. And from their burning thrones, the stars
Look down with angry eye,
That thus a worm of dust should mock
ETERNAL MAJESTY! MRS. SIGOURNEY.

LESSON XC.

LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

O. DEWEY.

"Unto the pure, are all things pure."

1. LIFE is what we make it. To some, this may appear to be a very singular, if not extravagant statement. You look upon this life and upon this world, and you derive from them, it may be, a very different impression. You see the earth perhaps, only as a collection of blind, obdurate, inexorable elements and powers. You look upon the mountains that stand fast forever; you look upon the seas, that roll upon every shore their ceaseless tides; you walk through the annual round of the seasons; all things seem to be fixed, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, growth and decay; and so they are.

2. But does not the mind spread its own hue over all these scenes? Does not the cheerful man make a cheerful world? Does not the sorrowing man make a gloomy world? Does not every mind make its own world? Does it not, as if indeed a portion of the Divinity were imparted to it, almost *create* the scene around it? Its power, in fact, scarcely falls short of the theory of those philosophers, who have supposed that the world had no existence at all, but in our own minds.

3. So again with regard to human life;—it seems to many, probably, unconscious as they are of the mental and moral powers which control it, as if it were made up of fixed conditions, and of immense and impassable distinctions. But upon all conditions presses down one impartial law. To all situations, to all fortunes, high or low, the *mind* gives their character. They are in effect, not what they are in themselves, but what they are to the feelings of their possessors.

4. The king upon his throne and amidst his court, may be

a mean, degraded, miserable man; a slave to ambition, to voluptuousness, to fear, to every low passion. The peasant in his cottage, may be the real monarch,—the moral master of his fate,—the free and lofty being, more than a prince in happiness, more than a king in honor. And shall the mere names which these men bear, blind us to the actual position which they occupy amidst God's creation? No: beneath the all-powerful law of the heart, the master is often the slave; and the slave is the master.

5. It is the same creation, upon which the eyes of the cheerful and the melancholy man, are fixed; yet how different are the aspects which it bears to them! To the one it is all beauty and gladness; "the waves of ocean roll in light, and the mountains are covered with day." It seems to him as if life went forth, rejoicing upon every bright wave, and every shining bough, shaken in the breeze. It seems as if there were more than the eye seeth; a presence of deep joy among the hills and the valleys, and upon the bright waters.

6. But the gloomy man, stricken and sad at heart, stands idly or mournfully gazing at the same scene, and what is it to him? The very light,—

"Bright effluence of bright essence increate,"—

yea, the very light seems to him as a leaden pall thrown over the face of nature. All things wear to his eye a dull, dim, and sickly aspect. The great train of the seasons is passing before him, but he sighs and turns away, as if it were the train of a funeral procession; and he wonders within himself at the poetic representations and sentimental rhapsodies that are lavished upon a world so utterly miserable.

7. Here then, are two different worlds, in which these two classes of beings live; and they are formed and made what they are, out of the very same scene, only by different states of mind in the beholders. The eye maketh that which it looks upon. The ear maketh its own melodies or discords. The world without reflects the world within.

8. Every disposition and behavior has a kind of magnetic

attraction, by which it draws to itself, its like. Selfishness will hardly be a center, round which the benevolent affections will revolve; the cold-hearted may expect to be treated with coldness, and the proud with haughtiness; the passionate with anger, and the violent with rudeness; those who forget the rights of others, must not be surprised if their own are forgotten; and those who forget their dignity, who stoop to the lowest embraces of sense, must not wonder, if others are not concerned to find their prostrate honor, and to lift it up to the remembrance and respect of the world.

9. To the gentle, how many will be gentle; to the kind, how many will be kind! How many does a lovely example win to goodness! How many does meekness subdue to a like temper, when they come into its presence! How many does sanctity purify! How many does it command to put away all earthly defilements, when they step into its presence! Yes, a good man will find that there is goodness in the world; an honest man will find that there is honesty; a man of principle will find a principle of religious integrity, in the hearts of others.

10. There are no blessings which the mind may not convert into the bitterest of evils; and there are no trials which it may not transform into the most noble and divine of blessings. There are no temptations, from which the virtue they assail, may not gain strength, instead of falling a sacrifice to their power.

LESSON XCI.

THE WORLD, THE MIRROR OF THE MIND.

R. H. DANA.

1. YES, man reduplicates himself. You see
In yonder lake reflected, rock and tree.
Each leaf at rest, or quivering in the air,
Now rests, now stirs as if a breeze were there,
Sweeping the crystal depths. How perfect all!
And see those slender top-boughs rise and fall;

The double strips of silvery sand unite.
Above, below, each grain distinct and bright.

2. The world, O man, is like that flood to thee;
Turn where thou wilt, thyself in all things see,
Reflected back. As drives the blinding sand
Round Egypt's piles, where'er thou tak'st thy stand,
If that thy heart be barren, there will sweep
The drifting waste, like waves along the deep;
Fill up the vale and choke the laughing streams,
That ran by grass and brake, with dancing beams;
Sear the fresh woods, and from thy heavy eye
Vail the wide-shining glories of the sky,
And one still, sightless level make the earth,
Like thy dull, lonely, joyless Soul,—a dearth.

3. The rill is tuneless to his ear, who feels
No harmony within; the south wind steals
As silent as unseen among the leaves.
Who has no inward beauty, none perceives,
Though all around is beautiful. Nay, more,—
In nature's calmest hour he hears the roar
Of winds and flinging waves,—puts out the light,
When high and angry passions meet in fight;
And, his own spirit into tumult hurled,
He makes a turmoil of a quiet world;
The fiends of his own bosom people air
With kindred fiends that hunt him in despair.
Hates he his fellow-men? Why, then, he deems
'Tis hate for hate:—as he, so each one seems.

4. Soul! fearful is thy power, which thus transforms
All things into his likeness; heaves in storms
The strong, proud sea, or lays it down to rest,
Like the hushed infant on its mother's breast,—
Which gives each outward circumstance its hue,
And shapes all others' acts and thoughts anew,
That so, they joy, or love, or hate, impart,
As joy, love, hate, holds rule within the heart.

LESSON XCII.

THE CONVICT SHIP.

T. K. HERVEY.

1. **MORN** on the waters! and purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See! the tall vessel, goes gallantly on;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the gale
The winds come around her, in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along;
See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gayly aloft in the shrouds

2. Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
O'er the rough waters,—away, and away!
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!
Who,—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high,—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh! there are hearts that are breaking below!

3. Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky,
Treading its depths in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light!
Look to the waters!—asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain!

4. Who,—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty,—could deem with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And that souls that are smitten, lie bursting within?

5. Who,—as he watches her silently gliding,—
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,—
Hearts which are parted and broken forever?
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?

6. 'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amidst sunshine and song!
Gayly we glide, in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvas unfurled;
All gladness and glory, to wandering eyes,
Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs;
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;
And the withering thoughts which the world can not know,
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
While the vessel drives on to that desolate shore,
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er.

LESSON XCIII.

THE EVILS OF IGNORANCE.

WATSON.

"There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty, giveth him understanding."

1. THE faculties of knowledge, reason, judgment, and voluntary determination, distinguish us from the beasts that perish, and constitute the true dignity of our nature. "God, our Maker, hath made us to know more than the beasts of the field, or to be wiser than the fowls of Heaven." But faculties and powers are of little value till they are brought into exercise, and directed to their proper objects.

2. They are like the seed of vegetables cast upon the wayside, which, though it contains the rudiments of the future plant, and possesses the faculty or power of vegetation, exists without end and without use, and must be cast into the earth, moistened by the "fatness of the clouds," invigorated by the rays of the sun, and tended by the assiduous care of the hus-

bandman, before it can bring forth fruit, yield its increase, and answer its designed purpose in the creation of God.

3. So it is with man. Instruction is to him what culture is to the plant; and when he is deprived of its aid, his powers either remain wholly latent, or their exercises, like the produce of the uncultivated plant, are wild and worthless. Life is spent in a vacant stupidity, or distracted by the ebullitions of a heated and irregular imagination; judgment is perverted by prejudices; and reason subjected to vicious affections.

4. The conduct which ought to have been the result of judgment and prudence, is impelled by sense and appetite, and he whose powers, had they been rightly improved, would have allied him to angels, and stamped upon his nature the image of God, is reduced to a situation little superior to the irrational part of creation,—the subject of instinct, and the slave of passion.

5. Ignorance destroys the usefulness of man. "Knowledge is power, and wisdom is better than strength." Knowledge constitutes the whole difference between savage and civilized society; for to the improvement of the mind, all nations have owed the improvement of their condition. The comforts and conveniences of life, useful arts, salutary laws, and good governments, are all the productions of knowledge.

6. Ignorance is the negative of every thing good and useful. It is the darkness of night, in which man slumbers away an unprofitable and miserable life,—a darkness which the rays of knowledge must disperse, before he will awake to exercise, and rise into improvement. But ignorance not only renders the members of a community useless to each other, but opposes, and frequently triumphs over all the endeavors of humane and enlightened individuals.

7. How often have the salutary measures of the patriotic statesman, the discoveries of the sagacious philosopher, the improvements of the ingenious artist, and the benevolent institutions of the distinguished philanthropist, been rendered abortive and useless by popular ignorance and popular prejudice! The despotism of ignorance is of the most imperious nature. Its possession of the human mind, at the age of ma-

turity, is firm and resisting; and it is only by a kind of force that knowledge gains admission.

8. Ignorance is destructive of virtue. In proportion, therefore, as ignorance prevails in society, virtue is destroyed; and though we can not say, on the contrary, that in proportion as knowledge is disseminated, virtue will prevail,—for there may be knowledge without virtue,—yet when the doctrines of religious science, are generally known, the elements and materials of virtue are proportionably distributed; and by zeal and assiduity, accompanied by the blessing of God, virtue itself may be produced. In this case we labor in hope; but ignorance presents us with nothing but despair. Ignorant men may possibly be made enthusiasts; they may be made superstitious; but before they can be made rational, steady, and consistent Christians, they must be enlightened.

9. Ignorance is destructive of happiness. There is a pleasure in knowledge, of a kind more pure and elevated than can possibly be found in any of the gratifications of sense, and for which the latter are but unworthy substitutes. Ignorance is a state, cold and cheerless, in which the finer feelings of the human soul are locked up, and man is deprived of the enjoyment which results from their exercise and perfection.

10. All the pleasures of the uninformed, if pleasures they may be called, arise only from outward objects, and when they are satiated with these, or deprived of the opportunity of resorting to them, having no mental resources, no power of producing enjoyment from their own thoughts and reflections, they sink into a vacancy and torpor, little superior to idiotism itself.

LESSON XCIV.

THE STUDENT.

"I have seen the pale student, bending over his written volume, or studying the exhaustless tomes of nature, until the springs of life were dried up, and,—he died!"

1. "POOR FOOL!" the base and soulless worldling cries,
To waste his strength for naught,—to blanch his cheek,

And bring pale Death upon him in his prime.
Why did he not to pleasure give his days,—
His nights to rest,—and live while live he might?"
What is 't to live? To breathe the vital áir,
Consúme the fruits of earth, and doze away
Exístence? Nèver! this is living death,—
'Tis brutish life,—base, groveling. E'en the brutes
Of nobler nature, live not lives like this.
Shall man, then, formed to be creation's lord,
Stamped with the impress of Divinity, and sealed
With God's own signet, sink below the brute?
Forbid it, Heaven! it can not, *must* not be!

2. Oh! when the mighty God from nothing brought
This universe,—when at His word the light
Burst forth,—the sun wás set in heaven,—
And earth was clothed in beauty; when the last,
The noble work of all, from dust He framed
Our bodies in His image,—when He placed
Within its temple-shrine of clay, the soul,—
The immortal soul,—infused by His own truth,
Did He not show, 'tis this which gives to man
His high prerogative? Why then declare
That he who thinks less of his worthless frame,
And lives a spirit, even in this world,
Lives not as well,—lives not as long, as he
Who drags out years of life, without one thought,—
One hope,—one wish beyond the present hour?

3 How shall we measure life? Not by the years,—
The months,—the days,—the moments that we pass
On earth. By him whose soul is raised above
Base worldly things,—whose heart is fixed in Heaven,—
His life is measured by that soul's advance,—
Its cleansing from pollution and from sin,—
The enlargement of its powers,—the expanded field
Wherein it ranges,—till it glows and burns
With holy joys,—with high and heavenly hopes.

4 When in the silent night, all earth lies hushed
In slumber,—when the glorious stars shine out,
Each star a sun,—each sun a central light
Of some fair system, ever wheeling on
In one unbroken round,—and that again
Revolving round another sun,—while all
Suns, stars, and systems, proudly roll along,
In one majestic, ever-onward course,
In space uncircumscribed and limitless,—
Oh! think you then the undebased soul
Can calmly give itself to sleep,—to rest?

5 No! in the solemn stillness of the night,
It soars from earth,—it dwells in angels' homes,—
It hears the burning song,—the glowing chant,
That fills the sky-girt vaults of heaven with joy!
It pants, it sighs, to wing its flight from earth,
To join the heavenly choirs, and be with God.

6. And it is joy to muse the written page,
Whereon are stamped the gushings of the soul
Of genius;—where, in never-dying light,
It glows and flashes as the lightning's glare;
Or where it burns with ray more mild,—more sure,
And wins the soul, that half would turn away
From its more brilliant flashings. These are hours
Of holy joy,—of bliss, so pure, that earth
May hardly claim it. Let his lamp grow dim,
And flicker to extinction; let his cheek
Be pale as sculptured marble,—and his eye
Lose its bright luster,—till his shrouded frame
Is laid in dust. Himself can never die!

7. His *years*, 'tis true, are few,—his *life* is long;
For he has gathered many a precious gem;
Enraptured, he has dwelt where master minds
Have poured their own deep musings,—and his heart
Has glowed with love to Him who framed us thus,—
Who placed within this worthless tegument

The spark of pure Divinity, which shines
With light unceasing.

8. Yes, his life is long,—
Long to the dull and lothsome epicures,—
Long to the slothful man's,—the groveling herds
Who scarcely know they have a soul within,—
Long to all those who, creeping on to death,
Meet in the grave, the earth-worm's banquet-hall,—
And leave behind no monuments for good.

LESSON XCV.

Explanatory Notes.—1. It is generally supposed that the cities **Sodom** and **Gomorrah**, the destruction of which is mentioned in the 19th Chapter of Genesis, were situated where is now the **Dead Sea**.

2. **Tiber** is the river of Italy, on whose banks the city of Rome is situated. **Eurotas** is a river of Greece, on the banks of which stood **Sparta** the great capital of Laconia, and also numerous villages and towns. **Cephi'sus** is the name of three rivers of Greece, on the banks of one of which Athens is situated. This is doubtless the one, to which reference is here had.

3. **Ennui** is a term denoting *lassitude*, *gloominess*.

VALLEY OF THE JORDAN AND DEAD SEA.

From the French of Chateaubriand.

1. Conceive two long chains of mountains running parallel from north to south, without projections, without recesses, without vegetation. The valley which lies between these mountains, resembles the bottom of a sea, from which the waves have long ago withdrawn,—banks of gravel, a dried bottom, rocks covered with salt, deserts of moving sand, here and there stunted arbutus shrubs grow with difficulty on that arid soil; their leaves are covered with the salt which had nourished their roots, while their bark has the scent and taste of smoke.

2. Instead of villages, nothing but the ruins of towers are to be seen. Through the midst of the valley flows a discolored stream which seems to drag its lazy course unwillingly toward the lake. Its course is not to be discerned by the water, but by the willows and shrubs which skirt its banks, and in which the Arab conceals himself to way-lay and rob the pilgrim.

3. Such are the places rendered famous by the maledictions of Heaven. That river is the Jordan. That lake is the Dead Sea. It appears with a serene surface; but the guilty cities[1] which are embosomed in its waves, have poisoned its waters. Its solitary abysses can sustain the life of no living thing; no vessel ever plowed its bosom; its shores are without trees, without birds, without verdure; its water, frightfully salt, is so heavy that the highest wind can hardly raise it.

4. I had seen the great rivers of America, with the pleasure which is inspired by the magnificent works of nature. I had hailed the Tiber[2] with ardor, and sought the Eurotas and Cephisus;[3] but on none of these occasions did I experience the intense emotion which I felt on approaching the Jordan Not only did that river recall the earliest antiquity, and a name rendered immortal in the finest poetry, but its banks were the theater of the miracles of our religion. Judea is the only country which recalls the earliest recollections of man, and our first impressions of Heaven; and thence arises a mixture of feeling in the mind, which no other part of the world can produce.

5. In traveling in Judea, an extreme feeling of ennui[4] frequently seizes the mind, from the sterile and monotonous aspect of the objects which are presented to the eye. But when journeying on through these pathless deserts, the expanse seems to spread out to infinity before you, the ennui disappears, and a secret terror is experienced, which, far from lowering the soul, elevates and inflames the genius. These extraordinary scenes reveal the land, desolated by miracles;—that burning sun, the impetuous eagle, the barren fig-tree, all the poetry,—all the pictures of Scripture, are there.

6. Every name recalls a mystery; every grotto speaks of the life to come; every peak re-echoes the voice of a prophet. God himself has spoken on these shores;—these dried-up torrents, these cleft rocks, these tombs rent asunder, attest His resistless hand. The desert appears mute with terror; and you feel that it has never ventured to break silence since it heard the voice of the Eternal.

LESSON XCVI.

ELIJAH'S INTERVIEW.*

1. On Horeb's rock the prophet stood,—
   The Lord before him passed;
A hurricane in angry mood
   Swept by him strong and fast;
The forest fell before its force,
The rocks were shivered in its course,
   God was not in the blast;
'Twas but the whirlwind of His breath,
Announcing danger, wreck, and death.

2. It ceased. The air grew mute,—a cloud
   Came muffling up the sun;
When through the mountain, deep and loud,
   An earthquake thundered on;
The frighted eagle sprang in air,
The wolf ran howling from his lair,—
   God was not in the storm;—
'Twas but the rolling of his car,—
The trampling of His steeds from far.

3 'Twas still again,—and Nature stood
   And calmed her ruffled frame;
When swift from heaven a fiery flood
   To earth devouring came;
Down to the depth the ocean fled,—
The sick'ning sun looked wan and dead,
   Yet God filled not the flame;—
'Twas but the terror of His eye,
That lightened through the troubled sky.

4. At last a voice, all still and small,
   Rose sweetly on the ear;
Yet rose so shrill and clear, that all
   In heaven and earth might hear.

---

* Consult the 19th Chapter of 1 Kings, 11th and 12th verses.

It spoke of peace, it spoke of love,
It spoke as angels speak above,
And God himself was there!
For O, it was a Father's voice
That bade the trembling heart rejoice!

LESSON XCVII.

NOTE.—JOHN ADAMS and THOMAS JEFFERSON died July 4th, 1826, the anniversary of American Independence. Jefferson was the framer of the Declaration of Independence, and John Adams, a strenuous advocate for its adoption in the Continental Congress. They both had been Presidents of the United States, and though they differed in politics, yet they were too noble-minded to allow political differences to sever their friendship. They maintained a friendly intercourse through life, and both took their departure from earth on that day, rendered memorable by their deeds.

EULOGY ON THE LIVES OF ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.

STORY.

1. WE have just passed the jubilee of our independence, and witnessed the prayers and gratitude of millions ascending to Heaven for our public and private blessings. That independence was the achievement, not of faction and ignorance, but of hearts as pure, and minds as enlightened, and judgments as sound, as ever graced the annals of mankind. Among the leaders were statesmen and scholars, as well as heroes and patriots. We have followed many of them to the tomb, blessed with the honors of their country. We have been privileged yet more; we have lived to witness an almost miraculous event in the departure of two great authors of our independence, on that memorable and blessed day of jubilee.

2. I may not, in this place, presume to pronounce the funeral panegyric of these extraordinary men. It has already been done by some of the master-spirits of our country, by men worthy of the task, worthy as Pericles to pronounce the honors of the Athenian dead. It was the beautiful saying of the Grecian orator, that "This whole earth is the sepulcher of illustrious men. Nor is it the inscription on the columns in their native soil alone, that show their merit; but the memo-

rial of them, better than all inscriptions, in every foreign nation, reposited more durably in universal remembrance, than on their own tombs."

3. Such is the lot of ADAMS and JEFFERSON. They have lived, not for themselves, but for their country; not for their country alone, but for the world. They belong to history, as furnishing some of the best examples of disinterested and successful patriotism. They belong to posterity, as the instructors of all future ages, in the principles of rational liberty, and the rights of the people. They belong to us of the present age, by their glory, by their virtues, and by their achievements. These are memorials which can never perish. They will brighten with the lapse of time, and, as they loom on the ocean of eternity, will seem present to the most distant generations of men.

4. That voice of more than Roman eloquence, which urged and sustained the Declaration of Independence,—that voice, whose first and whose last accents were for his country, is indeed mute. It will never again rise in defense of the weak against popular excitement, and vindicate the majesty of law and justice. It will never again awaken a nation to arms to assert its liberties. It will never again instruct the public councils by its wisdom. It will never again utter its almost oracular thoughts in philosophical retirement. It will never again pour out its strains of parental affection, and in the domestic circle, give new force and fervor to the consolations of religion.

5. The hand, too, which inscribed the Declaration of Independence, is indeed laid low. The weary head reposes on its mother earth. The mountain winds sweep by the narrow tomb, and all around has the loneliness of desolation.

6. The stranger-guest may no longer visit that hospitable home, and find him there, whose classical taste and various conversation, lent a charm to every leisure hour; whose bland manners and social simplicity made every welcome doubly dear; whose expansive mind commanded the range of almost every art and science; whose political sagacity, like that of

his illustrious coadjutor, read the fate and interests of nations, as with a second sight, and scented the first breath of tyranny in the passing gale; whose love of liberty, like his, was inflexible, universal, supreme; whose devotion to their common country, like his, never faltered in the worst, and never wearied in the best of times; whose public services ended but with life, carrying the long line of their illumination over sixty years; whose last thoughts exhibited the ruling passion of the heart, enthusiasm in the cause of education; whose last breathing committed his soul to God, and his offspring to his country.

7. Yes, ADAMS and JEFFERSON are gone from us forever,—gone, as a sunbeam to revisit its native skies,—gone, as this mortal to put on immortality. Of them, of each of them, every American may exclaim,

> "Ne'er to the chambers, where the mighty rest,
> Since their foundation, came a nobler guest,
> Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
> A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade."

8. We may not mourn over the departure of such men. We should rather hail it as a kind dispensation of Providence to affect our hearts with new and livelier gratitude. They were not cut off in the blossom of their days, while yet the vigor of manhood flushed their cheeks, and the harvest of glory was ungathered. They fell, not as martyrs fall, seeing only in dim perspective, the salvation of their country.

9. They lived to enjoy the blessings earned by their labors, and to realize all which their fondest hopes had desired. The infirmities of life stole slowly and silently upon them, leaving still behind a cheerful serenity of mind. In peace, in the bosom of domestic affection, in the hallowed reverence of their countrymen, in the full possession of their faculties, they wore out the last remains of life, without a fear to cloud, with scarcely a sorrow to disturb its close.

10. The joyful day of our jubilee came over them with its refreshing influence. To them, indeed, it was "a great and good day." The morning sun shone with softened luster on

their closing eyes. Its evening beams played lightly on their brows, calm in all the dignity of death. Their spirits escaped from these frail tenements without a struggle or a groan. Their death was gentle as an infant's sleep. It was a long, lingering twilight, melting into the softest shade.

11. Fortunate men, so to have lived, and so to have died. Fortunate, to have gone, hand in hand, in the deeds of the Revolution. Fortunate, in the generous rivalry of middle life. Fortunate, in deserving and receiving the highest honors of their country. Fortunate, in old age to have rekindled their friendship with a holier flame. Fortunate, to have passed through the dark valley of the shadow of death together. Fortunate, to be indissolubly united in the memory and affections of their countrymen. Fortunate, above all, in an immortality of virtuous fame, on which history may with severe simplicity write the dying encomium of Pericles, "No citizen, through their means, ever put on mourning."

---

12. ADAMS and JEFFERSON are no more. As human beings, indeed, they are no more. They are no more, as in 1776, bold and fearless advocates of independence; no more, as on subsequent periods, the head of the government; no more, as we have recently seen them, aged and venerable objects of admiration and regard. They are no more. They are dead, But how little is there of the great and good, which can die! To their country they yet live, and live forever.

13. They live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth, in the recorded proofs of their own great actions, in the offspring of their intellect, in the deep engraved lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example; and they live, emphatically, and will live in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise, and will continue to exercise, on the affairs of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the civilized world.

14. A superior and commanding intellect, a truly great man, when Heaven vouchsafes so rare a gift, is not a temporary flame,

burning bright for a while, and then expiring, giving place to returning darkness. It is rather a spark of fervent heat, as well as radiant light, with power to enkindle the common mass of human mind; so that when it glimmers, in its own decay, and finally goes out in death, no night follows, but it leaves the world all light, all on fire, from the potent contact of its own spirit.

15. Bacon died; but the human understanding, roused by the touch of his miraculous wand to a perception of the true philosophy, and the just mode of inquiring after truth, has kept on its course successfully and gloriously. Newton died; yet the courses of the spheres are still known, and they yet move on in the orbits which he saw, and described for them in the infinity of space.

16. These suns, as they rose slowly and steadily, amidst clouds and storms, in their ascendant, so they have not rushed from their meridian to sink suddenly in the west. Like the mildness, the serenity, the continuing benignity of a summer's day, they have gone down with slow-descending, grateful, long-lingering light; and now that they are beyond the visible margin of the world, good omens cheer us from "the bright track of their fiery car!"—WEBSTER.

LESSON XCVIII.

THE GRAY FOREST EAGLE.

A. B. STREET.

1. WITH storm-daring pinion, and sun-gazing eye,
The Gray Forest Eagle is king of the sky!
Oh! little he loves the green valley of flowers,
Where sunshine and song cheer the bright summer hours,
But the dark, gloomy gorge, where down plunges the foam
Of the fierce, rocky torrent, he claims as his home;
There he blends his keen shriek with the roar of the flood
And the many-voiced sounds of the blast-smitten wood.

2. A fitful red glaring, a low, rumbling jar,
Proclaim the Storm-Demon, yet raging afar;

The black cloud strides upward, the lightning more red,
And the roll of the thunder, more deep and more dread;
The Gray Forest Eagle, where, where has he sped?
Does he shrink to his eyrie, and shiver with dread?
Does the glare blind his eyes? Has the terrible blast
On the wing of the Sky-King a fear-fetter cast?

3. O, no, the brave Eagle! he thinks not of fright;
The wrath of the tempest but rouses delight;
To the flash of the lightning his eye casts a gleam,
To the shriek of the wild blast he echoes his scream,
And with front like a warrior that speeds to the fray,
And a clapping of pinions, he's up and away!
Away, O away, soars the fearless and free!
What recks he the sky's strife?—its monarch is he!
The lightning darts round him,—undaunted his sight;
The blast sweeps against him,—unwavered his flight;
High upward, still upward he wheels, till his form
Is lost in the dark scowling gloom of the storm.

4. The tempest glides o'er with its terrible train,
And the splendor of sunshine is glowing again;
And full on the form of the tempest in flight,
The rainbow's magnificence gladdens the sight!
The Gray Forest Eagle! O, where is he now,
While the sky wears the smile of its God on its brow?
There's a dark, floating spot by yon cloud's pearly wreath,—
With the speed of the arrow 'tis shooting beneath;
Down, nearer and nearer, it draws to the gaze,—
Now over the rainbow,—now blent with its blaze;—
'Tis the Eagle,—the Gray Forest Eagle!—once more
He sweeps to his eyrie,—his journey is o'er!

5 Time whirls round his circle, his years roll away,
But the Gray Forest Eagle minds little his sway;
The child spurns its buds for youth's thorn-hidden bloom,
Seeks manhood's bright phantoms, finds age and a tomb;
But the Eagle's eye dims not, his wing is unbowed,
Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud.

6. An emblem of Freedom, stern, haughty, and high,
Is the Gray Forest Eagle, that king of the sky!
When his shadows steal black o'er the empires of kings,
Deep terror,—deep, heart-shaking terror,—he brings;
Where wicked oppression is armed for the weak,
There rustles his pinion, there echoes his shriek;
His eye flames with vengeance, he sweeps on his way,
And his talons are bathed in the blood of his prey.

7. O, that Eagle of Freedom! when cloud upon cloud
Swathed the sky of my own native land with a shroud,
When lightnings gleamed fiercely, and thunder-bolts rung,
How proud to the tempest those pinions were flung!
Though the wild blast of battle rushed fierce through the air
With darkness and dread, still the Eagle was there;
Unquailing, still speeding, his swift flight was on,
Till the rainbow of Peace crowned the victory won.

8. O, that Eagle of Freedom! age dims not his eye,
He has seen earth's mortality spring, bloom, and die!
He has seen the strong nations rise, flourish, and fall,
He mocks at time's changes, he triumphs o'er all;
He has seen our own land with wild forests o'erspread,—
He sees it with sunshine and joy on its head;
And his presence will bless this his own chosen clime.
Till the Archangel's fiat is set upon Time

LESSON XCIX.

INSIGNIFICANCE OF THE EARTH.

Chalmers.

1. Though the earth were to be burned up, though the trumpet of its dissolution were sounded, though yon sky were to pass away as a scroll, and every visible glory which the finger of the Divinity has inscribed upon it, were extinguished forever,—an event so awful to us, and to every world in our vicinity, by which so many suns would be extinguished, and so many varied scenes of life and population would rush into

forgetfulness,—what is it in the high scale of the Almighty's workmanship? A mere shred which, though scattered into nothing, would leave the universe of God one entire scene of greatness and majesty.

2. Though the earth and the heavens were to disappear, there are other worlds which roll afar; the light of other suns shines upon them; and the sky which mantles them, is garnished with other stars. Is it presumption to say that the moral world extends to these distant and unknown regions? that the praises of God are there lifted up, and his goodness rejoiced in? that there piety has its temples and its offerings? and the richness of the Divine attributes, is there felt and admired by intelligent worshipers?

3. The universe at large would suffer as little in its splendor and variety by the destruction of our planet, as the verdure and sublime magnitude of a forest, would suffer by the fall of a single leaf. The leaf quivers on the branch which supports it. It lies at the mercy of the slightest accident. A breath of wind tears it from its stem, and it lights on the stream of water which passes underneath. In a moment of time the life, with which we know by the microscope it teems, is extinguished; and an occurrence so insignificant in the eye of man, and on the scale of his observation, carries in it, to the myriads which people this little leaf, an event as terrible and as decisive as the destruction of a world.

4. Now, on the grand scale of the universe, we, the occupiers of this ball which performs its little round among the suns and the systems that astronomy has unfolded,—we may feel the same littleness and the same insecurity. We differ from the leaf only in this circumstance, that it would require the operations of greater elements to destroy us. But these elements exist. The fire which rages within may lift its devouring energy to the surface of our planet, and transform it into one wide and wasting volcano. The sudden formation of elastic matter in the bowels of the earth, may explode it into fragments.

5. The exhalation of noxious air from below, may impart a

virulence to the air that is around us; it may affect the delicate proportions of its ingredients; and the whole of animated nature may wither and die under the malignity of a tainted atmosphere. A blazing comet may cross this fated planet in its orbit, and realize all the terrors which superstition has conceived of it. We can not anticipate with precision the consequences of an event which every astronomer must know to lie within the limits of chance and possibility. It may hurry our globe toward the sun, or drag it to the outer regions of the planetary system, or give it a new axis of revolution; and the effect, which I shall simply announce without explaining it, would be to change the place of the ocean, and bring another mighty flood upon our islands and continents.

6. These are changes which may happen in a single instant of time, and against which nothing known in the present system of things provides us with any security. They might not annihilate the earth, but they would unpeople it, and we who tread its surface with such firm and assured footsteps, are at the mercy of devouring elements, which, if let loose upon us by the hand of the Almighty, would spread solitude, and silence, and death over the dominions of the world.

7. Now, it is this littleness and this insecurity which make the protection of the Almighty so dear to us, and bring with such emphasis to every pious bosom the holy lessons of humility and gratitude. The God who sitteth above, and presides in high authority over all worlds, is mindful of man: and though at this moment His energy is felt in the remotest provinces of creation, we may feel the same security in His providence, as if we were the objects of His undivided care.

8. It is not for us to bring our minds up to this mysterious agency. But such is the incomprehensible fact, that the same Being, whose eye is abroad over the whole universe, gives vegetation to every blade of grass, and motion to every particle of blood, which circulates through the veins of the minutest animal: that though His mind takes into its comprehensive grasp immensity and all its wonders, I am as much known to Him, as if I were the single object of His attention; that He

marks all my thoughts; and that with an exercise of power, which I can neither describe nor comprehend, the same God who sits in the highest heaven, and reigns over the glories of the firmament, is at my right hand to give me every breath which I draw, and every comfort which I enjoy.

LESSON C.

A NAME IN THE SAND.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

1. ALONE I walked the ocean strand;
A pearly shell was in my hand;
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name,—the year,—the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One ling'ring look behind I cast;
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

2. And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me;
A wave of dark oblivion's sea,
Will sweep across the place,
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been to be no more,—
Of me,—my day,—the name I bore,
To leave nor track nor trace.

3. And yet with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands,
Inscribed against my name,—
Of all this mortal part has wrought;
Of all this thinking soul has thought;
And from these fleeting moments caught,
For glory or for shame.

LESSON CI.

HAPPINESS.

POLLOK.

1. God gave much peace on earth,—much holy joy,
Oped fountains of perennial spring, whence flowed
Abundant happiness to all who wished
To drink;—not perfect bliss; *that* dwells with us,
Beneath the eyelids of the Eternal One,
And sits at His right hand alone; but such,
As well deserved the name,—abundant joy;—
Pleasures, on which the memory of saints
Of highest glory, still delights to dwell.

2. It was, we own, subject of much debate,
And worthy men stood on opposing sides,
Whether the cup of mortal life had more
Of sour or sweet. Vain question this, when asked
In general terms, and worthy to be left
Unsolved. If most was sour, the drinker, not
The cup, we blame. Each in himself the means
Possessed to turn the bitter sweet,—the sweet
To bitter. Hence, from out the self-same fount,
One nectar drank; another, draughts of gall.

3. Hence, from the self-same quarter of the sky,
One saw ten thousand angels look and smile;
Another saw as many demons frown.
One discord heard, where harmony inclined
Another's ear. The sweet was in the taste;
The beauty in the eye; and in the ear,
The melody; and in the man,—for God
Necessity of sinning laid on none,—
To form the taste, to purify the eye,
And tune the ear, that all he tasted, saw,
Or heard, might be harmonious, sweet, and fair.
Who would, might groan; who would, might sing for joy.

4. Whether in crowds or solitudes, in streets
Or shady groves, dwelt Happiness, it seems

In vain to ask; her nature makes it vain;
Though poets much, and hermits talked and sung
Of brooks, and crystal founts, and weeping dews,
And myrtle bowers, and solitary vales.
Delirious babble all! Was Happiness,
Was self-approving, God-approving joy,
In drops of dew, however pure? in gales,
However sweet? in wells, however clear?
Or groves, however thick with verdant shades?

5. True, these were of themselves exceeding fair;—
How fair at morn and even! worthy the walk
Of loftiest mind; and gave, when all within
Was right, a feast of overflowing bliss;
But were the *occasion,* not the *cause* of joy.
They waked the native fountains of the soul,
Which slept before; and stirred the holy tides
Of feeling up; giving the heart to drink
From its own treasures, draughts of perfect sweet

6. The Christian faith, which better knew the heart
Of man,—him thither sent for peace; and thus
Declared: "Who finds it, let him find it there;
Who finds it not, forever let him seek
In vain;—'tis God's most holy, changeless will."

7. True Happiness had no localities;
No tones provincial; no peculiar garb.
Where duty went, she went; with justice went;
And went with meekness, charity, and love.
Where'er a tear was dried; a wounded heart
Bound up; a bruised spirit with the dew
Of sympathy anointed; or a pang
Of honest suffering soothed; or injury
Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven.

8. Where'er an evil passion was subdued,
Or virtue's feeble embers fanned; where'er
A sin was heartily abjured, and left;
Where'er a pious act was done, or breathed

A pious prayer, or wished a pious wish,—
There was a high and holy place,—a spot
Of sacred light, a most religious fane,
Where Happiness, descending, sat and smiled.

LESSON CII.

ANALOGY BETWEEN THE DECAY OF NATURE AND OF MAN.

ALISON.

1. THERE is an even-tide in the day,—an hour when the sun retires, and the shadows fall, and when nature assumes the appearances of soberness and silence. It is an hour, from which everywhere the thoughtless fly, as peopled only in their imagination with images of gloom;—it is the hour which, in every age, the wise have loved, as bringing with it sentiments and affections more valuable than all the splendors of the day.

2. Its first impression is to still all the turbulence of thought or passion, which the day may have brought forth. We follow, with our eye, the descending sun,—we listen to the decaying sounds of labor and of toil, and when all the fields are silent around us, we feel a kindred stillness to breathe upon our souls, and to calm them from the agitations of society. In the day we are living with men,—in the even-tide we begin to live with nature.

3. It is an hour, fitted to still, but with gentle hand, the throb of every unruly passion, and the ardor of every impure desire; and, while it vails, for a time, the world that misleads us, it awakens in our hearts those legitimate affections which the heat of day may have dissolved. In the moments when earth is overshadowed, Heaven opens to our eyes the radiance of a sublimer being.

4. Our hearts follow the successive splendors of the scene, and while we forget, for a time, the obscurity of earthly concerns, we feel that there are "yet greater things than these," and that we "have a Father who dwelleth in the heavens, and who yet deigneth to consider the things that are upon earth."

5. There is an "even-tide" in the year,—a season when the sun withdraws his propitious light,—when the winds arise, and the leaves fall, and nature around us seems to sink into decay. It is a season which tends to wean us from the passions of the world. A few days ago, and the summer of the year was grateful, and every element was filled with life, and the sun in heaven seemed to glory in his ascendant. He is now enfeebled in his power; the desert no more "blossoms like the rose;" the song of joy is no more heard among the branches; and the earth is strewed with that foliage which once bespoke the magnificence of summer.

6. Whatever may be the passions which society has awakened, we pause amid this apparent desolation of nature. We sit down in the lodge "of the wayfaring man in the wilderness," and we feel that all we witness is the emblem of our own fate.—Such, in a few years, will be our own condition. The blossoms of our spring, the pride of our summer, will also fade into decay; and the pulse that now beats high with virtuous or vicious desire, will gradually sink, and then cease forever.

7. It is the peculiar character of the melancholy which such seasons excite, that it is general. It is not an individual remonstrance. When the winds of autumn sigh around us, their voice speaks not to us only; the lesson they teach, is not that we alone decay, but that such also is the fate of all the generations of man.

8. In such a sentiment there is a kind of sublimity, mingled with its melancholy;—our tears fall, but they fall not for ourselves;—and, although the train of our thoughts may have begun with the selfishness of our own concerns, we feel that, by the ministry of some mysterious power, they end in awakening our concern for every being that lives. Yet a few years, and all that now bless, or all that now convulse humanity, will have perished. The mightiest pageantry of life will pass,—the loudest notes of triumph or conquest will be silent in the grave;—the wicked, wherever active, "will cease from troubling and the weary," wherever suffering, "will be at rest."

9. There is an "even-tide" in human life,—a season when the eye becomes dim, and the strength decays,—when the winter of age begins to shed upon the head its prophetic snow. The spring and summer of our days soon pass away, and with them, not only the joys they knew, but many of the friends who bestow them. In the retrospect of our journey, we have seen every day the shades of the evening fall, and every year the clouds of winter gather. But we have also seen, every succeeding day, the morning arise in its brightness, and in every succeeding year the spring return to renovate the winter of nature.

10. It is thereby we may understand the magnificent language of Heaven. It mingles its voice with that of revelation. It summons us, in those hours when the leaves fall, and the winter is gathering, to that evening study which the mercy of Heaven has provided in the book of salvation. And while the shadowy valley opens, which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of that hand which can comfort and can save,—which can conduct to those "green pastures, and those still waters," where there is an eternal spring for the children of God.

LESSON CIII.

RE-UNION OF FRIENDS.

MONTGOMERY

1. FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end;
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blessed.

2. Beyond the flight of Time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessèd clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections, transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3. There *is* a world above,
Where parting is unknown,—
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And Faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

4. Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,—
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,—
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

LESSON CIV.

GOD, THE TRUE OBJECT OF CONFIDENCE.

GREENWOOD.

1. WE receive such repeated intimations of decay in the world,—decline, change, and loss, follow in such rapid succession, that we can almost catch the sound of universal wasting, and hear the work of desolation going on busily around us. "The mountain falling cometh to naught, and the rock is removed out of his place. The waters wear the stones, the things which grow out of the dust of the earth, are washed away, and the hope of man is destroyed."

2. Conscious of our own instability, we look about for something, on which to rest, but we look in vain. The heavens and the earth had a beginning, and they will have an end. The face of the world is changing daily and hourly.—All animated things grow old and die.—The rocks crumble,—the trees fall,—the leaves fade,—the grass withers.—The clouds are flying, and the waters are flowing away from us.

3. The firmest works of man, too, are gradually giving way,—the ivy clings to the moldering tower,—the brier hangs out from the shattered window,—and the wall-flower springs from the disjointed stones. In the spacious domes which once held

our fathers, the serpent hisses, and the wild bird screams. The halls which were once crowded with all that taste, and science, and labor, could procure,—which resounded with melody, and were lighted up with beauty,—are buried by their own ruins,— mocked by their own desolation. The voice of merriment or of wailing,—the steps of the busy or the idle, —have ceased in the deserted courts.

4. While we thus walk among the ruins of the past, a sad feeling of insecurity comes over us; and that feeling is by no means diminished when we arrive at home. If we turn to our friends, we can hardly speak to them, before they bid us farewell. We see them for a few moments, and in a few moments more, their countenances are changed, and they are sent away. The ties which bind us together, are never too close to be parted, or too strong to be broken. We gain no confidence, then, no feeling of security, by turning to our contemporaries and kindred. We know that the forms that are breathing around us, are as short-lived and fleeting as those were, which have been dust for centuries.

5. If every thing which comes under our notice, has endured for so short a time, and in so short a time will be no more, we can not say that we receive the least assurance by thinking on ourselves. When a few more friends have left, a few more hopes deceived, and a few more changes mocked us, "we shall be brought to the grave, and shall remain in the tomb. The clods of the valley shall be sweet unto us."

6. When we ourselves have gone, even our memories will not stay behind us long. A few of the near and dear will bear our likenesses in their bosoms, till they, too, have arrived at the end of their journey, and entered the dark dwelling of unconsciousness. In the thoughts of others, we shall live only till the last sound of the bell which informs them of our departure, has ceased to vibrate in their ears.

7. A stone, perhaps, may tell some wanderer where we lie, —when we came here,—when we went away; but even that will soon refuse to bear us record. "Time's effacing fingers" will be busy on its surface, and will at length wear it smooth.

The stone itself will sink, or crumble; and the wanderer of another age will pass, without a single call upon his sympathy over our unheeded graves.

8. Is there nothing to counteract the sinking of the heart, which must be the effect of observations like these? Is there no substance among all these shadows? Can no support be offered,—can no source of confidence be named? Yes! There is a Being, to whom we can look with a perfect conviction of finding that security which nothing about us can give,—nothing can take away. To this Being we can lift up our souls, and on Him we may rest them, exclaiming in the language of the monarch of Israel,

"Before the mountains were brought forth,
Or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world,
Even from everlasting to everlasting, THOU ART GOD."

9. "Of old hast Thou laid the foundations of the earth,
And the heavens are the works of Thy hands.
They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure,
Yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment,
As a vesture shalt Thou change them, and they shall be changed,
But Thou art the same, and Thy years shall have no end."

10. Here, then, is a support which will never fail.—Here is a foundation which can never be moved,—the everlasting Creator of countless worlds,

"The high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity."

When we have looked on the pleasures of life, and they have vanished away; when we have looked on the works of nature, and perceived that they were changing; on the monuments of art, and seen that they would not stand; on our friends, and they have fled while we were gazing; on ourselves, and felt that we were as fleeting as they; we can look to the throne of God. Change and decay have never reached that. The waves of an eternity have been rushing past it, but it has remained unshaken. The waves of another eternity are rushing toward it, but it is fixed, and can never be disturbed.

11. We shall shortly finish our allotted time on earth, and a world of other days and other men will be entirely ignorant

that once we lived. But the same unalterable Being will still preside over the universe, through all its changes, and from His remembrance we shall never be blotted. He is our Father and our God forever. He takes us from earth that He may lead us to Heaven,—that He may refine our nature from all its principles of corruption,—share with us His own immortality, admit us to His everlasting habitation, and crown us with His eternity.

LESSON CV.

HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

Rowe.

1. Thou didst, O Mighty God, exist
Ere time began its race;
Before the ample elements
Filled up the voids of space:

2. Before the ponderous earthly globe
In fluid air was stayed;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores displayed.

3. Ere men adored, or angels knew,
Or praised Thy wondrous name;
Thy bliss, O sacred Spring of Life,
And glory were the same.

4. And when the pillars of the world,
With sudden ruin, break;
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck;—

5. When from her orb the moon shall start,
Th' astonished sun roll back;
While all the trembling, starry lamps
Their ancient course forsake;—

6. Forever permanent and fixed,
From agitation free;
Unchanged, in everlasting years,
Shall Thy existence be.

LESSON CVI.

Note.—The following excellent advice from the late Chief Justice of the United States, eminent as a Scholar and Jurist, though purporting to be addressed to a young lawyer, suggests no less important hints to all writers and public speakers.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG LAWYER.

Story.

1. Whene'er you speak, remember every cause
Stands not on eloquence, but stands on laws;—
Pregnant in matter, in expression brief,
Let every sentence stand with bold relief;
On trifling points, nor time, nor talents waste,
A sad offense to learning and to taste;
Nor deal with pompous phrase; nor e'er suppose,
Poetic flights belong to reasoning prose.

2. Loose declamation may deceive the crowd,
And seem more striking, as it grows more loud;
But sober sense rejects it with disdain,
As naught but empty noise, and weak, as vain.
The froth of words, the school-boy's vain parade
Of books and cases,—all his stock in trade,—
The pert conceits, the cunning tricks, and play
Of low attorneys, strung in long array,
The unseemly jest, the petulant reply,
That chatters on, and cares not how, or why,
Studious, avoid,—unworthy themes to scan,—
They sink the Speaker, and disgrace the Man.
Like the false lights, by flying shadows cast,
Scarce seen, when present, and forgot, when past.

3. Begin with dignity; expound with grace
Each ground of reasoning in its time and place;
Let order reign throughout,—each topic touch,
Nor urge its power too little, or too much.
Give each strong thought its most attractive view
In diction clear, and yet *severely* true.

And, as the arguments in splendor grow,
Let each reflect its light on all below.
When to the close arrived, make no delays
By petty flourishes, or verbal plays,
But sum the whole in one deep, solemn strain,
Like a strong current hastening to the main.

LESSON CVII.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.—1. GEOLOGY is the science which treats of the structure of the earth, and of the substances which compose it.

2. LABORATORY is a house or place, in which operations or experiments in chemistry or other sciences are performed.

3. VESUVIUS, the volcanic mountain near Naples, Italy, is almost constantly in a state of eruption. The first great eruption took place in the year 79, which destroyed the cities of POMPEII and HERCULANEUM.

THE DISCOVERIES OF GEOLOGY CONSISTENT WITH THE SPIRIT OF RELIGION.

EDWARD EVERETT.

1. IT has been as beautifully as truly said, that the "undevout astronomer is mad." The same remark might with equal force and justice be applied to the undevout geologist. Of all the absurdities ever started, none more extravagant can be named, than that the grand and far-reaching researches and discoveries of geology,[1] are hostile to the spirit of religion. They seem to us, on the very contrary, to lead the inquirer, step by step, into the more immediate presence of that tremendous POWER, which could alone produce and can alone account for the primitive convulsions of the globe, of which the proofs are graven in eternal characters, on the sides of its bare and cloud-piercing mountains, or are wrought into the very substance of the strata that compose its surface, and which are also, day by day, and hour by hour, at work, to feed the fires of the volcano, to pour forth its molten tides, or to compound the salubrious elements of the mineral fountains which spring in a thousand valleys.

2. In gazing at the starry heavens, all glorious as they are, we sink under the awe of their magnitude, the mystery of

their secret and reciprocal influences, the bewildering conceptions of their distances. Sense and science are at war. The sparkling gem that glitters on the brow of night, is converted by science into a mighty orb,—the source of light and heat, the center of attraction, the sun of a system like our own. The beautiful planet* which lingers in the western sky, when the sun has set, or heralds the approach of morning,—whose mild and lovely beams seem to shed a spirit of tranquility, not unmixed with sadness, nor far removed from devotion, into the very heart of him who wanders forth in solitude to behold it, —is, in the contemplation of science, a cloud-wrapped sphere, —a world of rugged mountains and stormy deeps.

3. We study, we reason, we calculate. We climb the giddy scaffold of induction up to the very stars. We borrow the wings of the boldest analysis, and flee to the uppermost parts of the creation, and then shutting our eyes on the radiant points that twinkle in the vault of night, the well-instructed mind sees opening before it, in mental vision, the stupendous mechanism of the heavens. Its planets swell into worlds. Its crowded stars recede, expand, become central suns, and we hear the rush of the mighty orbs that circle around them. The bands of Orion are loosed, and the sparkling rays which cross each other on his belt, are resolved into floods of light, streaming from system to system, across the illimitable pathway of the outer heavens.

4. But in the province of geology, there are some subjects, in which the senses seem, as it were, led up into the laboratory[2] of divine power. Let a man fix his eyes upon one of the marble columns in the Capitol at Washington. He sees there a condition of the earth's surface, when the pebbles of every size, and form, and material, which compose this singular species of stone, were held suspended in the medium, in which they are now imbedded, then a liquid sea of marble, which has hardened into the solid, lustrous, and variegated mass before his eye, in the very substance of which he beholds the record of a convulsion of the globe. Let him go and stand upon the sides of the crater of Vesuvius,[3] in the ordinary state of its

---

* VENUS, which is alternately an evening and morning star.

eruptions, and contemplate the lazy stream of molten rocks that oozes quietly at his feet, incasing the surface of the mountain, as it cools, with a most black and stygian crust, or lighting up its sides at night with streaks of lurid fire.

5. Let him consider the volcanic island which arose a few years since in the neighborhood of Malta, spouting flames from the depths of the sea;—or accompany one of our navigators from Nantucket to the Antarctic ocean, who, finding the center of a small island, to which he was in the habit of resorting, sunk in the interval of two of his voyages, sailed through an opening in its sides where the ocean had found its way, and moored his ship in the smoldering crater of a recently extinguished volcano. Or let him survey the striking phenomenon which has led us to this train of remark, a mineral fountain of salubrious qualities, of a temperature greatly above that of the surface of the earth in the region where it is found, compounded of numerous ingredients in a constant proportion, and known to have been flowing from its secret springs, as at the present day, at least for eight hundred years, unchanged, unexhausted.

6. The religious sense of the elder world, in an early stage of civilization, placed a genius or a divinity by the side of every spring that gushed from the rocks, or flowed from the bosom of the earth. Surely, it would be no weakness for a thoughtful man who should resort, for the renovation of a wasted frame, to one of those salubrious mineral fountains, if he drank in their healing waters, as a gift from one outstretched, though invisible hand, of an everywhere present and benignant Power.

LESSON CVIII.

THE ANDES.

Hine.

1. Earth's tow'ring mountains own thee king,—
Thy head is crowned with snow,
Where the condor rests his weary wing,
When icy tempests blow.

The lone Pacific's trembling waves,
Are cow'ring at thy feet,
With palid cheek like that of slaves,
When thy stern glance they meet.

2. Thou ne'er hast stooped to hold commune
With lowly things of earth;
Alike to thee is flowery June,
Or cold December's birth;
Companionship thou hast with clouds,—
They hover round thy head,
And wrap thy form in misty shrouds,
Like winding-sheets, the dead!

3. Thy head is soaring in the sky,
Thine eye, perchance, doth scan
The beauties of the world on high,
Where dwells the soul of man;
Perchance, thou seest the matchless hand
That paints the sunset skies;
The wall which circles that bright land,
Where pleasure never dies.

LESSON CIX.

ADDRESS TO THE CONDOR.

Mrs. Ellett

1 Wondrous, majestic bird! whose mighty wing
Dwells not with puny warblers of the spring,
Nor on earth's silent breast,—
Pow'rful to soar in strength and pride on high,
And sweep the azure bosom of the sky,—
To choose its place of rest.

2. Proud nursling of the tempest! where repose
Thy pinions at the daylight's fading close?
In what far clime of night,
Dost thou in silence, breathless and alone,
While round thee, swells of life no kindred tone,
Suspend thy tireless flight?

3. The mountain's frozen peak is lone and bare,
No foot of man hath ever rested there;
Yet 'tis thy sport to soar
Far o'er its frowning summit,—and the plain
Would seek to win thy downward wing in vain,
Or the green sea-beat shore.

4. The limits of thy course no daring eye
Has marked;—thy glorious path of light on high,
Is trackless and unknown;
The georgeous sun thy quenchless gaze may share;
Sole tenant of his boundless realm of air,
Thou art, with him, alone.

5. Imperial wanderer! the storms that shake
Earth's towers, and bid her rooted mountains quake,
Are never felt by thee!
Beyond the bolt,—beyond the lightning's gleam,—
Basking forever in the unclouded beam,—
Thy home—immensity!

6. And thus the soul, with upward flight like thine,
May track the realms where Heaven's pure glories shine,
And scorn the tempter's powers,—
May soar where cloudless beams of heavenly light,
Pour forth their full effulgence of delight
On Heaven's immortal bowers.

LESSON CX.

PERCEPTIONS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

L. H. Sigourney.

1. Nature, studied through her own beauties, not only humanizes and delights while that study is pursued, but extends an influence to the remoter periods of life. A true love of nature acquired in childhood, is like a sunbeam over the clouded parts of existence, and often grows more vivid with the lapse of years.

2. I have seen it in the chamber of mortal sickness, allaying

the pangs of anguish, by the magic of a fresh flower laid upon the pillow, by the song of the joyous bird, by the waving of the green branches at the open window; I have seen it mingling even with delirium, and the fever-dream, soothing with images of the cherished garden, the violet-covered bank, the falling waters, or the favorite grove, where childhood had played, or youth wandered.

3. I have seen it brightening the almost sightless eye of the aged man, from whose side those who began the race of life with him, had fallen, one by one. Yet he finished not his journey alone, for he made a living friend of every unfolding plant, of every growing tree, of every new leaf on the trellised* vine, that shadowed his summer residence; and in the majestic storm, walking forth at midnight, he heard the voice of that Almighty Father, to whose home he was so near.

4. "O Unseen Spirit of Creation, watching over all things, the desert and the rock, no less than the fresh water, bounding on, like a hunter, on his path, when his heart is in his step, or the valley, girded by the glad woods, and living with the yellow corn, to me, though sad and baffled, thou hast ministered, as to the happiest of thy children! Thou gavest to me a music, sweeter than that of palaces, in the mountain wind; thou badest the flowers, and the common grass, smile up to me, as children in the face of their father."

5. Why has a Being of perfect wisdom implanted within us a strong perception of the beautiful, and spread the means of its sustenance with an unsparing hand, throughout His Universe? Why, from the depths of ocean, where the pearl sleeps, and the coral effloresces, to the fixed star on its burning throne, in the far, blue vault of heaven, has He shed abroad that beauty which speaks of Him? That we should walk with our eyes shut, through these ever-changing scenes of loveliness and glory?—or that we should neglect to be taught, through "the things that are seen," the power and goodness of their Invisible Untiring Benefactor?

---

* TRELLISED, made of *trellise*, or cross-barred work.

6. "Ah! how can we renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votaries yields?
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields,
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
Ah! how can we renounce, and *hope to be forgiven?*"

LESSON CXI.

PLEASURE DERIVED FROM THE BEAUTY OF NATURE.

DWIGHT.

1. WERE all the interesting diversities of color and form to disappear, how unsightly, dull, and wearisome, would be the aspect of the world! The pleasures, conveyed to us by the endless varieties, with which these sources of beauty are presented to the eye, are so much things of course, and exist so much without intermission, that we scarcely think either of their nature, their number, or the great proportion which they constitute in the whole mass of our enjoyment.

2. But were an inhabitant of this country to be removed om its delightful scenery to the midst of an Arabian desert, boundless expanse of sand, a waste spread with uniform esolation, enlivened by the murmur of no stream, and cheered y the beauty of no verdure, although he might live in a pal- e, and riot in splendor and luxury, he would find life a dull, earisome, melancholy round of existence, and amid all his ratifications would sigh for the hills and valleys of his native nd, the brooks and rivers, the living luster of the Spring, d the rich glories of the Autumn.

3. The ever-varying brilliancy and grandeur of the land- ape, and the magnificence of the sky, sun, moon, and stars, ter more extensively into the enjoyment of mankind, than e, perhaps, ever think, or can possibly apprehend, without

frequent and extensive investigation. This beauty and splendor of the objects around us, it is ever to be remembered, are not necessary to their existence, nor to what we commonly intend by their usefulness. It is, therefore, to be regarded as a source of pleasure gratuitously superinduced upon the general nature of the objects themselves, and in this light, as a testimony of the Divine goodness, peculiarly affecting.

---

1. There's beauty all around our paths, if but our watchful eyes
Can trace it 'mid familiar things, and through their lowly guise;
We may find it where a hedge-row showers its blossoms o'er our way,
Or a cottage window sparkles forth in the last red light of day.

2. We may find it in the winter boughs, as they cross the cold, blue sky,
While soft on icy pool and stream their penciled shadows lie,
When we look upon their tracery, by the fairy frost-work bound,
Whence the flitting redbreast shakes a shower of crystals to the ground.

3. Yes! beauty dwells in all our paths,—but sorrow too is there;
How oft some cloud within us dims the bright, still summer air!
But we feel by the lights and clouds, through which our pathway lies,
By the beauty and the grief alike, we are training for the skies.

MRS. HEMANS

LESSON CXII.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.—1. MAMMOTH CAVE in the State of Kentucky, is one of the most celebrated and extensive caverns in the world. It has been explored to the distance of several miles. It contains large streams, pools, and numerous apartments. The following poetry purports to be written in this cave.

2. STYX, from which the word STYGIAN is derived, was fabled by the ancients to be a river in the infernal regions, over which the shades of the dead were said to pass to the Elysian fields. Hence, *stygian* signifies *infernal*.

3. CORRIDORS are galleries, or long aisles, around a building, leading to chambers distant from each other.

4. THE MASTODON was an animal of an enormous size, much larger than the elephant. It is now extinct, and is only known by its remains which are found in various parts of America.

5. BELEAGUERED means surrounded, as by an army; *besieged*. CHERUBIM is the plural of *cherub*, a celestial spirit.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

1. ALL day, as day is reckoned on the earth,
I've wandered in these dim and awful aisles,
Shut from the blue and breezy dome of heaven;
While thoughts, wild, drear, and shadowy, have swept
Across my awe-struck soul, like specters o'er
The wizard's magic glass, or thunder-clouds
O'er the blue waters of the deep. And now
I'll sit me down upon yon broken rock,
To muse upon the strange and solemn things
Of this mysterious realm.

2. All day my steps
Have been amid the beautiful, the wild,
The gloomy, the terrific. Crystal founts,
Almost invisible in their serene
And pure transparency,—high pillar'd domes,
With stars and flowers all fretted like the halls
Of Oriental monarchs,—rivers, dark
And drear, and voiceless as oblivion's stream
That flows through Death's dim vale of silence,—gulfs,
All fathomless, down which the loosened rock
Plunges, until its far-off echoes come
(*pp*) Fainter and fainter, like the dying roll
(°) Of thunders in the distance,—Stygian[a] pools
Whose agitated waves give back a sound,
(°°) Hollow and dismal, like the sullen roar
In the volcano's depths,—these, *these* have left
Their spell upon me, and their memories
Have passed into my spirit, and are now
Blent with my being, till they seem a part
Of my own immortality.

3. God's hand
At the creation, hollowed out this vast
Domain of darkness, where no herb nor flower
E'er sprang amid the sands; nor dews, nor rains,

Nor blessed sunbeams, fell with freshening power;
Nor gentle breeze its Eden-message told
Amid the dreadful gloom. Six thousand years
Swept o'er the earth ere human foot-prints marked
This subterranean desert. Centuries,
Like shadows, came and passed, and not a sound
Was in this realm, save when at intervals,
In the long lapse of ages, some huge mass
Of overhanging rock fell thundering down,
Its echoes sounding through these corridors[3]
A moment, and then dying in a hush
Of silence, such as brooded o'er the earth
When earth was chaos.

4. The great Mastodon[4],
The dreaded monster of the elder world,
Passed o'er this mighty cavern, and his tread
Bent the old forest oaks like fragile reeds,
And made earth tremble.—Armies in their pride,
Perchance, have met above it in the shock
Of war, with shout, and groan, and clarion blast,
And the hoarse echoes of the thunder-gun.—
The storm, the whirlwind, and the hurricane,
Have roared above it, and the bursting cloud
Sent down its red and crashing thunder-bolt.—
Earthquakes have trampled o'er it in their wrath,
Rocking earth's surface as the storm-wind rocks
The old Atlantic;—yet no sound of these
E'er came down to the everlasting depths
Of these dark solitudes.

5. How oft we gaze
With awe or admiration on the new
And unfamiliar, but pass coldly by
The lovelier and the mightier! Wonderful
Is this lone world of darkness and of gloom,
But far more wonderful yon outer world,
Lit by the glorious sun. These arches swell

Sublime in lone and dim magnificence.
But how sublimer God's blue canopy
Beleaguered* with his burning cherubim*,
Keeping their watch eternal!

6. Beautiful
Are all the thousand snow-white gems that lie
In these mysterious chambers, gleaming out
Amid the melancholy gloom; and wild
These rocky hills, and cliffs, and gulfs; but far
More beautiful and wild the things that greet
The wanderer in our wòrld of light,—the stàrs
Floating on high, like islands of the blest,—
The autumn sùnsets, glowing like the gate
Of far-off Paradise,—the georgeous clòuds,
On which the glories of the earth and sky,
Meet and commingle,—earth's unnumbered flòwers,
All turning up their gentle eyes to heaven,—
The bìrds, with bright wings glancing in the sun,
Filling the air with rainbow miniatures,—
The green old fòrests, surging in the gale,—
The everlasting mòuntains, on whose peaks
The setting sun burns like an altar flame,—
And ǒcean, like a pure heart, rendering back
Heaven's perfect image, or in his wild wrath
Heaving and tossing like the stormy breast
Of a chained giant in his agony.

LESSON CXIII.

MENTAL IMPROVEMENT, A PROGRESSIVE WORK.

IRA HARRIS.

1. THAT which is most easily produced, most quickly perishes. The diamond requires ages to consummate its virtues; other crystals are formed in an instant. The diamond is indestructible; the latter dissolve in a breath. The islands of the

sea are sometimes formed by the slow process of accretion,* and sometimes are thrown up at once from the depths below. Ages upon ages pass away without obliterating the one; while the other disappears, as it came, in a single night, leaving no record that it ever has been, but in the *sea legend* of the mariner.

2. The majestic oak, which it requires a century to mature, abides another century without shaking to the blast, and when its period of decay arrives, it sinks away into the dust, by the same gradual process; while the beauteous flower that opens in the night, and perfumes, with its fragrance, the morning zephyr, disappears ere the sun reaches his meridian.

3. Cities that have been centuries in building, have continued to flourish for centuries longer; while cities have sprung up in a single season, to be abandoned with the next. The insect that in a moment is hatched and flutters its gaudy wings in the sunbeam, dies with the hour, and numerous generations of insignificant beauty succeed and depart, ere the noble form of man has reached its maturity.

4. And should we expect that the nobler works of the mental powers, should be freed from the influence of a law, so uniform and so just? No: that which is suddenly acquired, whether it be fortune or reputation, will soon vanish away. There is sound philosophy in the vulgar adage, "Light comes, light goes." It is founded in a great fundamental law of our being. He who is admired for a moment, and is content with such admiration, shall in a moment be forgotten. History abounds with examples of the worthlessness of sudden popularity. It is the tempestuous brightening of a moment, a single moment only,

"The sound of passing music, the brief blossoming of summer flowers."

5. It is a fixed law of nature, the wisdom of which we may not, perhaps, fully comprehend, but which, like every other rule proceeding from the great Author of nature, must be

---

* ACCRETION, (*ac* or *ad*, to; *cretio*, an increase.), a growing to; an increase by natural growth.

right,—that no important benefit is to be acquired but by the exercise of self-denial, and corresponding effort. Present and inferior gratifications must be sacrificed for the sake of the future and greater good; and whatever may be the result of other undertakings, in which it is not given to mortals "to command success," *virtuous exertion never fails to bring with it a greater or less reward.*

6. Under the operation of our social and political system, founded on republican principles and equal rights, there is a perpetual transition, in our condition in life, which amounts almost to a rotation. Let an inquiry be instituted into the original conditions, and the cause of the present situation, of those who are called rich, and the result would be found to be as curious as they would be instructive.

7. They would teach the industrious and virtuous poor, of whatever calling, to be patient if not confident, and to admire and love that American system of social economy, which opens to all alike the lottery of life; which permits any one, however poor, to become rich, and invites any one, however humble, to aspire to a level with the highest of his fellow-citizens. The privileges and benefits and honors of our social and political institutions, are alike the inheritance of all.

8. All professions and callings have equal political and civil rights, and equal opportunities of affluence and elevation. If there is diversity of condition, it is because there is diversity of talent, or industry, or enterprise. Every man may look upon wealth and honor and public usefulness as his present possession or his probable gain.—He is a proprietor either in possession or in expectancy. Here the field of enterprise and of usefulness stretches out in wider expanse than in any other country. Here, too, rather than anywhere else, may it be said, "the soul of man createth its own destiny of power."

9. No man can elevate himself above the multitude in any profession or calling in life, without the labor proportionate to the elevation he seeks. But, most of all, should the scholar, if he would become distinguished and useful in the profession of his choice, or as a man of science, cultivate the habit of

laborious application So lofty and varied are the powers of the human mind, that no excellence is inaccessible to the *united efforts* of *talent* and *industry.*

LESSON CXIV.

LIFE AND DEATH CONTRASTED.

YOUNG

1. A GOOD man and an angel! these between
How thin the barrier! What divides their fate?
Perhaps a moment, or perhaps a year;
Or if an age, it is a moment still,—
A moment, or eternity's forgot.
Life is much flattered, Death is much traduced;
Compare the rivals, and the kinder crown.

2. "Strange competition!"—True, Lorenzo, strange
So little life can cast into the scale!
Life makes the soul dependent on the dust,
Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres.
Through chinks, styled organs, dim life peeps at light
Death bursts the involving cloud, and all is day,—
All eye, all ear, the disembodied power.

3. Death has feigned evils nature shall not feel;
Life, ills substantial wisdom can not shun.
Is not the mighty mind, that sun of heaven!
By tyrant life dethroned, imprisoned, pained?
By death enlarged, ennobled, deified?
Death but entombs the body; life, the SOUL.

4. "Is death then guiltless? How he marks his way
With dreadful waste of what deserves to shine!
Art, genius, fortune, elevated power,—
With various lusters these light up the world,
Which death puts out, and darkens human race."
I grant this indictment just;
The sage, peer, potentate, king, conqueror,—
Death humbles these; more barbarous life, the man.

5. Life is the triumph of our moldering clay;
Death, of the spirit infinite,—divine!
Death has no dread but what frail life imparts,
Nor life true joy but what kind death improves.
No bliss has life to boast, till death can give
Far greater. Life's a debtor to the grave,
Dark lattice! letting in ethereal day.

6. O Lorenzo! blush at thy fondness for a life
Which sends celestial souls on errands vile,
To cater* for the sense, and serve at boards
Where every ranger of the wilds, perhaps
Each reptile, justly claims our upper-hand.
Luxŭrious feast! a soul, a soul immortal,
In all the dainties of a brute bemired!

7. O Lorenzo! blush at thy terror for a death
Which gives thee to repose in festive bowers,
Where nectars sparkle, angels minister,—
And more than angels share, and raise, and crown,
And eternize, the birth, bloom, bursts of bliss.
What need I more?—O Death! THE PALM IS THINE.

8. Then welcome, Death! thy dreaded harbingers,
Age and disease! Disease, though long my guest,
That plucks my nerves, those tender strings of life,
Which, plucked a little more, will toll the bell
That calls my few friends to my funeral,
Where feeble Nature drops, perhaps, a tear,
While Reason and Religion, better taught,
Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb
With wreath triumphant. Death is victory!
It binds in chains the raging ills of life;—
That ills corrosive, cares importunate,
Are not immortal too, O, Death! is thine.

9. Our day of dissolution!—name it right,
'Tis our great pay-day; 'tis our harvest, rich

---

* **Cater**, to provide food, or sustenance.

And ripe. What though the sickle, sometimes keen,
Just scars us as we reap the golden grain!
More than thy balm, O Gilead! heals the wound.
Birth's feeble cry, and Death's deep dismal groan,
Are slender tributes low-taxed Nature pays
For mighty gain,—the gain of each a life!
But, O! the last the former so transcends,
Life dies, compared;—Life lives beyond the tomb.

10. Death is the crown of life!
Were death denied, poor man would live in vain,—
Were death denied, to live would not be life,—
Were death denied, even fools would wish to die.
Death wounds to cure; we fall,—we rise,—we reign!
Spring from our fetters, fasten in the skies,
Where blooming Eden withers in our sight.
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost;—
This king of terrors is the prince of peace

LESSON CXV.

VENERATION FOR THE TOMB, A PROOF OF THE SOUL'S IMMORTALITY.

From the French of CHATEAUBRIAND.

1. THE veneration of mankind for the tomb, is a proof of the immortality of the soul. There, by an invisible charm, life is attached to death; there the human race declares itself superior to the rest of creation, and proclaims aloud its lofty destinies. What animal regards its grave, or disquiets itself about the ashes of its fathers? Whence comes then the all-powerful idea which we entertain of death?

2. Do a few grains of dust merit so much consideration? No: we respect the dead because an inward voice tells us that all is not lost with them; and that is the voice which has everywhere consecrated the funeral services throughout the world, all are equally persuaded that the sleep is not eternal, even in the tomb, and that death itself is but a glorious transfiguration.

THE CONSOLATION OF DEATH.

JOHN FOSTER.

1. WHAT a superlatively grand and consoling idea is that of death! Without this radiant idea, this delightful morning-star, indicating that the luminary of Eternity is about to rise, life would darken into midnight melancholy. Oh! the expectation of living *here*, and living *thus*, always, would be indeed a prospect of overwhelming despair!

2. But thanks to that fatal decree that dooms us to die,—thanks to that Gospel which opens the vision of an endless life,—and thanks, above all, to that Savior who has promised to conduct us through the sacred trance of death, into scenes of paradise and everlasting delight!

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

POPE.

1. VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O, the pain, the bliss, of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2. Hark!—they whisper; angels say
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite?—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3. The world recedes; it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:—
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly
"O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?"

LESSON CXVI.

INDIAN MODE OF KILLING THE BUFFALO.

GEORGE CATLIN.

1. THE Buffalo is a noble animal that roams over the vast prairies, from the borders of Mexico on the south, to Hudson's Bay on the north. Their flesh which is easily procured, furnishes the Indians of these vast regions of the west, the means of a good and wholesome subsistence, and they live almost exclusively upon it, while of the skins, horns, hoofs, and bones, they construct dresses, shields, bows, and other utensils.

2. The mode, in which the Indians kill this noble animal, is spirited and thrilling in the extreme. I have almost daily accompanied parties of Indians to witness the sport, and have often shared in it myself; but oftener have run my horse by their sides to see how the feat was accomplished,—to study the modes and expressions of these splendid scenes.

3. In the *chase* of the Buffalo or other animals, the Indian generally "strips" himself and his horse, by throwing off his shield and quiver, and every part of his dress, which might be an incumbrance to him in running, grasping his bow in his left hand, with five or six arrows drawn from his quiver, and ready for instant use. In his right hand, or attached to the wrist, is a heavy whip which he uses without mercy, and forces his horse alongside of his game, at the swiftest speed.

4. The horses are all trained for this business, and seem to enter into it with as much enthusiasm, and with as restless a spirit, as the riders themselves. While preparing and mounting, they exhibit the most restless impatience; and when approaching, (which is all abreast, upon a slow walk, and in a straight line toward the herd,) they all seem to have caught entirely the spirit of the chase; for the laziest nag among them prances with an elastic step,—champing his bit,—his ears erect,—his eyes strained out of his head, and fixed upon the game before him, while he trembles under the saddle of his rider.

5. In this way they carefully and silently march, until

within some forty or fifty rods of the game; when the herd discovering them, wheel and lay their course in a mass. At this instant they start!—and all *must* start, for no one could check the fury of those steeds at that moment of excitement,—and away all sail, and over the prairie fly, in a cloud of dust which is raised by their trampling hoofs.

6. When the Indian has directed the course of his steed to the animal which he has chosen as his victim, the training of the horse is such, that it knows the object of its rider's selection, and exerts every muscle to give it close company; while the halter lies loose and untouched upon its neck, and the rider leans quite forward, and off from the side of his horse, with his bow drawn, and ready for the deadly shot which is given at the instant he is opposite to the animal's body.

7. The horse, being instinctively afraid of the animal, (though he generally brings his rider within the reach of the end of his bow,) keeps his eye strained upon the furious enemy he is so closely encountering; and the moment he has approached to the nearest distance required, and has passed the animal, whether the shot is given or not, he gradually sheers off to prevent coming on to the horns of the infuriated beast, which often are instantly turned and presented for the fatal reception of its too familiar attendant.

8. These frightful collisions often take place, notwithstanding the sagacity of the horse, and the caution of its rider; for in these extraordinary and inexpressible exhilarations of chase, which seem to drown the prudence alike of instinct and reason, both horse and rider seem rushing on to destruction, as if it were mere pastime and amusement.

9. I have always counted myself a prudent man, yet I have often waked, as it were, out of the delirium of the chase, into which I had fallen, as into an agitated sleep, and through which I had passed as through a delightful dream, in which, to have died, would have been but to have remained, riding on, without a struggle or a pang. In some of these, I have arisen from the prairie, covered with dirt and blood, having parted company with gun and horse, the one lying some twenty or

thirty feet from me with broken stalk, and the other coolly grazing at half a mile distance.

10. With the Indian, who has made this the every-day sport and amusement of his life, there is less difficulty and less danger; he rides without "losing his breath," and his unagitated hand deals *certainty* in its deadly blows.

LESSON CXVII

INDIAN MODE OF KILLING THE BUFFALO.—CONTINUED.

GEORGE CATLIN.

1. A FEW mornings since, I was an eye-witness to one of these scenes, which I deem worthy of being described. The MINATAREES, as well as the MANDANS,* had suffered for some months for want of meat, and had indulged in the most alarming fears that the herds of buffaloes were emigrating so far off from them that there was great danger of their actual starvation; when it was suddenly announced through the village, one morning at an early hour, that a herd of buffaloes was in sight. Immediately a hundred or more young men, with weapons in hand, mounted their horses and steered their course to the prairies.

2. The chief informed me that one of his horses was in readiness for me at the door of his wigwam, and he wished me to go and see the curious affair. I accepted his polite offer, and mounting the steed, galloped off with the hunters to the prairies, where we soon descried, at a distance, a fine herd of buffaloes grazing, when a halt and a council was ordered.

3. The plan of the attack, which in this country is familiarly called a "*surround*," was explicitly agreed upon, and the hunters who were all mounted on their "buffalo horses," and armed with bows and arrows or long lances, divided into two columns, taking opposite directions, and drew themselves gradually around the herd at the distance of a mile or more from them; thus forming a circle of horsemen at equal distances

---

* Names of Tribes of Indians on the Upper Missouri.

apart, who gradually closed in upon the herd with a moderate pace, at a signal given.

4. The unsuspecting herd at length "got the wind" of the approaching enemy, and fled in a mass in the greatest confusion. To the point where they were aiming to cross the line, the horsemen were seen at full speed, gathering and forming in a column, brandishing their weapons and yelling in the most frightful manner; by which means they turned the black and rushing mass which moved off in an opposite direction, where they were again met and foiled in a similar manner, and they wheeled back in utter confusion. By this time the horsemen had closed in from all directions, forming a continuous line around them, while the poor affrighted animals were eddying about in a crowded and confused mass, when the work of death commenced.

5. I rode up in the rear, and occupied an elevated position at a few rods distance, from which I could, like the general of a battle-field, survey from my horse's back, the nature and the progress of the general mêleé; but unlike him, without the power of issuing a command or in any way directing its issue.

6. In this grand turmoil, a cloud of dust was raised, which in part obscured the throng where the hunters were galloping their horses, and driving the whizzing arrows or their long lances to the hearts of these noble animals, which, in many instances, becoming infuriated with deadly wounds in their sides, erected their shaggy manes over their blood-shot eyes, and furiously plunged forward at the sides of their assailants' horses, sometime goring them to death at a lunge, and putting their dismounted riders to flight for their lives.

7. Sometimes the dense crowd was opened, and the blinded horsemen, too intent on their prey amidst the cloud of dust, were hemmed and wedged in amidst the crowding beasts, over whose backs they were obliged to leap for security, leaving their horses to the fate that might await them in the results of this wild and desperate war.

8. Many were the buffaloes that turned upon their assailants

and met them with desperate resistance; and many were the warriors who were dismounted, and saved themselves by impetuous flight. Some who were closely pursued by the enraged animals, wheeled suddenly around, and snatching the part of a buffalo robe from around their waists, threw it over the horns and eyes of the infuriated beast, and darting by its side, drove the arrow or lance to its heart. Others suddenly dashed off upon the prairies by the side of the affrighted animals which had escaped from the throng, and closely escorting them for a few rods, brought down their hearts' blood in streams, and their huge carcasses upon the green, enameled turf.

9. In this way this grand hunt soon resolved itself into a desperate battle; and in the space of fifteen minutes, resulted in the total destruction of the whole herd, which in all their strength and fury were doomed, like every beast and every living thing else, to fall before the destroying hands of mighty man.

10. Many are the rudenesses and wilds in Nature's works, which are destined to fall before the deadly ax and desolating hands of cultivated man. Of such rudenesses and wilds, Nature has no where presented more beautiful and lovely scenes, than those of the vast prairies of the West; and of man and beast, no nobler specimens than those that inhabit them,—the INDIAN and the BUFFALO,—joint and original tenants of the soil, and fugitives together from the approach of civilized man; they have fled to the great plains of the West, and there, under an equal doom, they have taken up their *last abode*, where their race will expire, and their bones will bleach together.

LESSON CXVIII.

NOTE.—During the Indian wars on the western frontier, the Miami Indians took captive a female child, whose family name was Slocum. She was adopted into the family of the warrior, by whom she was taken captive, and finally married an Indian chief After a number of years had elapsed, every inducement was ineffectually used by her friends to persuade her to return with them to their home, the place of her nativity. This incident forms the subject of the following lines.

THE WHITE ROSE OF MIAMI.

Mrs. E. L. Schermerhorn.

1. Let me stay at my home, in the beautiful West,
Where I played when a child,—in my age let me rest,
Where the bright prairies bloom, and the wild waters play,
In the home of my heart, dearest friends, let me stay.

2. O, here let me stay, where my Chief in the pride
Of a brave warrior-youth, wandered forth by my side!
Where he laid at my feet, the young hunter's best prey,
Where I roamed a wild huntress,—O friends, let me stay!

3. Let me stay where the prairies I've oft wandered through
While my moccasins brushed from the flowers the dew;
Where my warrior would pluck the wild blossoms and say
His White Rose was the fairest,—O, here let me stay!

4. O, here let me stay! where bright plumes from the wing
Of the bird that his arrow had pierced, he would bring;
Where, in parting for battle, he softly would say,
"'Tis to shield thee I fight,"—O, with him let me stay!

5. Let me stay, though the strength of my Chieftain is o'er,
Though his warriors he leads to the battle no more;
He loves through the woods, a wild hunter to stray,
His heart clings to home,—O, then, here let me stay!

6. Let me stay where my children in childhood have played,
Where through the green forest they often have strayed:
They never could bend to the white man's cold sway.
For their hearts are of fire,—O, here let them stay!

7. You tell me of leaves of the Spirit that speak,
But the Spirit I own, in the bright stars I seek;
In the prairie, in the forest, the water's wild play
I see Him, I hear Him,—O, then, let me stay!

LESSON CXIX.

Explanatory Notes.—1. **Catiline** was a celebrated Roman, who after he had squandered an ample fortune by dissipation, and had been refused the Consulship, secretly meditated the ruin of his country, and conspired with many illustrious Romans, as dissolute as himself, to extirpate the Senate, plunder the treasury, and set fire to Rome. This conspiracy was timely discovered by the Consul, **Cicero**, whom he had resolved to murder. Catiline ultimately fell, fighting desperately, at Pistoia, in Etruria, B. C. 62. The following dialogue portrays the remorse which conscious guilt ever experiences, as well as the inevitable ruin which ever follows a life of dissipation.

2. **Ostia** was a town at the mouth of the Tiber.

3. **Sesterce** was a Roman coin worth about one and a half penny, but it was not at all periods alike in value.

4. **Marius** was a Roman general, who rendered himself a favorite with the common people, and was for the sixth time chosen Consul, and received the honors of two triumphs. In the last battle with the northern barbarians, 150,000 of them were slain, and **Marius** entered Rome in triumph. His popularity was eventually superseded by that of **Sylla**, whom he unsuccessfully attempted to oppose.

5. **Lictors** were Roman servants, who attended upon the magistrates to fulfill their commands. When a magistrate appeared in public, the **lictors** preceded him in file, to clear the road of the populace, and proclaim his approach. Each lictor bore an ax and rods as ensigns of his office. The lictors were also the executioners of punishments.

6. **Mars** was fabled by the ancient Greeks and Romans to be the god of war; **Bellona**, the goddess of war.

7. **Pluto** was the fabled god of the infernal regions. **Proserpina** was the wife of Pluto.

REMORSE OF CONSCIENCE; OR, CATILINE.

Croly.

Catiline.—Flung on my pillow! does the last night's wine
Perplex me still? Its words are wild and bold.

(*Reads.*) "Noble Catiline! where you tread, the earth is hollow, though it gives no sound. There is a strong storm gathering, though there are no clouds in the sky. Rome is desperate; three hundred Patricians have sworn to do their duty; and what three hundred have sworn, thirty thousand will make good."

Why, half the number *now* might sack the city,
With all its knights, before a spear could come
From Ostia[2] to their succor.—'Twere a deed!——

(*Reads.*) "You have been betrayed by the Senate, betrayed by the Consuls, and betrayed by the people. You are a Roman! can you suffer chains? You are a soldier! can you submit to shame? You are a man! will you be ruined, trampled on, disdained?" [*Flings away the paper.*]

Disdáined! They're in the right.—It tells the truth,—
I am a scoff and shame,—a public prate.
There's one way left; [*draws a poniard,*] this dagger in my [heart,—
The quickest cure! But 'tis the coward's cure;
And what shall heal the dearer part of me,—
My reputation? What shield's for my name,
When I shall fling it, like my corpse, to those
Who dared not touch it living, for their lives?
To die! in days when helms are búrnishing;
And die by my own hánd!—Give up the game
Before the dice are thròwn! Clamor for chains,
Before the stirring trumpet sounds the charge!—
Sleep in your sheath! [*Sheàthes the poniard.*]
                    How could my mind give place
To thoughts so desperate, rash, and mutinous?
                                    Would I give
Joy to my enemies, sorrow to my friends,—
Shut up the gate of hope upon myself?
I will abandon Rome,—give back her scorn
With tenfold scorn,—break up all league with her,—
All memories. I will not breathe her air,
Nor warm me by her fire, not let my bones
Mix with her sepulchers. The oath is sworn.

[*Aurelia, his wife, enters with papers.*]

Aurelia.—What answers for this pile of bills, my lord?
Catiline.—Who can have sent them here?
Aurelia.—Your creditors!
As if some demon woke them all at once,
These have been crowding on me since the morn.
Here, debt on debt! Will you discharge them now?
Catiline.—I'll think on it.
Aurelia.—It must be *now,—this day!*
Or, by to-morrow, we shall have no home
Catiline.—'Twill soon be all the same.
Aurelia.—We are undone!

My gold, my father's presents, jewels, rings,—
All, to the baubles on my neck, are gone.
The consulship might have upheld us still;
But *now*, we *must* go down.
Catiline.—Aurelia!—wife!
All will be well; but hear me,—stay a little;
I had intended to consult with you
On our departure—from—the—city.
Aurelia. [*Indignantly and surprised.*]—Rome?
Catiline.—Even so, we must leave Rome.
Aurelia.—Let me look on you; are you Catiline?
Catiline.—I know not what I am,—we must be gone!
Aurelia.—Madness!
Catiline. [*Wildly.*]—Not yet,—not yet!
Aurelia.—Let them take all.
Catiline.—Seize my last sésterce![3] Let them have their wil
We must *endure.* Aye, ransack,—ruin all;
Tear up my father's grave,—tear out my heart!
Wife, the world's wide.—Can we not dig or beg?
Can we not find on earth a den or tomb?
Aurelia.—Before *I* stir, they shall hew off my hands.
Catiline.—What's to be done?
Aurelia.—Hear me, Lord Catiline;—
The day we wedded,—'tis but three short years since!
You were the first patrician here,—and I
Was Marius'[4] daughter! There was not in Rome
An eye, however haughty, but would sink
When *I* turned on it; when I passed the streets,
My chariot wheel was followed by a host
Of your chief Senators; as if their gaze
Beheld an empress on its golden round;
An earthly providence!
Catiline.—'Twas so!—'twas so!
But it is vanished,—gone.
Aurelia.—By yon bright sun!
That day shall come again; or, in its place,
One that shall be an era to the world!

Catiline. [*Eagerly.*]—What's in your thoughts?
Aurelia.—Our high and hurried life
Has left us strangers to each other's souls;
But *now* we think alike. You have a sword,—
Have had a famous name in the legions!
Catiline.—Hush!
Aurelia.—Have the walls ears? I wish they had,
And tongues too, to bear witness to my oath,
And tell it to all Rome.
Catiline.—Would you destroy?
Aurelia.—Were I a thunderbolt!
Rome's ship is rotten;
Has she not cast you out? and would you sink
With her, when she can give you no gain else
Of her fierce fellowship? Who'd seek the chain
That linked him to his mortal enemy?
Who'd face the pestilence in his foe's house?
Who, when the poisoner drinks by chance the cup,
That was to be his death, would squeeze the dregs,
To find a drop to bear him company?
Catiline. [*Shrinking.*]—It will not come to this.
Aurelia. [*Haughtily.*]—Shall we be dragged
A show to all the city rabble;—robbed,—
Down to the very mantle on our backs,—
A pair of branded beggars! Doubtless Cicero——
Catiline.—Cursed be the ground he treads!
Name him no more.
Aurelia.—Doubtless *he'll* see us to the city gates;
'Twill be the least respect that he can pay
To his *fallen rival.* Do you hear, my lord?
Deaf as the rock. [*Aside.*] With all his lictors' shouting,
"Room for the noble vagrants; all caps off
For Catiline!—for him that would be consul!"
Catiline. [*Turning away.*]—Thus to be like the scorpion, ringed with fire,
Till I sting mine own heart! [*Aside.*] There is no hope!
Aurelia.—One hope there is, worth all the rest—REVENGE

The time is harassed, poor, and discontent,—
Your spirit practiced, keen, and desperate,—
The Senate full of feuds, the city vexed
With petty tyranny,—the legions wronged.
Catiline. [*Scornfully.*]—Yet, who has stirred?
Woman, you paint the air with passion's pencil.
Aurelia.—Were my will a sword!
Catiline.—Hear me, bold heart! The whole gross blood of Rome
Could not atone my wrongs! I'm soul-shrunk, sick,
Weary of man! And now my mind is fixed
For Lybya; there to make companionship
Rather of bear and tiger,—of the snake,—
The lion in his hunger,—than of man!
Aurelia.—I had a father once, who would have plunged
Rome in the Tiber for an angry look!
You saw our entrance from the Gaulish war?
Catiline.—My legion was in Spain.
Aurelia.—We swept through Italy, a flood of fire,
A living lava, rolling straight on Rome.
For days, before we reached it, the whole road
Was thronged with suppliants,—tribunes, consulars,
The mightiest names of the state. Could gold have bribed,
We might have pitched our tents and slept on gold.
But we had work to do,—our swords were thirsty.
We entered Rome, as conquerors, in arms;
I by my father's side, cuirassed and helm'd,
Bellona beside Mars[6].
Catiline. [*With coldness.*]—The world was yours.
Aurelia.—Rome was all eyes; the ancient tottered forth;
The cripple propped his limbs beside the wall;
The dying left his bed to look and die.
The way before us was a sea of heads;
The way behind a torrent of brown spears;
So on we rode, in fierce and funeral pomp,
Through the long, living streets, that sank in gloom,
As we, like Pluto and Proserpina[7],
Enthroned, rode on, like twofold destiny!

Catiline. [*Sternly interrupting her.*]—Those triumphs are but gewgaws. All the earth,
What is it? Dust and smoke! I've done with life.
Aurelia. [*Coming nearer and looking steadfastly on him.*]—
Before that eve, one hundred senators
And fifteen hundred knights, had paid,—in blood,—
The price of taunts, and treachery, and rebellion!
Were my tongue thunder,—I would cry, REVENGE!
Catiline. [*In sudden wildness.*]—No more of this!
There is a whirling lightness in my brain
That will not now bear questioning.—Away!
[*As Aurelia moves slowly toward the door.*]
Where are our veterans now? Look on these walls,
I can not turn their tissues into life.
Where are our revenues,—our chosen friends?
Are we not beggars? Where have beggars friends?
I see no swords and bucklers on these floors!
I shake the stăte! *I*,—what have I on earth
But these two hands? Must I not dig or starve?—
Come back! I had forgot. My memory dies,
I think, by the hour. Who sups with us to-night?
Let all be of the rarest,—spare no cost,—
If 'tis our last;—it may be,—let us sink
In sumptuous ruin, with wonderers round us!
Our funeral pile shall send up amber smokes;
We'll burn in myrrh, or—blood! [*She goes.*]
I feel a nameless pressure on my brow,
As if the heavens were thick with sudden gloom;
A shapeless consciousness, as if some blow
Were hanging o'er my head. They say such thoughts
Partake of prophecy. [*He stands at the casement.*]
This air is living sweetness. Golden sun,
Shall I be like thee yet? The clouds have past—
And, like some mighty victor, he returns
To his red city in the west, that now
Spreads all her gates, and lights her torches up,
In triumph for her glorious conqueror.

LESSON CXX.

Explanatory Notes.—1. In the year 1832, a state convention of South Carolina passed an ordinance, declaring that certain enactments of Congress, in regard to imposts, were *unconstitutional*, and therefore *null and void*, and that any attempt on the part of the United States' government to enforce them, would produce the withdrawal of that State from the Union, and the establishment of an independent government. This doctrine was promptly met by the President of the United States, **Andrew Jackson**, in a *proclamation*, which he issued Dec. 11, 1832, from which the following is an extract. The sentiments of the proclamation met with a cordial response from all the friends of the Union, and South Carolina with becoming promptness and patriotism receded from her hostile position.

2. **Charles C. Pinkney** and **Thomas Pinkney**, brothers, were distinguished Revolutionary officers. They were natives of South Carolina, but were educated at Oxford in England. The former was made an Aid-de-Camp to General Washington, and was also a member of the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States.

3. **Sumter** was a celebrated general of South Carolina, in the American Revolution. He was distinguished for his insuperable firmness and courage.

4. **John Rutledge** and **Edward Rutledge** were eminent Revolutionary Patriots of South Carolina. The former was a member of the first Continental Congress, 1774, and was distinguished for his Demosthenian eloquence. The latter was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and also an officer in the army in South Carolina.

AN APPEAL TO THE PATRIOTISM OF S. CAROLINA.

Andrew Jackson.

1. **Fellow Citizens** of my native State! let me not only admonish you, as the first magistrate of our common country, not to incur the penalty of its laws, but use the influence that a father would over his children whom he saw rushing to certain ruin. In that paternal language, with that paternal feeling, let me tell you, my countrymen, that you are deluded by men who either are deceived themselves or wish to deceive you. Mark under what pretenses you have been led on to the brink of insurrection and treason, on which you stand.

2. You were told that this opposition might be peaceably,—might be constitutionally made,—that you might enjoy all the advantages of the Union, and bear none of its burdens. Eloquent appeals to your passions, to your state pride, to your

native courage, to your sense of real injury, were used to prepare you for the period when the mask which concealed the hideous features of DISUNION, should be taken off. It fell, and you were made to look with complacency on objects which not long since you would have regarded with horror.

3. Look back at the acts which have brought you to this state,—look forward to the consequences, to which it must inevitably lead. Something more is necessary. Contemplate the condition of that country, of which you still form an important part!—consider its government, uniting in one bond of common interest and general protection, so many different states,—giving to all their inhabitants the proud title of AMERICAN CITIZENS,—protecting their commerce,—securing their literature and their arts,—facilitating their intercommunication,—defending their frontiers,—and making their name respected in the remotest parts of the earth!

4. Consider the extent of its territory, its increasing and happy population, its advance in arts which render life agreeable, and the sciences which elevate the mind! See education spreading the lights of religion, humanity, and general information, into every cottage in this wide extent of our territories and states! Behold it as the asylum where the wretched and the oppressed find refuge and support! Look on this picture of happiness and honor, and say, "WE, TOO, ARE CITIZENS OF AMERICA; Carolina is one of these proud states; her arms have defended,—her best blood has cemented this happy Union!" And then add, if you can, without horror and remorse, "This happy Union we will dissolve,—this picture of peace and prosperity we will deface,—this free intercourse we will interrupt,—these fertile fields we will deluge with blood,—the protection of that glorious flag we renounce,—the very name of AMERICANS we discard."

5. And for what, mistaken men! for what do you throw away these inestimable blessings,—for what would you exchange your share in the advantages and honor of the Union?—For the *dream* of a separate independence, a DREAM interrupted by bloody conflicts with your neighbors, and a vile de-

pendence on foreign power? If your leaders could succeed in establishing a separation, what would be your situation? Are you united at home,—are you free from the apprehensions of civil discord, with all its fearful consequences? Do our neighboring republics, every day suffering some new revolution, or contending with some new insurrection,—do they excite your envy?

6. But the dictates of a high duty oblige me solemnly to announce that you can not succeed. The laws of the United States must be executed, I have no discretionary power on the subject,—my duty is emphatically pronounced in the constitution. Those who told you that you might peaceably prevent their execution, deceived you,—they could not have been deceived themselves. They know that a forcible opposition could alone prevent the execution of the laws, and they know that such opposition must be repelled. Their object is disunion; but be not deceived by names; *disunion*, by armed force, is TREASON.

7. Are you really ready to incur its guilt? If you are, on the heads of the instigators of the act, be the dreadful consequences,—on their heads be the dishonor, but on yours may fall the punishment,—on your unhappy state will inevitably fall all the evils of the conflict you force upon the government of your country. It can not accede to the mad project of disunion, of which you would be the first victims,—its first magistrate can not, if he would, avoid the performance of his duty, —the consequence must be fearful for you, distressing to your fellow-citizens here, and to the friends of good government throughout the world.

8. Its enemies have beheld our prosperity with a vexation they could not conceal,—it was a standing refutation of their slavish doctrines, and they will point to our discord with the triumph of malignant joy. It is yet in your power to disappoint them. There is yet time to show that the descendants of the Pinckneys,[a] the Sumters,[a] the Rutledges, and of the thousand other names which adorn the pages of your Revolutionary history, will not abandon that Union, to support which so many of them fought, and bled, and died.

9. I adjure you, as you honor their memories,—as you love the cause of freedom, to which they dedicated their lives,—as you prize the peace of your country, the lives of its best citizens, and your own fair fame, to retrace your steps. Snatch from the archieves of your state the disorganizing edict of its convention,—bid its members to re-assemble and promulgate the decided expressions of your will to remain in the path which alone can conduct you to safety, prosperity, and honor,—tell them that, compared to disunion, all other evils are light, because that brings with it an accumulation of all,—declare that you will never take the field unless the star-spangled banner of your country shall float over you,—that you will not be stigmatized when dead, and dishonored and scorned while you live, as the authors of the first attack on the constitution of your country!

10. Its destroyers you can not be. You may disturb its peace,—you may interrupt the course of its prosperity,—you may cloud its reputation for stability,—but its tranquility will be restored, its prosperity will return, and the stain upon its national character will be transferred and remain an eternal blot on the memory of those who caused the disorder.

11. May the great Ruler of nations grant, that the signal blessings, with which He has favored ours, may not, by the madness of party or personal ambition, be disregarded and lost; and may His wise providence bring those who have produced this crisis, to see the folly, before they feel the misery, of civil strife; and inspire a returning veneration for that Union which, if we may dare to penetrate His designs, He has chosen as the only means of attaining the high destinies, to which we may reasonably aspire.

---

12. Sweet clime of my kindred, blest land of my birth
The fairest, the dearest, the brightest on earth!
Where'er I roam,—howe'er blest I may be.
My spirit instinctively turns unto thee

LESSON CXXI.

CHRIST IN THE TEMPEST.

J. G. WHITTIER.

1. **STORM** on the heaving waters! The vast sky
Is stooping with its thunder. Cloud on cloud,
Rolls heavily in the darkness, like a shroud
Shaken by midnight's Angel from on high,
Through the thick sea-mist, faintly and afar;
Chorazin's watch-light glimmers like a star,
And, momently, the ghastly cloud-fires play
On the dark sea-wall of Capernaum's bay;
And tower and turret into light spring forth,
Like specters starting from the storm-swept earth;
And vast and awful, Tabor's mountain form,
Its Titan* forehead naked to the storm,
Towers for one instant, full and clear, and then
Blends with the blackness and the cloud again.

2. And it is very terrible!—The roar
Ascendeth unto heaven, and thunders back,
Like the response of demons, from the black
Rifts of the hanging tempest, yawning o'er
The wild waves in their torment. Hark!—the cry
Of strong man in his peril, piercing through
The uproar of the waters and the sky,
As the rent bark one moment rides to view,
On the tall billows, with the thunder-cloud
Closing around, above her, like a shroud.

3. He stood upon the reeling deck,—His form
Made visible by the lightning, and His brow
Pale, and uncovered to the rushing storm,
Told of a triumph man may never know,—
Power underived and mighty,—"PEACE,—BE STILL!"
The great waves heard Him, and the storm's loud tone

---

* TITAN means *huge*. The Titans were fabled as gods, sons of Cœlus and Terra, *heaven* and *earth*. They were noted for their gigantic size and great strength

Went moaning into silence at His will;
And the thick clouds, where yet the lightning shone,
And slept the latent thunder, rolled away
Until no trace of tempest lurked behind,
Changing, upon the pinions of the wind,
To stormless wanderers, beautiful and gay.

4. Dread Ruler of the tempest! Thou before
Whose presence boweth the uprisen storm,—
To whom the waves do homage round the shore
Of many an island's empire!—if the form
Of the frail dust beneath Thine eye, may claim
Thy Infinite regard,—O, breathe upon
The storm and darkness of man's soul the same
Quiet, and peace, and humbleness, which came
O'er the roused waters, where Thy voice had gone
A minister of power,—to conquer in Thy name.

LESSON CXXII.

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

MRS SOUTHEY.

1. TREAD softly,—bow the head,—
In reverent silence bow,—
No passing bell doth toll,—
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

2. Stranger! however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed,—
One by that paltry bed,—
Greater than thou.

3. Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state;
Enter,—no crowds attend.—
Enter,—no guards defend
This palace gate.

4. That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meager hands
A dying head.

5. No smiling voices sound,—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed,—again
That short, deep gasp, and then
The parting groan!

6. O change!—O wondrous change!—
Burst are the prison bars,—
This moment there, so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars!

7. O change! stupendous change!—
There lies the soulless clod;
The Sun eternal breaks,—
The new immortal wakes,—
Wakes with his God.

LESSON CXXIII.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.—1. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS died in the Capitol of the United States, at Washington, on the 23rd of February, 1848, in the 81st year of his age, having been seized by sudden illness, while sitting at his desk in the House of Representatives, on the 21st of February. On the day following, his decease was announced by the SPEAKER of the House, as follows:

PUBLIC ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE DEATH OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

1. *Gentlemen of the House of Representatives of the United States.*—IT has been thought fit that the Chair should announce officially to the House, an event already known to the members individually, and which has filled all our hearts with sadness. A seat on this floor has been vacated, toward which all eyes have been accustomed to turn with no common interest.

2. A voice has been hushed forever in this Hall, to which all ears have been wont to listen with profound reverence. A venerable form has faded from our sight, around which we have daily clustered with an affectionate regard. A name has been stricken from the roll of the living statesmen of our land, which has been associated, for more than half a century, with the highest civil service, and the loftiest civil renown.

3. Whatever advanced age, long experience, great ability, vast learning, accumulated public honors, a spotless private character, and a firm religious faith, could do, to render any one an object of interest, respect, and admiration, they had done for this distinguished person; and interest, respect, and admiration, are but feeble terms to express the feelings, with which the members of this House and the people of the country have long regarded him.

4. After a life of eighty years, devoted from its earliest maturity to the public service, he has at length gone to his rest. He has been privileged to die at his post; to fall while in the discharge of his duties; to expire beneath the roof of the Capitol; and to have his last scene associated forever, in history, with the birthday of that illustrious Patriot,* whose just discernment brought him first into the service of his country.

5. The close of such a life, under such circumstances, is not an event for unmingled emotions. We can not find it in our hearts to regret, that he has died as he has died. He himself could have desired no other end. "This is the end of earth," were his last words, uttered on the day, on which he fell. But we might almost hear him exclaiming, as he left us,—in a language hardly less familiar to him than his native tongue,—"*Hoc est, nimirum, magis feliciter de vitâ migrare, quam mori.*"†

---

* WASHINGTON, who was born on the 22nd of February, 1732. While President he appointed Mr. Adams a resident minister to the United Netherlands, in the year 1794.

† It is truly more felicitous to depart from life than to die.

LESSON CXXIV.

Explanatory Note.—1. After an address by Mr. Hudson of Massachusetts, giving a brief account of Mr. Adams' life, Mr. Holmes of South Carolina rose and delivered the following address.

EULOGY ON THE LIFE AND SERVICES OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Holmes.

1. Mr. Speaker:—The mingled tones of sorrow, like the voice of many waters, have come unto us from a sister State,—Massachusetts weeping for her honored son. The State I have the honor in part to represent, once endured, with yours, a common suffering, battled for a common cause, and rejoiced in a common triumph. Surely, then, it is meet that in this, the day of your affliction, we should mingle our griefs.

2. When a great man falls, the nation mourns; when a patriarch is removed, the people weep. Ours, my associates, is no common bereavement. The chain which linked our hearts with the gifted spirits of former times, has been rudely snapped. The lips, from which flowed those living and glorious truths that our fathers uttered, are closed in death!

3. Yes, my friends, death has been among us! He has not entered the humble cottage of some unknown, ignoble peasant; he has knocked audibly at the palace of a nation! His footstep has been heard in the Hall of State! He has cloven down his victim in the midst of the councils of a people! He has borne, in triumph from among you, the gravest, wisest, most reverend head! Ah! he has taken him as a trophy, who was once chief over many States, adorned with virtue, and learning, and truth; he has borne at his chariot-wheels a renowned one of the earth.

4. There was no incident in the birth, the life, the death of Mr. Adams, not intimately woven with the history of the land. Born in the night of his country's tribulation, he heard the first murmurs of discontent,—he saw the first efforts for deliverance. While yet a little child, he listened with eagerness to the whispers of freedom, as they breathed from the lips of her almost inspired apostles; he caught the fire that was then

kindled, his eye beamed with the first ray; he watched the day-spring from on high, and long before he departed from earth, it was graciously vouchsafed unto him to behold the effulgence of her noontide glory.

5. His father saw the promise of the son, and early led him by the hand to drink of the very fountains of light and liberty itself. His youthful thoughts were kindled with the idealism of a republic, whose living form and features he was destined to behold visibly. Removed at an early age to a distant country, he there, under the eye of his father, was instructed in the rigid lore of a FRANKLIN. His intellect was expanded by the conversations, and invigorated by the acute disquisitions of the Academicians, whose fiery zeal, even at that early period, was waking up the mind of France to deeper thoughts, bolder inquiries, and more matured reflection,—to result ultimately, as we all know, in terrific action.

6. Returning to this country, he entered into the cool cloisters of the college; passed through the various stages to acquire that discipline of mind, which intense study can alone impart; and thence, as he was about to emerge, appeared those buds of promise, which soon blossomed into those blushing honors he afterward wore so thick around him. His was not the dreamy life of the schools; but he leaped into the arena of activity, to run a career of glorious emulation with the gifted spirits of the earth.

7. He saw the efforts to place his country on a deep and stable foundation, where it now rests. He had seen the colonies emerge into States, and the States cemented into Union, and realized, in the formation of this confederated Republic, all that his ardent hopes had pictured out in the recesses of schools. Young as he then was, he contributed by the energy of his mind, and the vigor of his pen, to support the administration of WASHINGTON, who transferred him at an early age to a foreign court; scarcely initiated into its diplomacy before his services were required for another and a more extended sphere.

8. Passing from that, he returned to his own country, and

was placed by the suffrages of his State in the chamber at the other end of this Capitol; and there, the activity of his mind, the freedom of his thought, the independence of his action, rendered him to his constituents, for the time being, unacceptable, by uniting him to the policy of Mr. JEFFERSON. He retired from the halls of Congress; but he went to no ignoble ease Wearied with the toils, heated with the contests, covered with the dust of politics, he withdrew to the classic groves of Cambridge, and there he bathed his weary mind in the pure stream of intellectual rest.*

9. Purified, refreshed, invigorated, he came forth, after severe study and devout prayer, to do his country service. He was sent immediately to Russia, not to repose amidst the luxuries of courts, or in rich saloons, amidst the glitter of lights and the swell of voluptuous music, but to watch the swell and play of those shadowy billows, with which all Europe heaved beneath the throes of the great heart of France.

10. Mr. ADAMS saw and felt that the pulse of freedom, day by day, beat feebler and feebler throughout the continent. He counseled the ministers of Russia. He was one of those that stimulated them to wake from their torpor, and he had the satisfaction to behold, from the frozen regions of the north, those mighty hordes pour out upon the sunny nations of the south, to give deliverance to People, States, and Powers. His own country demanded his services, and he became, with GALLATIN and CLAY, a mediator of that peace between two nations, which we trust shall exist forever, while the only contests shall be those of good-will on earth and mutual brotherhood.

11. He went,—as his father had gone after the first war of the Revolution,—upon the termination of the second war, to the Court of St. James. He remained not long before another sphere was opened to him. As Secretary of State for eight years, he fulfilled the arduous duties, incident to that high post, in a country just emerging from conflict. To the highest office of the people he was quickly raised; and how in that

---

* After resigning the office of United States Senator, Mr. Adams was appointed Professor of Rhetoric in Harvard University, Cambridge.

sphere he moved, with what ease, ability, and grace, we all know; and history will record,—*he crushed no heart beneath the rude grasp of proscription; he left no heritage of widows' cries or orphans' tears.*

12. He disrobed himself with dignity of the vestures of office, not to retire to the shades of Quincy; but, in the maturity of his intellect, in the vigor of his thought, to leap into this arena, and to continue, as he had begun, a disciple, an ardent devotee at the temple of his country's freedom. How, in this department, he ministered to his country's wants, we all know, and have witnessed. How often we have crowded into that aisle, and clustered around that now vacant desk, to listen to the counsels of wisdom, as they fell from the lips of the venerable Sage, we can all remember, for it was but of yesterday. But what a change! How wondrous! how sudden! 'Tis like a vision of the night. That form which we beheld but a few days since, is now cold in death!

13. But the last Sabbath, and in this Hall he worshiped with others. Now his spirit mingles with the noble army of martyrs, and the just made perfect in the eternal adoration of the living God. With him "this is the end of earth." He sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. He is gone,—and forever! The sun that ushers in the morn of that next holy day, while it gilds the lofty dome of the Capitol, shall rest, with soft and mellow light, upon the consecrated spot, beneath whose turf forever lies the PATRIOT FATHER and the PATRIOT SAGE!

LESSON CXXV.

WHAT IS LIFE?

JOHN CLARK.

1. AND what is Life? An hour-glass on the run,
A mist retreating from the morning sun,
A busy, bustling, still repeated dream.
Its length? A minute's pause, a moment's thought.
And Happiness? A bubble on the stream,
That in the act of seizing shrinks to naught.

2 And what is Hope? The puffing gale of morn,
That robs each flow'ret of its gem,—and dies;
A cobweb, hiding disappointment's thorn,
Which stings more keenly through the thin disguise.

3 And what is Death? Is still the cause unfound?
That dark mysterious name of horrid sound?
A long and lingering sleep the weary crave.
And Peace? Where can its happiness abound?
Nowhere at all, save Heaven and the grave.

4 Then what is Life? when stripped of its disguise,
A thing to be desired it can not be;
Since every thing that meets our gazing eyes,
Gives proof sufficient of its vanity.
'Tis but a trial all must undergo,
To teach unthankful mortals how to prize
That happiness vain man's denied to know,
Until he's called to claim it in the skies.

LESSON CXXVI.

FAREWELL OF THE SOUL TO THE BODY.

MRS. SIGOURNEY

1. COMPANION dear! the hour draws nigh,
The sentence speeds,—*to die, to die!*
So long in mystic union held,
So close with strong embrace compelled,
How canst thou bear the dread decree,
That strikes thy clasping nerves from me?
—To Him who on this mortal shore,
The same encircling vestment wore,
To Him I look, to Him I bend,
To Him thy shuddering frame commend.

2 If I have ever caused thee pain,—
The throbbing breast, the burning brain,—
With cares and vigils turned thee pale,
And scorned thee when thy strength did fail,—

Forgive!—Forgive!—thy task doth cease,
Friend! Lover! let us part in peace.

3. If thou didst sometimes check my force,
Or, trifling, stay mine upward course,
Or lure from Heaven my wavering trust,
Or bow my drooping wing to dust,—
I blame thee not, the strife is done,
I knew thou wast the weaker one,
The vase of earth, the trembling clod
Constrained to hold the breath of God.

4 Well hast thou in my service wrought,—
Thy brow hath mirrored forth my thought;
To wear my smile thy lip hath glowed;
Thy tear, to speak my sorrows, flowed;
Thine ear hath borne me rich supplies
Of sweetly varied melodies;
Thy hands my prompted deeds have done,
Thy feet upon my errands run,—
Yes, thou hast marked my bidding well,
Faithful and true! Farewell, farewell!

5. Go to thy rest. A quiet bed
Meek mother Earth with flowers shall spread,
Where I no more thy sleep may break
With fevered dream, nor rudely wake
Thy wearied eye.

6. O, quit thy hold!
For thou art faint, and chill, and cold;
And long thy gasp and groan of pain,
Have bound me pitying in thy chain:
Though angels urge me hence to soar,
Where I shall share thine ills no more.

7 Yet we shall meet. To soothe thy pain
Remember,—we shall meet again.
Quell with this hope the victor's sting,
And keep it as a signet-ring;

When the dire worm shall pierce thy breast,
And naught but ashes mark thy rest,—
When stars shall fall, and skies grow dark,
And proud suns quench thy glow-worm spark,
Keep thou that hope, to light thy gloom,
Till the last trumpet rends the tomb.

8. Then shalt thou glorious rise, and fair,
Nor spot, nor stain, nor wrinkle bear,
And I with hovering wing elate,
The bursting of thy bonds shall wait,
And breathe the welcome of the sky,—
"No more to part, no more to die,
Co-heir of Immortality."

LESSON CXXVII.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.—1. MARATHON was a village ten miles from Athens, celebrated for the decisive victory which *Ten Thousand* Athenians, under Miltiades, gained over *Three hundred thousand* Persians, 490 years before Christ.

2. TAYGETUS is a mountain of LACONIA, the province of Greece, in which Sparta is located. It anciently abounded with various kinds of beasts, and furnished a beautiful green marble.

EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM.

EVERETT.

1. THE national character, in some of its most important elements, must be formed, elevated, and strengthened, from the materials which history presents. Are we to be ever ringing the changes upon Marathon[1] and Thermopylæ; and going back to find in obscure texts of Greek and Latin the great exemplars of patriotic virtue? I rejoice that we can find them nearer home,—in our own country,—on our own soil;—that strains of the noblest sentiment, that ever swelled in the breast of man, are breathing to us out of every page of our country's history, in the native eloquence of our mother tongue;—that the colonial and the provincial councils of America, exhibit to us models of the spirit and character which gave Greece and

Rome their name and their praise among the nations. Here we ought to go for our instruction; the lesson is plain, it is clear, it is applicable.

2. When we go to ancient history, we are bewildered with the difference of manners and institutions. We are willing to pay our tribute of applause to the memory of Leonidas who fell nobly for his country, in the face of the foe. But when we trace him to his home, we are confounded at the reflection, that the same Spartan heroism, to which he sacrificed himself at Thermopylæ, would have led him to tear his only child, if it happened to be a sickly babe,—the very object, for which all that is kind and good in man, rises up to plead,—from the bosom of its mother, and carry it out to be eaten by the wolves of Taygetus.[1] We feel a glow of admiration at the heroism displayed at Marathon by the ten thousand champions of invaded Greece; but we can not forget that the tenth part of the number were slaves, unchained from the work-shops and door-posts of their masters, to go and fight the battles of freedom.

3. I do not mean that these examples are to destroy the interest, with which we read the history of ancient times; they possibly increase that interest, by the singular contrast they exhibit. But they do warn us, if we need the warning, to seek our great practical lessons of patriotism at home,—out of the exploits and sacrifices, of which our own country is the theater,—out of the characters of our own fathers. Them we know, the high-souled, natural, unaffected, the citizen heroes.

4. We know what happy firesides they left for the cheerless camp. We know with what pacific habits they dared the perils of the field. There is no mystery, no romance, no madness, under the name of chivalry, about them. It is all resolute, manly resistance,—for conscience and liberty's sake,—not merely of an overwhelming power, but of all the force of long-rooted habits, and the native love of order and peace.

---

1. OUR national existence has been quite long enough, and its events sufficiently various, to prove the value and perma-

nence of our civil and political establishments, to dissipate the doubts of their friends, and to disappoint the hopes of their enemies. Our past history is to us the pledge, the earnest, the type of the greater future. We may read in it the fortunes of our descendants, and with an assured confidence look forward to a long and continued advance in all that can make a people great.

2. If this is a theme full of proud thoughts, it is also one that should penetrate us with a deep and solemn sense of duty. Our humblest, honest efforts to perpetuate the liberties, or animate the patriotism of this people, to purify their morals, or to excite their genius, will be felt long after us, in a widening and more widening sphere, until they reach a distant posterity, to whom our very names may be unknown. Every swelling wave of our increasing population, as it rolls from the Atlantic coast, onward toward the Pacific, must bear upon its bosom the influence of the taste, learning, morals, and freedom of this generation.—Gulian C. Verplanck.

LESSON CXXVIII.

FREEDOM'S SONG.

C. W Sanders.

1. All hail the day of Freedom's birth,
Its fame be echoed round the earth;
Till ev'ry nation 'neath the sun,
Has learned the name of Washington.

2. Oppression's power our sires repelled,
And from our land the foe expelled
They rallied forth to victory,
And shouted, *"God and Liberty!"*

3. Our flag floats proudly o'er the seas,
Her stripes and stars—on every breeze;
Yet gallant sons of freemen bold,
Shall in their hands her standard hold.

4. O may our country long possess
Contentment, peace, and happiness!
And we,—her sons and daughters,—hence,
Be richly blessed by Providence.

5. Fair Freedom! let thy ensign wave,
Till stern Oppression finds a grave;
And let thy eagle proudly soar,
Till Tyrants' power is felt no more.

LESSON CXXIX.

THE STAR IN THE WEST.

Eliza Cook

1. There's a star in the West, that shall never go down,
Till the records of valor decay;
We must worship its light, though it is not our own,*
For liberty burst in its ray.
Shall the name of a Washington ever be heard
By a freeman, and thrill not his breast?
Is there one out of bondage, that hails not the word
As the Bethlehem star of the West?

2. "War, war to the knife! be inthralled or ye die,"
Was the echo that woke in his land;
But it was not *his* voice that promoted the cry,
Nor *his* madness that kindled the brand.
He raised not his arm, he defied not his foes,
While a leaf of the olive remained;
Till goaded with insult, his spirit arose
Like a long-baited lion unchained.

3. He struck with firm courage the blow of the brave,
But sighed o'er the carnage that spread;
He indignantly trampled the yoke of the slave,
But wept for the thousands that bled.
Though he threw back the fetters, and headed the strife,
Till man's charter was fairly restored;

---

* The writer of this poetry is a native of England.

Yet he prayed for the moment when freedom and life
Would no longer be pressed by the sword.

4. Oh! his laurels were pure; and his patriot-name
In the page of the future shall dwell,
And be seen in all annals, the foremost in fame,
By the side of a HOFER and TELL.
Revile not my song, for the wise and the good
Among Britons have nobly confessed,
That his was the glory, and ours was the blood
Of the deeply-stained field of the West.

LESSON CXXX.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.—1. CINCINNATUS was a celebrated Roman, who was informed, as he plowed his field, that the Senate had chosen him Dictator. Upon this he left his plow with regret, and repaired to the field of battle, where his countrymen were closely besieged. He conquered their enemies, and returned to Rome in triumph; and in sixteen days after his appointment, he laid down his office and returned again to his plow. In his 80th year, he was again summoned as Dictator, and after a successful campaign, he resigned the absolute power he had enjoyed only twenty-one days, nobly disregarding the rewards that were offered him by the Senate.

2. CURRAN was a celebrated Irish orator.

PLEA FOR IRELAND.

PHILLIPS.

1. COME and see this unhappy people,—see the Irishman, the only alien in Ireland, in rags and wretchedness, staining the sweetest scenery ever eye reposed on, persecuted by the extorting middleman of some absentee landlord, plundered by the law-proctor of some rapacious and unsympathizing incumbent, bearing through life but insults and injustice, and bereaved even of any hope in death by the heart-rending reflection that he leaves his children to bear, like their father, an abominable bondage.

2. Is it the fact? Let any who doubts it walk out into your streets, and see the consequences of such a system; see it rearing up crowds in a kind of apprenticeship to the prison,

absolutely permitted by their parents, from utter despair, to lisp the alphabet and learn the rudiments of profligacy. For my part, never did I meet one of these youthful assemblages, without feeling within me a melancholy emotion.

3. How often have I thought, within that little circle of neglected triflers who seem to have been born in caprice and bred in orphanage, there may exist some mind formed of the finest mold, and wrought for immortality; a soul swelling with the energies, and stamped with the patent of the Deity, which, under proper culture, might perhaps bless, adorn, immortalize, or ennoble empires; some CINCINNATUS,[1] in whose breast the destinies of a nation may lie dormant; some MILTON, "pregnant with celestial fire;" some CURRAN,[2] who, when thrones were crumbled and dynasties forgotten, might stand the landmark of his country's genius, rearing himself amid regal ruins and national dissolution, a mental pyramid in the solitude of time, beneath whose shade things might molder, and round whose summit eternity must play. Even in such a circle, the young DEMOSTHENES might have once been found; and HOMER, the disgrace and glory of his age, have sung neglected.

4. Have not other nations witnessed those things, and who shall say that nature has peculiarly degraded the intellect of Ireland? O, my countrymen, let us hope that under better auspices and sounder policies, the ignorance that thinks so, may meet its refutation. Let us turn from the blight and ruin of this wintery day to the fond anticipation of a happier period, when our prostrate land shall stand erect among the nations, fearless and unfettered; her brow blooming with the wreath of science, and her path strewed with the offerings of art; the breath of heaven blessing her flag, the extremities of earth acknowledging her name, her fields waving with the fruits of agriculture, her ports alive with the contributions of commerce, and her temples vocal with unrestricted piety.

5. Such is the ambition of the true patriot; such are the views, for which we are calumniated! O, divine ambition! O, delightful calumny! Happy he who shall see thee accom-

plished! Happy he who through every peril, toils for thy attainment! Proceed, friend of Ireland and partaker of her wrongs, proceed undaunted to this glorious consummation.

6. Fortune will not gild, power will not ennoble thee; but thou shalt be rich in the love, and titled by the blessings of thy country; thy path shall be illumined by the public eye· thy labors enlightened by the public gratitude; and O, remember,—amid the impediments, with which corruption will oppose, and the dejection, with which disappointments may depress you,—remememember you are acquiring a name to be cherished by the future generations of earth, long after it has been enrolled among the inheritors of Heaven.

LESSON CXXXI.

MORAL CULTURE.

1. WHAT deep and unfathomable meaning dwells in the words, veracity, benevolence, justice, duty! Attaching to us in our early childhood; following us through every waking moment of our lives, with the imposition of ever-renewing commands; attaching to us in the narrowness of the domestic circle, yet, as our knowledge and our relations expand to fill up larger and larger circles; fastening new obligations upon us, commensurate with our powers of performance;—in this view, the all-enfolding law of morality may seem to be a task and a burden; but when we perceive its consonance to our nature, its pure and inexhaustible rewards for obedience, its power of imparting an all-conquering energy, wherever loftiest efforts are demanded, we must hail its authority as among our highest honors and blessings.

2. For what slaves are they, over whom an enlightened conscience does not bear sway! What sovereignty awaits those who yield submission to its dictates! Never since the creation of man, has there been a nation like ours, so nursed in its infancy by the smiles of Providence, endued with such vigor in the first half century of its being, and made capable

in its advancing years at once of rising to such unparaleled power, and of making existence so rich a boon to its multitudinous members.

3. For this very reason, debasement would stand in appalling contrast with its early promises; and if, through immorality, it inflicts upon itself suicidal wounds, the pangs of its death-struggle will be terrible in proportion to the vigor of its frame and the tenacity of its young life. It has been well said that it took Rome three hundred years to die. Her giant heart still beat, though corruption festered through all her members. Fiercer will be the throes, and deeper the shame of this young republic, if, in the bright morning of its days, and enriched with all the beneficence of Heaven, it grows wanton in its strength, and maddening itself with the cup of vice, it perishes basely in sight of its high destiny.

4. There is every thing in our institutions to give, (if that were possible,) even an artificial and extraneous value to upright conduct, to nobleness and elevation of character. Our institutions demand men, in whose hearts, great thoughts and deeds are native, spontaneous, irrepressible. And if we do not have a generation of men whose virtues will save us, we shall have a generation whose false pretensions to virtue will ruin us.

5. In a state and country like ours, a thousand selfish considerations tempt men to become hypocrites, and to put on the outward guises of morality. Ambition may counsel that honors are most easily won through honest seemings. Avarice may covet a fair reputation for its pecuniary value. Pride and vanity may look for regard without the worth which alone can challenge it. But all such supports will fail in the hour of temptation. They have no depth of root in the moral sentiments.

6. The germs of morality must be planted in the moral nature, in youth,—at an early period of life. In that genial soil they will flourish and gather strength from surer and deeper sources than those of time-serving policy; like those pasture oaks, we see scattered about the fields of the farmers, which, striking their roots downward into the earth as far as

their topmost branches ascend into the air, draw nourishment from perennial fountains, and thereby preserve their foliage fresh and green, through seasons of fiery drouth, when all surrounding vegetation is scorched and withered.

---

1. To THE YOUNG,—"The innocent in heart and soul," for whom life still blooms in all the freshness and beauty of hope and truth,—who bask in the bright sunshine of moral purity and peace, little dreaming of the countless perils which surround them, breathing the ethereal odors of a Paradise which they have not as yet forfeited,—to them how earnest should be the constant and most impressive admonition,—Avoid the first approaches of the tempter; heed not for a wavering moment his subtle and fatal voice; wrap yourselves in the sacred mantle of your innocence, and repose in trustful assurance upon the promises of the Author of your being, the Dispenser of the rich blessings, by which you are surrounded.

2. The conditions of present enjoyment and continued happiness, are clearly unfolded to your mental and moral perception by HIM who called you into existence, and curiously molded the constitution of your being. While those conditions are faithfully observed, that existence will prove a constant source of pleasure,—an unfailing well-spring of improvement,—a perpetual concord of sweet and harmonious influences. Around and about you, on every hand, are withered hopes, blasted expectations, irremediable sorrow, fruitless remorse, pain, anguish, disease, premature decay, and death.

3. Hope not to disobey the voice of God within your souls, and to escape these dire and bitter consequences of transgression. The records of human experience, from the creation of the world to the present hour, furnish not a solitary instance of such an exemption from the penalty denounced by the voice of the Almighty. Venture not, then, upon the fearful and most presumptuous experiment. Walk while you may, in the placid shades of innocence and virtue; commune with the Being whose presence will surround you at all times, and

whose blessing, "even length of days and life for evermore," will consecrate and reward your obedience to His perfect laws.

> "So live, that when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan that moves
> To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
> Scourged, to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

S. S. RANDALL.

LESSON CXXXII.

THE RUINS OF POMPEII.

1. THE ancient city of POMPEII in the province of Campania in Italy, together with that of HERCULANEUM, was buried by a shower of ashes, thrown up from the crater of Mount Vesuvius, in the famous eruption of 79. The ruins of Pompeii were accidentally discovered in the year 1748, and they have been, to a great extent, disclosed by the extensive excavations which have been made. Streets and houses in almost a perfect state, have been brought to view. A forum, two theaters, temples, fountains, and other structures, richly ornamented, have been discovered, and from them have been taken statues, manuscripts, paintings, and various utensils, which contribute extensively to enlarge our notions of the ancients, and develop many classical obscurities.

2. Numerous skeletons have been discovered, though it is probable that many of the inhabitants escaped. In one cellar the skeletons of twenty-seven females were found, with costly ornaments for the neck and arms scattered around. In another apartment, the skeletons of a master and slave, were discovered, the former holding a key in one hand, and a bag of coins and precious stones in the other, while near them were valuable silver and bronze vessels.

3. In other times and in other places, one single edifice, a temple, a theater, a tomb, that had escaped the wreck of ages, would have enchanted us; nay, an arch, the remnant of a wall, even one solitary column, was beheld with veneration; but to discover a single ancient house, the abode of a Roman in his privacy, the scene of his domestic hours, was an object of fond, but hopeless longing. Here, not a temple, not a theater, nor a column, nor a house, but a whole city rises before us, untouched, unaltered, the very same as it was eighteen hundred years ago, when inhabited by Romans.

4. We range through the same streets, tread the very same pavement, behold the same walls, enter the same doors, and repose in the same apartments. We are surrounded by the same objects, and out of the same windows we contemplate the same scenery. While you are wandering through the abandoned rooms, you may, without any great effort of imagination, expect to meet some of the former inhabitants, or perhaps the master of the house himself, and almost feel like intruders who dread the appearance of any of the family.

5. In the streets you are afraid of turning a corner, lest you should jostle a passenger; and on entering a house, the least sound startles, as if the proprietor was coming out of the back apartments. The traveler may long indulge the illusion; for not a voice is heard, not even the sound of a foot to disturb the loneliness of the place, or to interrupt his reflections.

LESSON CXXXIII.

Note.—The following is an extract from a poem which obtained the Chancellor's medal, at a commencement of the University at Cambridge England.

DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

MACAULAY.

1. SAD City, gayly dawned thy latest day,
And poured its radiance on a scene as gay.
Then mirth and music through Pompeii rung;
Then verdant wreaths on all her portals hung;

Her sons with solemn rite and jocund lay,
Hailed the glad splendors of that festal day.
With fillets bound the hoary priests advance,
And rosy virgins braid the choral dance.
The rugged warrior here unbends awhile
His iron front, and deigns a transient smile;
There, frantic with delight, the ruddy boy
Scarce treads on earth, and bounds and laughs with joy.

2. From every crowded altar perfumes rise
In billowy clouds of fragrance to the skies.
The milk-white monarch of the herd they lead,
With gilded horns, at yonder shrine to bleed;
And while the victim crops the broidered plain,
And frisks, and gambols toward the destined fane,
They little deem that like himself they stray
To death, unconscious, o'er a flowery way;
Heedless, like him, the impending stroke await,
And sport and wanton on the brink of fate.

3 What 'vails it that where yonder hights aspire,
With ashes piled, and scathed with rills of fire,
Gigantic phantoms dimly seem to glide,*
In misty files, along the mountain's side,
To view with threatening scowl your fated lands,
And toward your city point their shadowy hands?
In vain through many a night ye view from far
The meteor flag of elemental war
Unroll its blazing folds from yonder hight,
In fearful sign of earth's intestine fight.

4. In vain Vesuvius groaned with wrath suppressed,
And muttered thunder in his burning breast.
Long since the Eagle from that flaming peak,

---

* It is related that gigantic figures appeared on the summit of Vesuvius, previous to the destruction of POMPEII. This was caused doubtless by the fantastic forms which the smoke assumed, assisted by a lively imagination.

Hath soared with screams a safer nest to seek.
Awed by the infernal beacon's fitful glare,
The howling wolf hath left his wonted lair.
Man only mocks the peril. Man alone
Defies the sulphurous flame, the warning groan.
While instinct, humbler guardian, wakes and saves,
Proud reason sleeps, nor knows the doom it braves.

5. But see, the opening theater invites
The fated myriads to its gay delights.
In, in, they swarm, tumultuous as the roar
Of foaming breakers on a rocky shore.
The enraptured throng in breathless transport views
The gorgeous Temple of the Tragic Muse.
Far, far around the ravished eye surveys
The sculptured forms of gods and heroes blaze.
Above, the echoing roofs the peal prolong
Of lofty converse, or melodious song;
While, as the tones of passion sink or swell,
Admiring thousands own the moral spell,
Melt with the melting strains of fancied woe,
With terror sicken, or with transport glow.

6. O! for a voice like that which pealed of old
Through Salem's cedar courts and shrines of gold,*
And in wild accents round the trembling dome,
Proclaimed the havoc of avenging Rome;
While every palmy arch and sculptured tower,
Shook with the footsteps of the parting power.
Such voice might check your tears, which idly stream
For the vain phantoms of the poet's dream,—
Might bid those terrors rise, those sorrows flow,
For other perils, and for nearer woe.

7. The hour is come. Even now the sulphurous cloud
Involves the city in its funeral shroud,
And far along Campania's azure sky,

---

* Consult the 24th Chapter of Matthew.

Expands its dark and boundless canopy.
The Sun, though throned on Heaven's meridian hight,
Burns red and rayless through that sickly night.
Each bosom felt at once the shuddering thrill,
At once the music stopped.—The song was still.
None in that cloud's portentous shade might trace
The fearful changes of another's face.
But through that horrid stillness each could hear
His neighbor's throbbing heart beat high with fear.

8. A moment's pause succeeds. Then wildly rise
Grief's sobbing plaints and terror's frantic cries.
The gates recoil; and toward the narrow pass,
In wild confusion, rolls the living mass.
Death!—when thy shadowy scepter waves away
From his sad couch the prisoner of decay,
Though friendship view the close with glistening eye,
And love's fond lips imbibe the parting sigh,
By torture racked, by kindness soothed in vain,
The soul still clings to being and to pain.
But when have wilder terrors clothed thy brow,
Or keener torments edged thy dart than now,—
When with thy regal horrors vainly strove
The law of Nature and the power of Love?

9. On mothers, babes in vain for mercy call,
Beneath the feet of brothers, brothers fall.
Behold the dying wretch in vain upraise
Toward yonder well-known face the accusing gaze.
Vain is the imploring glance, the frenzied cry;
All, all is fear;—to succor, is to die.—
Saw ye how wild, how red, how broad a light
Burst on the darkness of that mid-day night,
As fierce Vesuvius scattered o'er the vale
Her drifted flames and sheets of burning hail,
Shook death's wan lightnings from his blazing cone,
And gilded heaven with meteors not its own?

LESSON CXXXIV.

DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.—CONTINUED.

MACAULAY.

1 THE morn all blushing rose; but sought in vain
The snowy villas and the flowery plain,
The purpled hills with marshaled vineyards gay,
The domes that sparkled in the sunny ray.
Where art or nature late had deck'd the scene
With blazing marble or with spangled green,
There, streaked by many a fiery torrent's bed,
A boundless waste of hoary ashes spread.

2. Along that dreary waste where lately rung
The festal lay which smiling virgins sung,
Where rapture echoed from the warbling lute,
And the gay dance resounded,—all is mute.—
Mute!—Is it Fancy shapes that wailing sound
Which faintly murmurs from the blasted ground;
Or live there still, who, breathing in the tomb,
Curse the dark refuge which delays their doom,
In massive vaults, on which the incumbent plain
And ruined city heap their weight in vain?

3. Oh! who may sing that hour of mortal strife,
When Nature calls on Death, yet clings to life?
Who paint the wretch that draws sepulchral breath,
A living prisoner in the house of Death?
Pale as the corpse which loads the funeral pile,
With face convulsed, that writhes a ghastly smile,
Behold him speechless move with hurried pace,
Incessant, round his dungeon's caverned space,—
Now shrink in terror, and now groan in pain,
Gnaw his white lips, and strike his burning brain;
Till Fear o'erstrained in stupor, dies away,
And Madness wrests her victim from dismay.
His arms sink down; his wild and stony eye
Glares without sight on blackest vacancy.

He feels not, sees not; wrapped in senseless trance,
His soul is still and listless as his glance.
One cheerless blank, one rayless mist is there,
Thoughts, senses, passions, live not with despair.

4 Haste, Famine, haste to urge the destined close,
And lull the horrid scene to stern repose.
Yet ere, dire Fiend, thy lingering tortures cease,
And all be hushed in still sepulchral peace,
Those caves shall wilder, darker deeds behold
Than e'er the voice of song or fable told,—
Whate'er dismay may prompt, or madness dare,
Feasts of the grave, and banquets of despair.—
Hide, hide the scene; and o'er the blasting sight
Fling the dark vail of ages and of night.

5 Go, seek Pompeii now:—with pensive tread
Roam through the silent city of the dead;
Explore each spot, where still, in ruin grand
Her shapeless piles and tottering columns stand,
Where the pale ivy's clasping wreaths o'ershade
The ruined temple's moss-clad colonnade;
Or violets on the hearth's cold marble wave,
And muse in silence on a people's grave.

6. Fear not.—No sign of death thine eyes shall scare,
No, all is beauty, verdure, fragrance there.
A gentle slope includes the fatal ground,
With odorous shrubs and tufted myrtles crowned;
Beneath, o'ergrown with grass, or wreathed with flowers,
Lie tombs and temples, columns, baths, and towers;—
As if, in mockery, Nature seems to dress
In all her charms the beauteous wilderness,
And bids her gayest flowerets twine and bloom
In sweet profusion o'er a city's tomb.
Advance, and wander on through crumbling halls,
Through prostrate gates and ivied pedestals,—
Arches, whose echoes now no chariots rouse,—
Tombs, on whose summit goats undaunted browse.

7. Immortal spirits, in whose deathless song
Latium and Athens yet their reign prolong,
And from their thrones of fame and empire hurl'd,
Still sway the scepter of the mental world;
Whose minds unraveled Nature's mystic plan,
Or traced the mazy labyrinth of man:—
Bend, glorious spirits, from your blissful bowers,
And broidered couches of unfading flowers,
While round your locks the Elysian garlands blow
With sweeter odors, and with brighter glow.

8. Once more, immortal shades, atoning Fame
Repairs the honors of each glorious name.
Behold Pompeii's opening vaults restore
The long-lost treasures of your ancient lore,
The vestal radiance of poetic fire,
The stately buskin and the tuneful lyre,
The wand of eloquence, whose magic sway
The scepters and the swords of earth obey,
And every mighty spell, whose strong control
Could nerve or melt, could fire or soothe the soul.

9. And thou, sad city, raise thy drooping head,
And share the honors of the glorious dead.
Had Fate reprieved thee till the frozen North
Poured in wild swarms its hoarded millions forth,
Till blazing cities marked where Albion trod,
Or Europe quaked beneath *the scourge of* God,
No lasting wreath had graced thy funeral pall,
No fame redeemed the horrors of thy fall.

10. Now shall thy deathless memory live entwined
With all that conquers, rules, or charms the mind,—
Each lofty thought of Poet or of Sage,
Each grace of Virgil's lyre or Tully's page.
Like theirs whose Genius consecrates thy tomb,
Thy fame shall snatch from time a greener bloom,
Shall spread where'er the Muse has rear'd her throne,
And live renowned in accents yet unknown.

LESSON CXXXV.

UNIVERSAL PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

MELVILLE.

1. It is a beautiful truth that there can not be the creature so insignificant, the care so inconsiderable, the action so unimportant, as to be overlooked by Him, from whom we derive our being. We know that it is not the monarch alone at the head of his tribes and provinces who is observed by the Almighty; and that it is not only at some great crisis in life, that an individual becomes an object of the attention of his Maker.

2. We know rather that the poorest, the meanest, the most despised, shares with the monarch the notice of the universal Protector; and that this notice is so unwearied and incessant, that when he goes to his daily toil or his daily prayer, when he lies down at night, or rises in the morning, or gathers his little ones to the scanty meal, the poor man is tenderly watched by his God; and he can not weep the tear which He sees not, nor smile the smile which He notes not, nor breathe the wish which He hears not.

3. The man indeed of exalted rank, on whom may depend the movements of an empire, is regarded with a vigilance which never knows suspense, by Him "who giveth salvation unto kings;" and the Lord, "to whom belong the shields of the earth," bestows on this man whatever wisdom he displays, and whatever strength he puts forth, and whatever success he attains. But the carefulness of Deity is, in no sense, engrossed by the distinguished individual; but, just as the regards which are turned on this earth, interfere not with those which pour themselves over far-off planets and distant systems, so, while the chieftain is observed and attended with the assiduousness of what might seem an undivided guardianship, the very beggar is as much the object of Divine inspection and succor, as though, in the broad sweep of animated being, there were no other to need the sustaining arm of the Creator.

4. It is this providence which extends itself to every household, and throws itself around every individual, and takes part

in every business, and is concerned with every sorrow, and is accessory to every joy. It encircles equally the palace and the cottage; guiding and upholding alike the poor and the rich; ministering to the king in his councils, to the merchant in his commerce, to the scholar in his study, and to the laborer in his husbandry;—so that, whatever be our rank and occupation, at no moment are we withdrawn from the eye of Deity, in no lawful endeavor are we left to ourselves, in no secret anxiety have we only our own heart, with which to commune. Oh! it were to take from God all that is most encouraging in His attributes and prerogatives, if we could throw doubt on this doctrine of *His universal providence.*

5. And we seem to have drawn a picture which is calculated equally to raise astonishment and delight, to produce the deepest reverence and yet the fullest confidence, when we have represented God as superintending whatever occurs in His infinite domain,—guiding the roll of every planet, the rush of every cataract, the gathering of every cloud, and the motion of every will;—and when, in order that the delineation may have all that exquisiteness which is only to be obtained from those home-touches, which assure us that we have ourselves an interest in what is so splendid and surprising, we have the assurance that He is with the sick man on his pallet, with the seaman in his danger, and with the widow in her agony.

6. If we would exhibit God as so attending to what is mighty, as not to overlook what is lowly, what better can we do than declare Him mustering around Him the vast army of suns and constellations, and all the while hearkening to every cry which goes up from an afflicted creation,—and is not this the very picture sketched by the Psalmist, when, after the sublime ascription, "Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations," he adds the comforting words, "the Lord upholdeth all that fall, and lifteth up all those that be bowed down?"

7. God is that mysterious Being, to whom the only great thing is Himself. And, therefore, when "the eyes of all wait

upon him," the seraph gains not attention by his gaze of fire, and the insect loses it not through feebleness of vision.—Archangel and angel, man and beast, fowls of the air, and fish of the sea, all draw equally the regard of Him who, counting nothing great but Himself, the Creator, can pass over, as small, no fraction of the creation.

8. It is thus virtually the attribute of God, that He should care for every thing, and sustain every thing; so that we should never behold a blade of grass springing up from the earth, nor hear a bird warble its wild music, without a warm memory that it is through Him as a God of providence, that the fields are enameled in due season, that every animated tribe receives its sustenance, and that the successive generations of mankind arise, flourish, and possess the earth.

9. Never should we think of joy or sorrow, of things prosperous or adverse, of health or sickness, life or death, without devoutly believing that the times of every man are in the Almighty's hands,—that nothing happens but through the ordinance or permission of God; and that the very same Providence which guides the marchings of the stars, and and regulates the convulsions of empires, is tending at the couch of the afflicted, curtaining the sleep, and watching the toil, of earth's remotest families.

LESSON CXXXVI.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

The varied Changes of Creation.

YOUNG.

LOOK nature through, 'tis revolution all;
All change, no death; day follows night, and night,
The dying day; stars rise and set, and set and rise:
Earth takes the example. See, the Summer gay,
With her green chaplet and ambrosial flowers,
Droops into pallid Autumn: Winter gray,
Horrid with frost and turbulent with storm,
Blows Autumn and his golden fruits away,

Then melts into the Spring: soft Spring, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
Recalls the first. All, to reflourish, fades;
As in a wheel, all sinks to re-ascend;
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

Results of Procrastination.

LONGFELLOW.

ALAS! it is not till time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the book of human life, to light the fires of passion with, from day to day, that man begins to see, that the leaves which remain are few in number, and to remember that upon the earlier pages of that book, was written a story of happy innocence, which he would fain read over again. Then comes listless irresolution, and the inevitable inaction of despair; or else the firm resolve to record upon the leaves that still remain, a more noble history than the child's story, with which the book began.

Divine Compassion.

COWPER.

I WAS a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since: with many an arrow deep infixed
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by One who had Himself
Been hurt by archers; in His side he bore,
And in His hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and healed, and bade me live.

Nature's Loveliness.

CHALMERS.

WHETHER we look on soft and flowery landscapes, lighted up from heaven by sweetest sunshine, or toward that evening sky, behind the hues and inimitable touches of whose loveliness, one could almost dream that there floated isles of Paradise whereon the spirits of the blest were rejoicing,—or without poetic revery, did we but confine our prospect to those realities, by which earth is peopled, and take account of those unnumbered graces, which, in verdant meads, or waving foliage, or embosomed lake, or all the other varieties of rural freshness and fertility, lie strewn upon its surface,—it may most readily be thought, that surely He, at whose creative touch all this loveliness has arisen, must Himself be placid as the scene, or gentle as the zephyr that He causes to blow over it.

Vice.

Pope

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Value of the Soul.

Knowest thou the value of a soul immortal?
Behold this midnight glory,—worlds on worlds!
Amazing pomp! redouble this amaze!
Ten thousand add, and twice ten thousand more;
Then weigh the whole;—one soul outweighs them all,
And calls the astonishing magnificence
Of unintelligent creation poor.

Mercy.

Shakspeare.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His scepter shows the force of temporal powe
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself:
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

The Poor cared for.

MELVILLE.

THERE is not the poor man whom the rising sun wakens to the going forth to toil for his daily bread, who may not as distinctly assure himself of his carrying with him to his wearisome task the ever-watchful guardianship of the Almighty Maker of the heavens and the earth, as though he were the leader of armies, or the ruler of nations.

Long-Suffering.

LOPE DE VEGA.

LORD, what am I, that with unceasing care
Thou didst seek after me,—that Thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
O strange delusion!—that I did not greet
Thy blessed approach! and O, to Heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon Thy feet!
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look without and see
How He persists to knock and wait for thee!"
And O, how often to that voice of sorrow,
"To-morrow we will open!" I replied;
And when the morrow came, I answered still, "To-morrow!"

Improvement.

CAMPBELL.

COME, bright Improvement, on the car of Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime,
Thy handmaid, Art, shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.

LESSON CXXXVII.

THE PRINTING PRESS.

CUMMINGS.

1. THE influence for good or for evil, which men leave behind them in the immediate circles of their friends and acquaintance, extends from generation to generation; but there are other ways, in which men may speak as loudly as if they had a voice which could be heard from the rivers to the ends of the earth. I speak not of the lettered tomb-stone, which is the voice of many of the dead speaking, after they are gone; nor of monuments erected to commemorate illustrious worth; nor of legacies and bequests to the cause of religion, which make the name of the donor to be mentioned with reverence and respect after he is departed; but I speak of the almost undying influence which genius can exert by reason of that great discovery of modern times,—THE PRINTING PRESS.

2. By means of printing, man may speak to all kindreds, and tribes, and tongues, and make his voice be heard, with simultaneous power, beyond the Atlantic waves, upon the shores of the Caspian Sea, and amid the population of Europe. Nay, he may speak to the accumulating generations after his death, with all the freshness and force of personal eloquence. Printing gives to man a sort of ubiquity and eternity of being; it enables him to outwit death, and enshrine himself amid a kind of earthly immortality. It enables him to speak while yet dead. His words that breathe, and thoughts that burn, are embodied and embalmed; and with him thousands hold profitable or hurtful communion till time is no more.

3. If, then, we are loudly called upon to be careful what we speak, and what we do, we are doubly warned to beware what we throw into the press, and invest with a power to endure, and a strength to pass every sea, and to visit every people. Every day as it dawns, is adding to the powers, resources, and expansibilities of man. And if every day does not also add a larger amount of moral and religious principle to regulate this

growing power, then, in the end, will the human race attain a giant's strength, but have an idiot's skill to use it.

4. Our political power is increased; our numerical, and therefore physical, power is increased; our skill has enabled us, by steam navigation, to bid defiance to tide, tempest, and time; and our improvements in printing are now so vastly multiplied, that we can give body and form to every word that falls from the lips of man, and circulate the speech that was addressed to a few auditors yesterday to the utmost ends of the globe.

---

1. LONG slumbered the world in the darkness of error,
And ignorance brooded o'er earth like a pall;
To the scepter and crown men abased them in terror,
Though galling the bondage, and bitter the thrall;
When a voice, like the earthquake's, revealed the dishonor,—
A flash, like the lightning's, unsealed ev'ry eye,
And o'er hill-top and glen floated liberty's banner,
While round it men gathered to conquer or die!

2. 'Twas the voice of the Press, on the startled ear breaking,
In giant-born prowess, like PALLAS of old;
'Twas the flash of intelligence, gloriously waking
A glow on the cheek of the noble and bold;
And tyranny's minions, o'erawed and affrighted,
Sought a lasting retreat from its pow'rful control,
And the chains which bound nations in ages benighted,
Were cast to the haunts of the bat and the mole.

3. Then hail to the Press! chosen guardian of Freedom!
Strong sword-arm of justice! bright sunbeam of truth
We pledge to her cause, (and she has but to need them,)
The strength of our manhood, the fire of our youth;
Should despots e'er dare to impede her free soaring,
Or bigot to fetter her flight with his chain,
We pledge that the earth shall close o'er our deploring,
Or view her in gladness and freedom again.

4 But no!—to the day-dawn of knowledge and glory,
A far brighter noon-tide-refulgence succeeds;
And our art shall embalm, through all ages, in story,
Her champion who triumphs,—her martyr who bleeds;
And proudly her sons shall recall their devotion,
While millions shall listen to honor and bless,
Till there bursts a response from the heart's strong emotion,
And the earth echoes deep with "LONG LIFE TO THE PRESS!"
HORACE GREELEY.

LESSON CXXXVIII.

MODERN GREECE.

BYRON

1 HE who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,—
The last of danger and distress, -
Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,—
The fixed, yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And,—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not,—wins not,—weeps not,—now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold obstruction's apathy
Appalls the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon,—
Yes,—but for these,—and these alone,—
Some moments,—aye, one treacherous hour;
He still might doubt the tyrant's power,
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by death revealed!
Such is the aspect of this shore;

'Tis Greece,—but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start,—for soul is wanting there.

2. Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,—
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of feeling past away!
Spark of that flame,—perchance of heavenly birth,—
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth.

LESSON CXXXIX

Explanatory Notes.—1. Gilbert Motier La Fayette, unsolicited, espoused the cause of the American Revolution at an early age; and against the remonstrances of his friends and his government, he resolved to identify his fortune with its result. He fitted out a vessel at his own expense, and sailed for America, being obliged to disguise himself as a courier, to prevent being arrested.

2. On the arrival of La Fayette in Philadelphia, Congress received him with coldness, though it finally consented to grant him a commission as an officer in the army.

3. After the overthrow of the Bourbon Dynasty, or the family sovereignty of France, the reins of government were seized by a cabal opposed to La Fayette. He, therefore, resolved to leave France for America, but was seized by the Austrian government as a prisoner; and although he was offered his freedom, if he would renounce Republican principles, he refused to do so; whereupon he was thrown into the dungeons of Olmutz, in Austria. Here he suffered five years of close and cruel confinement, notwithstanding the efforts of Washington and other Americans in his behalf. He was finally released through the intervention of Napoleon Bonaparte,—an act which reflects on him greater honor than his victories.

4. The revolution of 1830, in France, deposed Charles X., a member of the Bourbon family, that had previously been restored to the sovereignty. The students of the Polytechnic School assembled at the house of La Fayette, at La Grange, to receive his advice in regard to the course they should pursue. This revolution resulted in calling Louis Philippe to the throne.

CHARACTER OF LA FAYETTE.

J. T. HEADLEY.

1. THERE are now and then bright spots on this darkened planet of ours,—great and glorious examples of human virtue, interrupting the otherwise sad history of the race. Patriotism, which sinks self, and scorns death, is a noble virtue; yet one might be expected to defend his own land and hearth-stones. But that philanthropy which goes out of its own hemisphere, to seek the welfare, and suffer for the freedom of strangers, is a rarer virtue, yet it is the one which has immortalized LA FAYETTE.[1]

2. One can never think of that French boy, eighteen years of age, just married, rolling in wealth, and basking in the sunshine of court favor, sending up from the Tuileries* of Paris his shout for us and our cause, without the deepest emotion. Our admiration and affection are not lessened, when we see him lavishing his wealth on our naked, famishing soldiers,—winding himself, in child-like love, round the great heart of our Washington,—charging like a veteran through the ranks of our foemen, and carried pale and bleeding from our disastrous fields.

3. There is something exquisitely touching and beautiful in the enthusiasm of this youth, in our behalf. His whole career, as connected with this country, seems to belong rather to romance, than to plain history. To give a naked narrative of facts, is to weave poetry into politics, and throw gushes of warm, generous feeling into the cold calculations of intriguing statesmen. France wished us success, because it would revenge her for the loss of her colonies in this country, and weaken the power of her rival in the New World; but these motives never entered into the heart of La Fayette. He saw only a weak, but brave people, struggling to be free; and overlooking all questions of interest, breaking away from all ties of home, family, and country, threw himself alone into our arms.

---

* A roya palace in Paris.

4. National prejudice, the jealousy of our officers, and the coldness of Congress,[2] could not check the warm current of his sympathy. For us he was determined to contend,—in our cause expend his fortune, and peril his life. Not an exile, nor an adventurer, but a wealthy, flattered, young nobleman, he cast from him the luxuries and gayeties of the French Court, turned away from all the honors that clustered in his path, and became the companion of our poverty and toils,—the jest and by-word of kings.

5. Few men have passed through so many and so fearful scenes as he. From a young courtier, he passed into the self-denying, toilsome life of a general in the ill-clothed, ill-fed, and ill-disciplined American army,—thence into the vortex of the French Revolution and all its horrors,—thence into the gloomy prison of Olmutz.[3] After a few years of retirement, he appeared on our shores to receive the welcome of a grateful people, to hear a nation shout his praise, and bear him from one limit of the land to another in its arms.

6. A few years pass by, and with his gray hairs falling about his aged countenance, he stands amid the students[4] of Paris, and sends his feeble shout of defiance to the throne of the Bourbon, and it falls. Rising more by his virtue than his intellect, he holds a prominent place in the history of France, and linked with Washington, goes down to a greater immortality than awaits any emperor or mere warrior of the human race.

7. His love for this country was deep and abiding. To the last his heart turned hither, and well it might. His career of glory began on our shores,—on our cause he staked his reputation, fortune, and life, and in our success received the benediction of the good throughout the world. That love was returned with interest, and never was a nobler exhibition of a nation's gratitude than our reception of him at his last visit.

8. We love him for what he did for us,—we revere him for his consistency to our principles, amid all the chaos and revolutions of Europe; and when we cease to speak of him with affection and gratitude, we shall show ourselves unworthy of

the blessings we have received at his hand. "HONOR TO LA FAYETTE!" will ever stand inscribed on our temple of liberty, until its ruins shall cover all it now contains.

LESSON CXL.

LA FAYETTE'S LAST VISIT TO AMERICA.

J. T. HEADLEY.

1. AGAIN, in his old age,* LA FAYETTE determined to look on the young Republic that had escaped the disasters which had overwhelmed France. When his plans were made known, our government offered to place a national vessel at his disposal; but he declined accepting it, and embarked at Havre in a merchantman, and arrived at New York, August 15, 1824. His reception in this country, and triumphal march through it, is one of the most remarkable events in the history of the world. Such gratitude and unbounded affection were never before received by a man from a foreign nation.

2. As he passed from Staten Island to New York, the bay was covered with gay barges decorated with streamers; and when the beautiful fleet shoved away, the bands struck up, "Where can one better be, than in the bosom of his family?" Never did this favorite French air seem so appropriate,—not even when the shattered Old Guard closed sternly around its Emperor, and sang it amid the fire of the enemy's guns,—as when a free people thus chanted it around the venerable LA FAYETTE.

3. As he touched the shore, the thunder of cannon shook the city,—old soldiers rushed weeping into his arms; and, "WELCOME LA FAYETTE!" waved from every banner, rung from every trumpet, and was caught up by every voice, till "WELCOME, WELCOME!" rose and fell in deafening shouts from the assembled thousands. During the four days he remained in the city, it was one constant jubilee; and when he left for Boston, all along his route, the people rose to welcome him.

---

* La Fayette was sixty-seven years of age at the time of his last visit to America.

4. He traveled every night till twelve o'clock, and watch-fires were kept burning on the hill-tops, along his line of progress. Blazing through the darkness, they outshone the torches that heralded him; while in the distance the pealing bells from every church spire, announced his coming. The same enthusiastic joy awaited him at Boston; and when he returned to New York, the city was wilder than ever with excitement.

5. In Castle-Garden there was a splendid illumination in honor of him,—the bridge leading to it was surmounted by a pyramid sixty feet high, with a blazing star at the top, from the center of which flashed the name of LA FAYETTE. The planks were covered with carpets, and trees and flowers innumerable lined the passage. Over the entrance was a triumphal arch of flowers,—huge columns arose from the area, supporting arches of flowers, and flags, and statues. As he entered this wilderness of beauty, the bands struck up, "*See the conquering hero comes,*" and shouts shook the edifice to its foundation.

6. He had scarcely taken his seat in a splendid marque prepared for his reception, when the curtain before the gallery, in front of him, lifted,—and there was a beautiful transparency, representing La Grange, with its grounds and towers, and beneath it, "*This is his home.*" Nothing could be more touching and affectionate than this device; and as La Fayette's eye fell upon it, a tear was seen to gather there, and his lip to quiver with feeling.

7. Thus the people received the "people's friend." From New York he went to Albany and Troy, and one long shout of welcome rolled the length of the Hudson, as he floated up the noble stream. After visiting other cities, and receiving similar demonstrations of gratitude, he turned his steps toward Mount Vernon, to visit the tomb of Washington. The thunder of cannon announced his arrival at the consecrated ground, calling to his mind the time when he had seen that now lifeless chieftain, move through the tumult of battle.

8. Wishing no one to witness his emotions, as he stood be-

side the ashes of his friend, he descended alone into the vault. With trembling steps, and uncovered head, he passed down to the tomb. The secrets of that meeting of the living with the dead, no one knows; but when the aged veteran came forth again, his face was covered with tears. He then took his son and secretary by the hand, and led them into the vault. He could not speak,—his bursting heart was too full for utterance, and he mutely pointed to the coffin of Washington. They knelt reverently beside it, then rising threw themselves into La Fayette's arms, and burst into tears. It was a touching scene, there in the silent vault, and worthy the noble sleeper.

9. Thence he went to Yorktown, and then proceeded South, passed through all the principal cities to New Orleans, and thence up the Mississippi to Cincinnati and across to Pittsburg. Wherever he went the entire nation rose to do him homage. "Honor to La Fayette," "Welcome to La Fayette, the nation's guest," and such like exclamations had met him at every step. Flowers were strewed along his pathway,—his carriage detached from the horses, and drawn by the enthusiastic crowd, along ranks of grateful freemen who rent the heavens with their acclamations. Melted to tears by these demonstrations of love, he had moved like a father amid his children, scattering blessings wherever he went.

10. One of his last acts in this country, was to lay the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument. It was fit that he, the last survivor of the major-generals of the American Revolution, should consecrate the first block in that grand structure. Amid the silent attention of fifty thousand spectators, this aged veteran, and friend of Washington, with uncovered head, performed the imposing ceremonies, and, "LONG LIVE LA FAYETTE," swelled up from the top of Bunker Hill.

WELCOME TO GENERAL LA FAYETTE.

EDWARD EVERETT

1. WELCOME, friend of our fathers, to our shores. Happy are our eyes that behold those venerable features. Enjoy a triumph, such as never conqueror or monarch enjoyed,—the

assurance that, throughout America, there is not a bosom which does not beat with joy and gratitude at the sound of your name. You have already met and saluted, or will soon meet, the few that remain, of the ardent patriots, prudent counselors, and brave warriors, with whom you were associated in achieving our liberties. But you have looked round in vain for the faces of many who would have lived years of pleasure on a day like this, with their old companion in arms, and brother in peril.

2. Lincoln, and Greene, and Knox, and Hamilton, are gone! The heroes of Saratoga and Yorktown, have fallen before the only foe they could not meet! Above all, the first of heroes and of men, the friend of your youth, the more than friend of his country, rests in the bosom of the soil he redeemed. On the banks of his Potomac, he lies in glory and peace. You will revisit the hospitable shades of Mount Vernon; but him whom you venerated as we did, you will not meet at its door. His voice of consolation, which reached you in the Austrian dungeons, can not now break its silence to bid you welcome to his own roof.

3. But the grateful children of America will bid you welcome in his name. Welcome, thrice welcome to our shores; and whithersoever throughout the limits of the continent your course shall take you, the ear that hears you, shall bless you; the eye that sees you, shall bear witness to you; and every tongue exclaim with heartfelt joy, "WELCOME, WELCOME, LA FAYETTE!"

LESSON CXLI.

DIRECTION.—The following poetry is well adapted for exercise in modulation, and much skill and practice are requisite in order to read or speak it with propriety. In uttering the portions requiring an elevated tone of voice, avoid too shrill or too sharp a sound; but let it be full and commanding.

DEATH, THE FINAL CONQUEROR; OR, THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

A. G. GREENE.

1. O'ER a low couch the setting sun
Had thrown its latest ray,

Where in his last strong agony,
A dying warrior lay,—
The stern old Baron RUDIGER,
Whose frame had ne'er been bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil
Its iron strength had spent.

2. "They come around me here, and say,
My days of life are o'er,—
That I shall mount my noble steed,
And lead my band no more;
They come, and to my beard they dare
To tell me now that I,
Their own liege lord and master born,—
That I,—ha! ha!—must die.

3. "And what is death? I've dared him oft
Before the warrior's spear,—
Think ye he's entered at my gate,—
Has come to seek me here?
I've met him, faced him, scorned him,
When the fight was raging hot,—
I'll try his might,—I'll brave his power;
Defy, and fear him not.

(°) 4. "Ho! sound the tocsin from the tower,—
And fire the culverin,*—
Bid each retainer arm with speed,—
Call every vassal in;
(°°) Up with my banner on the wall,—
The banquet board prepare,—
Throw wide the portal of my hall,
And bring my armor there!"

(=) 5. A hundred hands were busy then,—
The banquet forth was spread,—
And rang the heavy oaken floor
With many a martial tread;

---

* CULVERIN is a long, slender cannon, serving to carry a ball to a great distance.

While from the rich, dark tracery
Along the vaulted wall,
Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear,
O'er the proud, old Gothic hall.

6. Fast hurrying through the outer gate,
The mail'd retainers* poured,
On through the portal's frowning arch,
And thronged around the board.
While at its head, within his dark,
Carved oaken chair of state,
Armed cap-a-pie, stern RUDIGER,
With girded falchion, sate.

(°) 7. "Fill every beaker† up, my men,
Pour forth the cheering wine;
There's life and strength in every drop,—
Thanksgiving to the vine!
Are ye all there, my vassals true?—
(ₒ) Mine eyes are waxing dim;—
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones,
Each goblet to the brim.

8. "Ye're there, but yet I see you not.
(°) Draw forth each trusty sword,—
And let me hear your faithful steel
Clash once around my board!
I hear it faintly:—(°°) Louder yet!—
(ₒ) What clogs my heavy breath?
(°°) Up all,—and shout for RUDIGER,
'*Defiance unto Death!*'"

9. Bowl rang to bowl, steel clanged to steel,
And rose a deafening cry,
That made the torches flare around,
And shook the flags on high:—
(°°) "Ho! cravens! do ye fear him?
Slaves! traitors! have ye flown?

---

* **RETAINERS**, attendants or adherents. † **BEAKER**, cup or glass.

Ho! cowards have ye left me
  To meet him here alone?

10. "But *I* defy him:—let him come!"
  Down rang the massy cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade
  Came flashing half-way up;
And with the black and heavy plumes
  Scarce trembling on his head,
There, in his dark, carved oaken chair,
  Old Rudiger sat,—DEAD!

LESSON CXLII.

STARVED ROCK; OR, THE LAST OF THE ILLINOIS.

CHARLES LANMAN.

1. STARVED ROCK is the unpoetical name of a singular spot on the Illinois river, about eight miles south of Ottawa. It is a rocky bluff, rising from the margin of the stream to the hight of more than a hundred feet, and is only separated from the main land by a narrow chasm. Its length might probably measure two hundred and fifty feet. Its sides are perpendicular, and there is only one point where it can be ascended, and that is by a narrow stair-like path. It is covered with many a cone-like evergreen, and, in summer, encircled by luxuriant grape and ivy vines, and clusters of richly-colored flowers. It is undoubtedly the most conspicuous and beautiful pictorial feature of the sluggish and lone Illinois, and is associated with the final extinction of the Illinois tribe of Indians. The legend, to which I listened from the lips of a venerable Indian-trader, is as follows:

2. Many years ago, the whole region lying between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi was the home and dominion of the Illinois Indians.—For them alone did the buffalo and antelope range over its broad prairies; for them did the finest of rivers roll their waters into the lap of Mexico, and bear upon their bosoms the birchen canoe, as they sought to capture the

wild water fowl; and for them alone did the dense forest, crowding upon those streams, shelter their unnumbered denizens. In every direction might be seen the smoke of the wigwams, curling upward to mingle with the sunset clouds, which told them tales of the Spirit-land.

3. Years passed on, and they continued to be at ease in their possessions. But the white man from the far east, with the miseries that have ever accompanied him on his march of usurpation, began to wander into the wilderness, and trouble, to the poor red man, was the inevitable consequence. The baneful "fire-water," which was the gift of civilization, created dissensions among the savage tribes, until in the process of time, and on account of purely imaginary evils, the Potawattamies from Michigan determined to make war upon the Indians of Illinois. Fortune smiled upon the oppressors, and the identical rock in question was the spot that witnessed the extinction of an aboriginal tribe.

4. It was the close of a long siege of cruel warfare, and the afternoon of a day in the delightful Indian summer. The sunshine threw a mellow haze upon the prairies, and tinged the multitudinous flowers with deepest gold; while, in the shadow of the forest-islands, the doe and her fawn reposed in perfect quietness, lulled into a contemporary slumber by the hum of the grasshopper and the wild bee. The wilderness world wore an aspect of a perfect Sabbath. But now, in the twinkling of an eye, the delightful solitude was broken by the shrill whoop, and dreadful struggle of bloody conflict, upon the prairies and in the woods. All over the country were seen the dead bodies of the ill-fated Illinois, when it was ordered by Providence that the concluding skirmish between the hostile parties, should take place in the vicinity of Starved Rock.

5. The Potawattamies numbered near three hundred warriors, while the Illinois tribe was reduced to about one hundred, who were mostly aged chiefs and youthful heroes,—the more desperate warriors having already perished, and the women and the children of the tribe having already been massacred and consumed in their wigwams. The battle was most desper-

ate between the unequal parties. The Illinois were about to give up for lost, when in their frenzy, they gave a defying shout and retreated to the rocky bluff. From this, it was an easy matter to keep back their enemies, but alas! from that moment they were to endure unthought-of suffering, to the delight of their baffled, yet victorious enemies.

6. To describe in words the scene that now followed and was prolonged for several days, is utterly impossible. Those stout-hearted Indians, in whom a nation was about to become extinct, chose to die upon their strange fortress by starvation and thirst, rather than surrender themselves to the scalping-knife of their exterminators. And, with a few exceptions, this was the manner, in which they did perish. Now and then, indeed, a desperate man would lower himself, hoping thereby to escape, but a tomahawk would cleave his brain before he touched the water.

7. Day followed day, and those helpless captives sat in silence, and gazed imploringly upon their broad and beautiful lands, while hunger was gnawing into their very vitals. Night followed night, and they looked upon the silent stars, and toward the home of the Great Spirit, but they murmured not at His decree. And if they slept, in their dreams they once more played with their little children, or roamed the woods and prairies in perfect freedom. When morning dawned, it was but the harbinger of another day of agony; but when the evening hour came, a smile would sometimes brighten up a haggard countenance, for the poor unhappy soul, through the eye of an obscure faith, had caught a glimpse of the Spirit-Land.

8. Day followed day, and the last lingering hope was abandoned. Their destiny was sealed, and no change for good could possibly take place, for the human blood-hounds that watched their prey, were utterly without mercy. The feeble white-haired chief, crept into a thicket, and breathed his last. The recently strong warrior, uttering a protracted but feeble yell of exultation, hurled his tomahawk on some fiend below, and then yielded himself up to the pains of his condition. The

blithe form of the soft-eyed youth, parted with its strength, and was compelled to totter, and fall upon the earth, and die. Ten weary, weary days passed on, and the strongest man and the last of his race was numbered with the dead.

1. Hollow ye the lonely grave,
Make its caverns deep and wide;
In the soil they died to save,
Lay the brave men side by side.
Side by side they fought and fell,
Hand by hand they met the foe;
Who has heard his grandsire tell
Braver strife or deadlier blow?

2. Wake your mournful harmonies,
Your tears of pity shed for them;
Summer dew and sighing breeze
Shall be wail and requiem.
Pile the grave-mound broad and high,
Where the martyr'd brethren sleep;
It shall point the pilgrim's eye
Here to bend,—and here to weep.

Horatio Hale.

LESSON CXLIII.

THE VOICES OF THE DEAD.

O. Dewey.

1. The world is filled with the voices of the dead. They speak not from the public records of the great world only, but from the private history of our own experience. They speak to us in a thousand remembrances, in a thousand incidents, events, and associations. They speak to us, not only from their silent graves, but from the throng of life. Though they are invisible, yet life is filled with their presence. They are with us by the silent fireside and in the secluded chamber. They are with us in the paths of society, and in the crowded assemblies of men.

2. They speak to us from the lonely way-side; and they speak to us from the venerable walls that echo to the steps of a multitude, and to the voice of prayer. Go where we will, the dead are with us. We live, we converse with those who once lived and conversed with us. Their well-remembered tone mingles with the whispering breeze, with the sound of the falling leaf, with the jubilee shout of the spring-time.—The earth is filled with their shadowy train.

3. But there are more substantial expressions of the presence of the dead with the living. The earth is filled with the labors, the works, of the dead. Almost all the literature in the world, the discoveries of science, the glories of art, the ever-enduring temples, the dwelling-places of generations, the comforts and improvements of life, the languages, the maxims, the opinions of the living, the very frame-work of society, the institutions of nations, the fabrics of empires,—all are the works of the dead;—by these, they who are dead yet speak.

4. Life,—busy, eager, craving, importunate, absorbing life,—yet what is its sphere compared with the empire of death? What is the sphere of visible, compared with the vast empire of invisible, life? A moment in time; a speck in immensity; a shadow amidst enduring and unchangeable realities; a breath of existence amidst the ages and regions of undying life! They live,—they live indeed, whom we call dead. They live in our thoughts; they live in our blessings; they live in our life;—"death hath no power over them."

5. The effect of a last sickness to develop and perfect the virtues of our friends, is often so striking and beautiful, as to seem more than a compensation for all the sufferings of disease. How often does that touching decay, that gradual unclothing of the mortal body, seem to be a putting on of the garments of immortal beauty and life!

6 That pale cheek; that placid brow; that sweet serenity spread over the whole countenance; that spiritual, almost supernatural brightness of the eye, as if light from another world shone through it; that noble and touching disinterestedness of the parting spirit, which utters no complaint,

which breathes no sigh, which speaks no word of fear nor apprehension to wound its friend, which is calm and cheerful, amidst daily declining strength and the sure approach to death; and then, at length, that last, firm, triumphant, consoling discourse, and that last look of all mortal tenderness and immortal trust; what hallowed memories are these to soothe, to purify, to enrapture surviving love!

7. Death, too, sets a seal upon the excellence that sickness unfolds and consecrates. There is no living virtue, concerning which, such is our frailty, we must not fear that it may fall or at least, that it may somewhat fail from its steadfastness. It is a painful, it is a just fear, in the bosoms of the best and purest beings on earth, that some dreadful lapse may come over them, or over those whom they hold in the highest reverence.

8. But death, fearful, mighty as is its power, is yet a power that is subject to virtue. It gives victory to virtue. It brings relief to the heart from its profoundest fear. Yes, death, dark power of earth though it seems, does yet ensphere virtue, as it were, in Heaven. It sets it up on high, for eternal admiration. It fixes its places never more to be changed; as a star to shine onward, and onward, through the depths of the everlasting ages.

9. In life there are many things which interfere with a just estimate of the virtues of others. There are, in some cases, jealousies and misconstructions, and there are false appearances, there are vails upon the heart that hide its most secret workings and its sweetest affections from us; there are earthly clouds that come between us and the excellence that we love. So that it is not, perhaps, till a friend is taken from us that we entirely feel his value, and appreciate his worth. The vision is loveliest at its vanishing away; and we perceive not, perhaps, till we see the parting wing, that an angel has been with us!

10. Yet if we are not, in any degree, blind to the excellence we possess, if we do feel all the value of the treasure which our affections hold dear,—yet, how does that earthly excellence take not only a permanent, but a saintly character, as it

passes beyond the bounds of mortal frailty and imperfection! How does death enshrine it, for a homage, more reverential and holy than is ever given to living worth!

LESSON CXLIV.

THE GRAVE.

Robert Blair.

> "Leaves have their time to fall,
> And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
> And stars to set.—but all,
> Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O, Death!"
>
> Hemans.

1. Thrice welcome, Death!
That, after many a painful bleeding step,
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long-wished-for shore. Prodigious change!
Our bane turned to a blessing! Death, disarmed,
Loses his fellness quite; all thanks to Him
Who scourged the venom out. Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace! How calm his exit!
Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.

2. Behold him! in the evening tide of life,
A life well spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his youth;
By unperceived degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting!
High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hampered, struggles hard to fly away!
While the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast-coming harvest. Then, O then,
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of naught! O, how he longs
To have his passport signed, and be dismissed!

3. 'Tis done,—and now he's happy. The glad soul
Has not a wish uncrowned. E'en the lag flesh
Rests, too, in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to sunder more.
Nor shall it hope in vain.—The time draws on
When not a single spot of burial earth,
Whether on land or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long-committed dust
Inviolate; and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account.

4. Hence, ye profane!
Ask not how this can be? Sure the same Power
That reared the piece at first, and took it down,
Can re-assemble the loose scattered parts,
And put them as they were. Almighty God
Hath done much more; nor is His arm impaired
Through length of days; and what He can, He will;
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.

5. When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumbering dust,
Not unattentive to the call, shall wake;
And every joint possess its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake its partner, but amidst the crowd,
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall rush, with all the impatience of a man
That's new come home, and, having long been absent,
With haste runs over every different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.

6. 'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone!
Thus, at the shut of even, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cowers down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well-fledged wings, and soars away.

LESSON CXLV.

Explanatory Notes.—1. **Torquato Tasso**, an Italian poet, celebrated for his immortal works, was born in 1544. His father, **Bernardo Tasso**, was also a poet of some celebrity.

2. **Corioli**, an ancient town of Italy, was taken by the Romans under C. Martius, who was called, on that account, *Coriolanus*.

3. **Veii** was a powerful city of Etruria, Italy, which sustained many long wars against the Romans, but was finally taken and destroyed by **Camillus**, after a siege of ten years. At the time of its destruction, Veii was larger and more magnificent than Rome.

ADVANTAGES OF SMALL STATES.

Alison.

1. The history of mankind, from its earliest period to the present moment, is fraught with proofs of the one general truth, that it is in SMALL STATES, and in consequence of the emulation and ardent spirit which they develop, that the human mind arrives at its greatest perfection, and that the freest scope is afforded both to the grandeur of moral, and the brilliancy of intellectual character. It is to the citizens of small republics, that we are indebted both for the greatest discoveries which have improved the condition, or elevated the character of mankind, and for the noblest examples of private and public virtue, with which the page of history is adorned.

2 It was in the republics of ancient Greece, and in consequence of the emulation which was excited among her rival cities, that the beautiful arts of poetry, sculpture, and architecture, were first brought to perfection; and while the genius of the human race was slumbering among the innumerable multitudes of the Persian and Indian monarchies, the single city of Athens produced a succession of great men, whose works have improved and delighted the world in every succeeding age.

3. While the vast feudal monarchies of Europe were buried in ignorance and barbarism, the little states of Florence, Bologna, Rome, and Venice, were far advanced in the career of arts, and in the acquisition of knowledge; and at this moment, the traveler neglects the boundless but unknown tracts of Ger-

many and France, to visit the tombs of Raphael, and Michael Angelo, and Tasso,[1] to dwell in a country where every city and every landscape reminds him of the greatness of human genius, or the perfection of human taste.

4. It is from the same cause that the earlier history of the Swiss Confederacy exhibits a firmness and grandeur of political character, which we search for in vain in the annals of the great monarchies, by which they are surrounded,—that the classical pilgrim pauses awhile in his journey to the Eternal City, to do homage to the spirit of its early republics, and sees not in the ruins which, at the termination of his pilgrimage, surround him, the remains of Imperial Rome, the mistress and the capital of the world; but of Rome, when struggling with Carioli[2] and Veii[3] of Rome, when governed by Regulus and Cincinnatus;—and traces the scene of her infant wars with the Latian tribes, with a pious interest, which all the pomp and magnificence of her subsequent history, have not been able to excite.

LESSON CXLVI.

Explanatory Note.—The Castle of Chillon is situated at one extremity of Lake Geneva, Switzerland. Below it, washing its walls, the lake has been fathomed to the depth of several hundred feet. Within it is a range of dungeons, in which the early Reformers, and afterward prisoners of state, were confined.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

Byron.

Eternal Spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart,—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind.

1. They chained us each to a column stone,
And we were three,—yet each alone;—
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight;

And thus together,—yet apart,
Fettered in hand, but pined in heart;
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope, or legend old,
But even these at length grew cold.

2. I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest,
I ought to do,—and did my best,—
And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because my mother's brow was given
To him,—with eyes as blue as heaven,
For him my soul was sorely moved;
For he was beautiful as day,
And in his natural spirit gay;
With tears for naught but others' ills,
And then they flowed like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorred to view below.

3. The other was as pure of mind,
But formed to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perished in the foremost rank
With joy; but not in chains to pine,—
His spirit withered with their clank,—
I saw it silently decline.

4 He lothed and put away his food,—
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunters' fare,
And for the like had little care;
The milk drawn from the mountain goat,
Was changed for water from the moat;

Our bread was such as captives' tears
Have moistened many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow-men
Like brutes within an iron den.
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb;
My brother's soul was of that mold,
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side;
But why delay the truth?—HE DIED.

5. I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand,—nor dead,—
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died,—and they unlocked his chain,
And scooped for him a shallow grave,
Even from the cold earth of our cave.

6. I begged them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine,—it was a foolish thought,—
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer,—
They coldly laughed,—and laid him there;
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love,—
His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument.

7 But he, the favorite and the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free;

He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away.

8. O God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing,
In any shape, in any mood;—
I've seen it rushing forth in blood;
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin delirious with its dread;—
But *these* were horrors,—*this* was woe
Unmixed with such,—but sure and slow.

9. He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly wan, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender,—kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek, whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray;
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright.

10 And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness;—
I listened, but I could not hear,—
I called, for I was wild with fear;—
I called, and thought I heard a sound,—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rushed to him.—I found him not,
I only stirred in this black spot,
I only lived,—*I* only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon dew,
The last,—the sole,—the dearest link,
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.

LESSON CXLVII.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.—Continued.

BYRON

1. What next befell me then and there,
   I know not well,—I never knew,—
First came the loss of light and air,
   And then of darkness too.
There were no stars,—no earth,—no time,—
No check,—no change,—no good,—no crime
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death.

2. A light broke in upon my brain,—
   It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased,—and then it came again,
   The sweetest song ear ever heard;
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track;
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before;
I saw the glimmer of the sun,
Creeping as it before had done;
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perched as fond and tame,
   And tamer than upon the tree,—
A lovely bird with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
   And seemed to say them all for me!

3. I sometimes deemed that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,—
And then 'twas mortal,—well I knew
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone.

4. A kind of change came in my fate;
My keepers grew compassionate.
I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe:
But so it was;—my broken chain
With links unfastened did remain;
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell, from side to side,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod.

5. I made a footing in the wall,—
  It was not therefrom to escape,
For I had buried one and all
  Who loved me in a human shape,
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barr'd windows, and to bend
Once more, upon the mountains high
The quiet of a loving eye.

6. I saw them, and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high,—their wide, long lake below;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
  The only one in view.

7. The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seemed joyous, each and all
The eagle rode the rising blast,—
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seemed to fly;
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled,—and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;
And when I did descend again,

The darkness of my dim abode,
Fell on me as a heavy load;
It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save.

8. At last men came to set us free,
I asked not why, and recked not where;
It was at length the same to me,
Fettered or fetterless to be;
I learned to love despair.
And thus, when they appeared at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage,—and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home!

9. With spiders I had friendship made,
And watched them in their sullen trade,—
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill,—yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learned to dwell;
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are:—Even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh.

LESSON CXLVIII.

INSUFFICIENCY OF NATURAL RELIGION.

COLLYER.

1. If natural religion is a sufficient revelation, and no other is necessary, it has been written with a sunbeam upon all lands, —it has been inscribed from the beginning of the creation upon the face of the glorious orb of day. But what is the re

sult? What has natural religion effected, in any, in every age?—in any, in every country? "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork;" but "the world by wisdom knew not God;" they "worshiped and served the creature more than the Creator;" they fell down to the hosts of heaven; or "changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things."

2. Now call for Natural Religion, and she shall answer you from the depths of the forest and the summits of the mountains; from the sea, and from the shore; from the crowded city, and the uncultivated desert; from the hut of the savage, and the dome of the monarch;—everywhere her altars are planted, and her worship maintained. Her influence and her footsteps may be traced on the face of the whole earth, in barbarous rites, revolting superstitions, and disgusting obscenities; in all the forms of idolatry, from the feathered gods of the islands of the south-sea, to the misshapen logs of Africa, up to the three hundred and thirty-three thousand deities of philosophic India.

3. Would you see her in her own person? Bid her come forth,—she appears "in garments rolled in blood;" "the battle of the warrior with confused noise," rages around her; her children drop into the fires, kindled to her honor; human victims are slaughtered on the altars raised to her praise, or crushed beneath the ponderous car, upon which she sits enthroned. Around her, dying cries and agonizing shrieks mingle with loud acclamations and frantic songs; her look withers the country, and depopulates the city.

4. This is natural religion, and not as she came from the hands of God, the witness of his eternal power and Godhead, but as she is deformed by the passions of men, and debased by their corruptions; not as "the image of the invisible Creator," but as the idol of the fallen and depraved creature. Yet this is natural religion, stained with gore, and foul with crimes, not depicted by fancy, but demonstrated by fact,—by facts drawn from all climes and from all generations.

5. But *Reason* was to have rectified these errors; reason was to sit supreme, enshrined in the light of natural religion, the arbitress of human destinies. To her was intrusted the key of knowledge, to unlock and dispense the riches of the universe. She was to be the architect, rearing a structure of happiness and of virtue, under which man should repose, and a temple of religion, in which he should worship. She was to be the polar-star, upon which fixing a steady eye, he might safely sail over the stormy sea of life, and find a port of rest at last. But the light of the star is obscured; the plans of the architect are marred; the key of knowledge is mislaid; the arbitress of man's fate is dethroned.

6. How is it she has lost her high prerogative, and suffered her authority to be overthrown? How is it that she has fallen from her pinnacle of glory? She was beguiled by sense. "The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead." But when men became vain in their imaginations,—their foolish heart was darkened; and professing themselves to be wise, they became fools.

7. But *Philosophy* is to restore the reign of natural religion, of reason, of conscience, and of virtue. Were Greece and Rome, then, barbarians? Were they ignorant of philosophy? or was the experiment not made? It was not in a desert, surrounded by savages, but in the center of Athens, encircled by philosophers, that Paul stood amidst the monuments and upon a mount of idolatry,—although a court, and the highest court of justice, evincing how closely allied the civil government was with their debasing superstitions,—and pointed to an altar inscribed, "*To the unknown God.*"

8. Such is the true character of every altar which reason and philosophy, and natural religion, unaided by revelation, have raised, although all do not bear the same inscription. These are the altars which the missionary of the Gospel is hastening to overthrow, to plant the cross in their place, and to proclaim to the poor idolater, "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you."

9. And is it not to men like these, the mighty minds of departed ages, who sought after truth, but missed it, because they lacked the guiding ray of revelation,—is it not to men like these, that infidels of the present day appeal, acknowledging them as masters, and adopting their system,—men, who if they now lived, would be ashamed of their professed scholars? If among such men, natural religion, and reason, and conscience, and philosophy, all proved an unequal guard against the passions of a corrupt nature, and a guide, absolutely in sufficient, through the mazes of ignorance, to the throne of God,—if in such hands the grand experiment altogether failed, what further pretensions have modern philosophers, the opposers of revelation, to advance?

10. They will not dare to tell you that it has been denied either time or space; it has been made nearly six thousand years, from the fall of man to the present time,—it has been made by the intellectual giants of the olden time. They will not dare to tell you, that the results have ever been different from those which we have stated. They will not dare to deny, that such is, at this moment, the aggregate of the experiment now trying, among all states, whether savage or civilized, which revelation has not reached.

11. I disdain to contrast the intellectual and moral influence of Christianity, wherever it extends, with the scenes of horror and degradation, to which I have alluded; but I demand of infidel opponents to explain, if they can, by what fatality, or by what chance, it occurs, that their efforts to elevate the moral condition of man, have never succeeded, and that those of Christianity have never failed.

LESSON CXLIX.

EFFECTS OF CHRISTIANITY.

WATSON.

1. THE religon of Christ is a religion of love; its law is the law of kindness, and its exercises are the exercises of benevolence. It shuns the parade of grandeur, the circle of pleas-

ure, and delights to visit the abodes of misery and the retreats of sorrow. It withdraws the curtains of affliction, and whispers its consolations to the mind, and administers relief to the wants of the dejected sufferer.

2. Upon every institution which has for its object the amelioration of the condition, and the increase of the civil and moral happiness, of man, it smiles approbation, and commands support. What proves that Christianity is of God more forcibly than that it is the express image of Him who is "abundant in goodness and truth?" Does any other religion pretend to be of God? "Show us the image and superscription."

3. Paganism could boast of her solemn temples, her magnificent palaces, her splendid mausoleums, and her triumphal arches; but Christianity displays her alms-houses, her hospitals, her asylums, and her various charitable societies. Such institutions, honor and recommend Christianity, because they are its effects and distinguishing characteristics.

4. Paganism could glory in her heroes, her lawgivers, her philosophers, her orators, and her poets; but Christianity exhibits a Founder who went about *doing good*, and disciples, in every age, who have devoted their time, their talents, their property and their influence, to instruct and bless mankind.

LESSON CL.

THE LORD, THE KING OF GLORY.

BIBLE.

1. The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof;
The world and they that dwell therein.
For he hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.
Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
And who shall stand in his holy place?
He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity
Nor sworn deceitfully.
He shall receive the blessing from the Lord,

And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
This is the generation of them that seek Him,
That seek thy face, O Jacob. Selah.

2. Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of glory shall come in.
Who is the King of glory?
The Lord, strong and mighty,
The Lord, mighty in battle.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates!
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of glory shall come in.
Who is the King of glory?
The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory.

LESSON CLI.

Explanatory Notes.—1. **Moloch** was an iron idol (mentioned in the 7th verse of the 11th chapter of I Kings,) with a human body, the head of an ox, and extended arms. The statue was heated by fire in the lower part, and children were placed, as offerings, in the arms of the horrid image, where they perished, while their cries were drowned with the noise of musical instruments.

2. The **Goths** were a German tribe who appeared under that name in the year 215, from which time they filled all Europe with their fame, till the year 500. After other tribes were incorporated with them, they came into hostility with Rome and Constantinople, both of which were soon compelled to pay them tribute. After various vicissitudes, they invaded Italy, and by that measure brought on the destruction of the Roman Empire.

3. The **Huns** were a powerful nation of northern Asia, but on account of internal dissensions, they were overcome by the Chinese. After this they settled near the Caspian Sea. They came into collision with the Goths, which produced a general eruption of the barbarians. They were sometimes at war with the Romans, and at other times served under their standard.

4. **Rienzi** became celebrated in the fourteenth century by his attempt to restore the Roman Republic. Though he became extensively popular, yet he finally lost the affection of the people, and when he was massacred by a sedition excited by the nobles against him, his remains were treated with indignity

ROME.

J. AUGUSTUS MAYNARD.

1. GREAT ROME, imperial city! thou hast been
Italia's ruler, and the world's proud queen;
Strongly thou rear'dst thy monumental stones,
Unrivaled mistress of a thousand thrones!
But now they totter like thine own high pride,
While foes around exultingly deride;
And pilgrims from each far barbaric land,
Smile as beneath thy crumbling towers they stand;
For now no more they quail beneath the star
Which beamed above thy Cesarean car!
No more they view Augustan pomp display
Thy triumphs grand along the crowded way.

2. Thou Moloch[1]! lo! upon thy crimsoned shrine,
The blood of nations cried 'gainst thee and thine;
Till retribution, with uplifted hand,
Snatched from thy vengeful grasp the murd'rous brand,
And crushed, with inextinguishable hate,
The guilty power which laid earth desolate.
The teeming North sent forth her famished brave,
The Goth[2] and Hun,[3] to delve thy glory's grave;
And those who long were scorned, struck home the blow,
Which laid at last th' Eternal City low,—
And bade the thunder-borne, re-echoing name
Shrink to a whisper of departed fame.

3. Yet 'midst thy ruins, phantom-like, arise
Memorials of the brave, the great, the wise;
Yes, memory hath embalmed thy mighty name,
And breathes around thy hills undying fame;
Remembrance, sacred makes thy deep distress,
And throws a halo round thy wretchedness!
Thou, too, Rienzi,[4] last of Rome's great chiefs,
Who, 'midst the pressure of her mighty griefs,
Stoodst forth alone to raise her drooping power,
Shouting that name which made the nations cower,

Which nerved a Brutus to the desperate deed,*
Which 'venged a Pompey, and made a Cesar bleed.

4. What though the mighty spirit surely knew
To curb tumultuous factions as they grew?
What though thou snapp'dst asunder the dark chain
Of Despotism's most detested reign?
How wert thou 'quited? History shall respond;—
"Rome was ingrate, and thou, alas! too fond!—
Forth from her streets with thee forever fled
The ling'ring spirits of her mighty dead."

LESSON CLII.

DETRACTION.

Base envy, with'ring at another's joy,
Which hates the excellence it can't destroy.

1. SPEECH,—that delightful channel of thought,—that electric chain of society, by which the animating thrill and simultaneous glow of reciprocated sentiments and feelings are felt, —that choice gift of Providence, which so eminently distinguishes man from the mere animal creation,—is too often prostituted to the worst of purposes. DETRACTION enters the loveliest scenes of human excellence and domestic bliss, and there, beneath the flowers of Eden itself, awaits an opportunity of darting forth from her concealment, to infix her poisonous fangs in the heart of her innocent victims.

2. Detraction seldom comes to the light, and *innuendo*† is a form of speech, with which she is particularly conversant. For her features are so revolting when seen in their native form, and her voice so discordant and disgusting when she speaks openly and without reserve, that it is some time since she saw the necessity of altering her plans.

3. It happened on a certain occasion when Detraction was privily on the alert, watching an opportunity for effecting her

---

* See Note 1, page 194.

† INNUENDO, an obliqu e hint; a remote intimation.

malevolent designs, that CANDOR appeared, and so angelic was her mien, and melodious her voice, that many were enamored with her person, and hung with rapture on her lips. While she spake, a holy serenity reigned around; the very air was impregnated with the balmy odors she shook from her wings, —the sweet influence of amity and love was felt by each heart, and beamed in every eye.

4. It seemed as though the Prince of Peace was again ushered into the world, and the cherubic band had once more attuned their harps to the heart-ravishing song,—"Peace on earth; good will toward men!" Detraction retired in confusion, she could not endure the music, nor exist in such an atmosphere. But though foiled, and greatly chagrined at the success of her rival, she continued unconquered,—still she retained her enmity, and to accomplish her design had recourse to stratagem.

5. She determined to construct and henceforth wear a *mask* in imitation of the features of Candor, and at the same time to affect, as well as she could, the silvery tones of her voice. And in this visor,* and with borrowed language, she now generally appears. We often hear her descant with much assumed kindness, and apparent good nature, on the excellencies of an individual, till she arrives at the close of a sentence, which is usually rounded by some emphatic and fearfully expressive monosyllable. Thus the best of characters are too often assassinated by the hand of affected friendship, just as Joab said to Amasa,† "Art thou in health, my brother?" and while he saluted, slew him.

LESSON CLIII

EXPLANATORY NOTE.—1. QUARANTINE, properly signifying *forty*, is a term appropriated to the period of forty days, during which a ship arriving in port, and suspected of being infected with a malignant, contagious disease, is obliged to forbear all intercourse with the city or place. The period of restraint, however, is usually determined by the proper officers.

---

* VISOR is a head-piece, or mask, used as a disguise.

† Consult 2 Samue, 20th Chapter, 9th and 10th verses.

VALUE OF REPUTATION.

PHILLIPS.

1. Who shall estimate the cost of priceless reputation,—that impress which gives this human dross its currency,—without which we stand despised, debased, depreciated? Who shall repair it injured? Who can redeem it lost? O, well and truly does the great philosopher of poetry esteem the world's wealth as "trash" in the comparison. Without it, gold has no value; birth, no distinction; station, no dignity; beauty, no charm; age, no reverence;—without it every treasure impoverishes, every grace deforms, every dignity degrades, and all the arts, the decorations, and accomplishments of life, stand, like the beacon blaze upon a rock, warning the world that its approach is dangerous,—that its contact is death.

2. The wretch without it, is under *eternal quarantine*[1];—no friend to greet,—no home to harbor him. The voyage of his life becomes a joyless peril; and in the midst of all ambition can achieve, or avarice amass, or rapacity plunder, he tosses on the surge,—*a buoyant pestilence.* But, let me not degrade into selfishness of individual safety, or individual exposure, this universal principle; it testifies a higher, a more ennobling origin.

3. It is this which, consecrating the humble circle of the hearth, will at times extend itself to the circumference of the horizon,—which nerves the arm of the patriot to save his country,—which lights the lamp of the philosopher to amend man,—which, if it does not inspire, will yet invigorate the martyr to merit immortality,—which, when one world's agony is passed, and the glory of another is dawning, will prompt the prophet, even in his chariot of fire, and in his vision of Heaven, to bequeath to mankind the mantle of his memory!

4. O, divine, O, delightful legacy of a spotless reputation! Rich is the inheritance it leaves; pious the example it testifies; pure, precious, and imperishable, the hope which it inspires! Can there be conceived a more atrocious injury than to filch from its possessor this inestimable benefit,—to rob society of

its charm, and solitude of its solace; not only to outlaw life, but to attaint death, converting the very grave, the refuge of the sufferer, into the gate of infamy and of shame!

5. I can conceive few crimes beyond it. He who plunders my property takes from me that which can be repaired by time; but what period can repair a ruined reputation? He who maims my person, affects that which medicine may remedy; but what herb has sovereignty over the wounds of slander? He who ridicules my poverty, or reproaches my profession, upbraids me with that which industry may retrieve, and integrity may purify; but what riches shall redeem the bankrupt fame? What power shall blanch the sullied snow of character? There can be no injury more deadly. There can be no crime more cruel. It is without remedy. It is without antidote. It is without evasion.

6. The reptile, calumny, is ever on the watch. From the fascinations of its eye no activity can escape; from the venom of its fang no sanity can recover. It has no enjoyment but crime; it has no prey but virtue; it has no interval from the restlessness of its malice, save when, bloated with its victims, it grovels to disgorge them at the withered shrine where envy idolizes her own infirmities.

LESSON CLIV.

THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

1. 'TIS sweet to remember! I would not forego
The charm which the past o'er the present can throw,
For all the gay visions that Fancy may weave
In her web of illusion, that shines to deceive.
We know not the future,—the past we have *felt*,—
Its cherished enjoyments the bosom can melt;
Its raptures anew o'er our pulses may roll,
When thoughts of the morrow fall cold on the soul.

2. 'Tis sweet to remember! when storms are abroad,
To see in the rainbow the promise of God;

The day may be darkened, but far in the west,
In vermilion and gold, sinks the sun to his rest;
With smiles like the morning, he passeth away;
Thus the beams of delight on the spirit can play,
When in calm reminiscence we gather the flowers
Which love scattered round us in happier hours.

3. 'Tis sweet to remember! when friends are unkind,
When their coldness and carelessness shadow the mind;
Then, to draw back the vail which envelops a land
Where delectable prospects in beauty expand;
To smell the green fields, the fresh waters to hear,
Whose once fairy music enchanted the ear;
To drink in the smiles that delighted us then,
And list to the voices of childhood again;
O, this the sad heart, like a reed that is bruised,
Binds up, when the banquet of hope is refused.

4. 'Tis sweet to remember! and naught can destroy
The balm-breathing comfort, the glory, the joy,
Which spring from that fountain to gladden our way,
When the changeful and faithless desert or betray.
I would not forget! though my thoughts should be dark,
O'er the ocean of life I look back from my bark,
And I see the lost Eden, where once I was blest,
A type and a promise of heavenly rest.

LESSON CLV.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.—1. CHI-CHEN, a term signifying *Mouth of a Well* is the name given to the ruins of a very ancient city in Yucatan. Throughout that country, as well as in others in Central America, are found the remains of ancient cities and monuments, much dilapidated, and overgrown with weeds and shrubbery. They indicate a high state of civilization on the part of their builders.

THE RUINS OF CHI-CHEN.

B. M. NORMAN.

1. ON arriving in the immediate vicinity of the ruins of the ancient city CHI-CHEN, I was compelled to cut my way

through an almost impenetrable thicket of underbrush, interlaced and bound together with strong tendrils and vines. I was finally enabled to effect a passage; and, in the course of a few hours, I found myself in the presence of the ruins. For five days did I wander up and down, among these crumbling monuments of a city which must have been one of the largest the world has ever seen.

2. I beheld before me, for a circuit of many miles in diameter, the walls of palaces, temples and pyramids, more or less dilapidated. The earth was strewed, as far as the eye could distinguish, with columns, some broken, and some nearly perfect, which seem to have been planted there by the genius of desolation, which presided over this awful solitude.

3. Amid these solemn memorials of departed generations who have died and left no marks but these, there were no indications of animated existence save from the bats, the lizards, and other reptiles, which now and then emerged from the crevices of the tottering walls and crumbling stones, that were strewed upon the ground at their base. No marks of human footsteps, no signs of previous visitors, were discernible; nor is there good reason to believe that any person, whose testimony of the fact has been given to the world, had ever before broken the silence which reigns over these sacred tombs of a departed civilization.

4. As I looked about me, and indulged in these reflections, I felt awed into perfect silence. To speak then, had been profane. A revelation from Heaven could hardly have impressed me more profoundly with the solemnity of its communication, than I was now impressed on finding myself the first, probably, of the present generation of civilized men, walking the streets of this once mighty city, and amid

"Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous."

5. For a long time I was so distracted with the multitude of objects which crowded upon my mind, that I could take no note of them in detail. It was not until some hours had

elapsed, that my curiosity was sufficiently under control to enable me to examine them with any minuteness. The Indians, for many leagues around, hearing of my arrival, came to visit me daily, but the object of my toil was quite beyond their comprehension. They watched my every motion, occasionally looking up to each other with an air of unfeigned astonishment.

6. Of the builders or occupants of these edifices, which were in ruins about them, they had not the slightest idea; nor did the question seem ever to have occurred to them. After the most careful search, no traditions, nor superstitions, nor legends of any kind concerning these remains, could be discovered. Time and foreign oppression had paralyzed, among this unfortunate people, those faculties which have been ordained by the God of nations to transfer history into tradition. All communication with the past, here seems to have been cut off.

7. Nor did any allusion to their ancestry, or to the former occupants of these mighty palaces and monumental temples, produce the slightest thrill through the memories of even the oldest Indians in the vicinity. Defeated in my anticipations from this quarter, I addressed myself at once to the only course of procedure, which was likely to give me any solution of the solemn mystery,—to the ruins themselves.

8. My first examination was made at what I conceived to be the ruins of the TEMPLE. These consist of four distinct walls, standing upon an elevated foundation of about sixteen feet. I entered at an opening at the western end, which I considered to be the main entrance; and presumed, from the broken walls, ceilings, and pillars still standing, that the opposite end had been the location of the shrine or altar. The distance between these two extremities, is four hundred and fifty feet.

9. Of the entrance, or western end, about one-half remains,—the interior showing broken rooms and ceilings, not entirely defaced. The exterior is composed of large stones, beautifully hewn, and laid in fillet and molding work. The opposite, or altar end, consists of similar walls, but has two sculptured pillars, much defaced by the falling ruins.

10. The walls are surrounded with masses of sculptured and hewn stones, broken columns, and ornaments which had fallen from the walls themselves, and which are covered with a rank and luxuriant vegetation, and even with trees. The southern wall is in the best state of preservation, the highest part of which, yet standing, is about fifty feet; where, also, the remains of rooms are still seen.

11. The inner surface of these walls is quite perfect, finely finished with smooth stone, cut uniformly in squares of abo two feet. About the center of these walls, near the top on both sides, are stone rings, carved from immense blocks, and inserted in the wall by a long shaft, and projecting from it about four feet. They measure about four feet in diameter, and two in thickness,—the sides beautifully carved.

12. Of the exterior of these walls, a sufficient portion still exists to show the fine and elaborate workmanship of the cornices and entablatures, though the latter are much broken and defaced. They are composed of immense blocks of stone, laid with the greatest regularity and precision, the fronts of which are sculptured, representing flowers, borders, animals, and Indian figures adorned with feather head-dresses, and armed with bows and arrows.

13. A few rods south of this TEMPLE is the PYRAMID, a majestic pile, measuring at its base about five hundred and fifty feet. The angles and sides were beautifully laid with stones of an immense size, gradually lessening as the work approached the summit or platform. On the east and north sides are flights of small stone steps, thirty feet wide at the base, and narrowing as they ascend. The bases were piled up with ruins, and overgrown with rank grass and vines; and it was only after great labor that I was enabled to reach the side facing the east.

14. Here were found two square stones of enormous size, partly buried in the ruins. They were plainly carved, representing some monster with wide-extended jaws, with rows of teeth, and a protruding tongue. These stones were evidently the finish to the base of the steps. I ascended the fallen and

broken steps, through bushes and trees, with which they were partly covered, to the summit, one hundred feet. Here was a terrace or platform, in the center of which is a square building, one hundred and seventy feet at its base, and twenty feet high.

15. The exterior of the building had been built of fine hewn and uniform blocks of stone, with entablatures of superior order, and projecting cornices. I could find no access to the top but by the pillars, and by cutting steps in the stone and mortar of the broken edges, and by the aid of bushes, I reached the summit. I found it perfectly level, the whole covered with a deep soil, in which trees and grass were growing in profusion. From this hight was presented a magnificent view of all the ruins, and the vast plain around them.

16. Unlike most of the Egyptian pyramids, whose

> "Primeval race had run, ere antiquity had begun."

this Pyramid does not culminate at the top. The solidity of its structure, the harmony and grandeur of its architecture, must impress every one with an exalted idea of the mechanical skill, and the numbers of those, by whom it was constructed; and like those in Egypt, so long as it stands, it must remain a monumental protest of an oppressed people,—against the ill-directed ambition and tyranny of those rulers, by whose command it was built.

LESSON CLVI.

Explanatory Notes.—1. Antioch is a city of Syria, which early received Christianity, and was called on that account *Theopolis*, The Divine City. For many ages it was the royal seat of the kings of Syria. Though now almost depopulated, there are still remaining monuments of its ancient grandeur.

2. Carthage, the ancient city of northern Africa, was founded about 1200 years before Christ. The remains of this ancient city are still visible.

3. Memphis, which owed its foundation to a king in the first ages of Egypt, was situated on the western shore of the Nile. In the twelfth century, notwithstanding the attempts made by various nations to destroy even the vestiges, and to obliterate every trace of it, by removing the

stones and materials, of which it was built, yet there were in it works wonderful beyond description.

4. CHEOPS was the king of Egypt, who built famous Pyramids, upon which, according to Herodotus, the historian, he employed a hundred thousand men, who were relieved every three months. He and his brother Chepheren were so inveterately hated by the Egyptians, that they publicly reported that the Pyramids were erected by a shepherd, instead of attributing the enterprise to them.

REFLECTIONS ON THE RUINS OF CHI-CHEN.

B. M. NORMAN.

1. IT is the impression of some that three distinct races of men have occupied this country, previous to the arrival of the existing white population. Of these the first is considered as the most civilized, to whom are attributed those magnificent works, the ruins of which are seen in various parts of Central America. To the second race are attributed those vast mounds of earth, formed throughout the whole western region from Lake Erie to Florida and the Rocky Mountains. The third race are the Indians now existing in the western territories.

2. In the profound silence and solitude of these western regions, and above the bones of a buried world, how must a philosophic traveler meditate upon the transitory state of human existence, when the only traces of two races of men, are these strange memorials! On this very spot generation after generation has stood, has lived, has warred, grown old, and passed away; and not only their names, but their nation, their language, have perished; and utter oblivion has closed over their once populous abodes. We call this country the New World. It is old! Age after age, and one revolution after another, has passed over it, but who shall tell its history?

3. Whatever diversity of origin may have existed among the races of Indians whose remains are the burden of our speculations, one thing is certain, that the builders of the city of Chi-Chen, excelled in the mechanic and fine arts. It is obvious that they were cultivated, and doubtless a very numerous people. It is difficult to suppose that those vast erections could have been made by the mere aggregation of men, unaided by science.

4. The only way to get any idea of the age of these ruins, is by comparison with the remains of other cities, of whose age we have some knowledge. Measuring their age by such a scale, the mind is startled at their probable antiquity. The Pyramids and Temples of Yucatan seem to have been old in the days of Pharaoh. Before the eye of imagination—

> "Their lonely columns stand sublime,
>   Flinging their shadows from on high,
> Like dials which the wizard Time
>   Had raised to count his ages by."

5. It will be remembered that there are walls now standing there, fifteen feet thick or more, built with an art and strength which defy both competition and decay; that there is one pyramid upward of a hundred feet in hight, with a building upon its summit, which supports trees, planted in a soil, deposited from the atmosphere for the last thousands of years.

6. Compare these ruins, in their present condition, with the CLOACA MAXIMA of Rome. More than twenty-five hundred years have elapsed since this work was constructed to drain off the waters of the Forum and the adjacent hollows of the Tiber, and there it stands to this day without a stone displaced, still performing its destined service. How many years before it will present the ruinous aspect of the TEMPLE of Chi-Chen? Evidently the city of Chi-Chen was an antiquity when the foundations of the Parthenon at Athens, and the Cloaca Maxima at Rome, were being laid.

7. Compare with the ruins of Central America the conspicuous remains of Balbec,* of Antioch,[1] of Carthage,[2] of Thebes,† and of Memphis,[3]—their pyramids, their labyrinths, their obelisks, and sepulchers. Who shall say that while the servile workmen of Cheops[4] were sacrificing the lives of countless multitudes of men, to prove that the gods alone were not immortal, and to rear for themselves imperishable burial-places, that at the same time, on another continent, thousands of miles from the Egyptian house of bondage, a people of a different race, unknowing and unknown to history, were not laying the

---

* See page 98, Note 2. † See Note 1, page 98.

foundations of cities, of palaces, and of temples, less stupendous perhaps, but no less a wonder and a mystery to succeeding nations?

8. It is not for any man now to place a limit to the age of the American ruins. They belong to the remotest antiquity. Their age is not to be measured by hundreds, but by thousands of years.

LESSON CLVII.

Explanatory Note.—1. Busiris was a king of Egypt, who sacrificed all foreigners to Jupiter with the greatest cruelty. Many Egyptian princes have borne the same name.

REFLECTIONS FROM THE SUMMIT OF AN EGYPTIAN PYRAMID.

1. Throned on the sepulcher of mighty kings,
Whose dust in solemn silence sleeps below,
Till that great day, when sublunary things
Shall pass away, e'en as the April bow
Fades from the gazer's eye, and leaves no trace
Of its bright colors, or its former place;—

2. I gaze in sadness o'er the scenery wild,—
On scattered groups of palms, and seas of sand,—
On the wide desert, and the desert's child,—
On ruins made by Time's destructive hand,—
On temples, towers, and columns now laid low,—
A land of crime, of tyranny, and woe.

3. O Egypt! Egypt! how art thou debased!—
A Moslem slave upon Busiris'[1] throne!
And all thy splendid monuments defaced!
Long, long beneath his iron rod shall groan
Thy hapless children; thou hast had thy day,
And all thy glories now have passed away.

4. O! could thy princely dead rise from their graves,
And view with me the changes Time has wrought,—

A land of ruins, and a race of slaves,
Where wisdom flourished, and where sages taught,—
A scene of desolation, mental night!—
How would they shrink with horror from the sight!

5 Ancient of days! nurse of fair science, arts!
All that refines and elevates mankind!
Where are thy palaces, and where thy marts,
Thy glorious cities, and thy men of mind?
Forever gone!—the very names they bore,
The sites they occupied, are now no more.

6. But why lament, since such must ever be
The fate of human greatness, human pride?
E'en those who mourn the loudest over thee,
Are drifting headlong down the rapid tide
That sweeps, resistless, to the yawning grave,
All that is great and good, or wise and brave.

7. E'en thou, proud fabric! whence I now survey
Scenes so afflicting to the feeling heart,
Despite thy giant strength, must sink the prey
Of hoary age, and all thy fame depart;
In vain thy head, aspiring, scales the sky,—
Prostrate in dust that lofty head must lie.

8. The soul alone,—the precious boon of Heaven,—
Can fearless brave of time and fate the rage,
When to thy deep foundations thou art riven,
Yea, Egypt! blotted from th' historic page,
She shall survive, shall ever, ever bloom,
In radiant youth, triumphant o'er the tomb.

LESSON CLVIII.

SUPERIORITY OF THE WORKS OF NATURE OVER THOSE OF ART.

1. To a mind which delights in the exercise of its reflective powers, the works of nature have ever presented the most

satisfying and delectable sources of investigation. Wherever we turn our eyes, some object of admiration presents itself,—into whatever recess we penetrate, our attention is arrested by the charms of some natural curiosity; and the more extensively we examine, and the deeper we search, the richer will be the banquet spread out before us.

2. A more delicious feast can not be presented to the curious and contemplative mind, than to roam amidst all the luxuriances of nature, and to view her sporting in a thousand blooming and fascinating charms, or sublimely moving amidst the stupendous and wonderful works of the universe. Above and around us, in the illimitable regions of space, roll millions of orbs which afford to us the blessing of light, and which display the sublimer glories of nature.

3. Scattered over the diversified surface of the earth, for various, useful, and important purposes, the innumerable tribes of animal and vegetable nature, exhibit amazing skill and contrivance,—the depths of the ocean, and the regions of the air,—all unite to set forth the glorious and inimitable perfections of the works of nature, while all conspire, by the regular and harmonious performance of their respective functions, to send up a grateful song of praise to their wise and beneficent Author.

4. That the works of art assume to themselves the extensive and well-earned meed of approbation, will not be denied,—that they may well be held up to the observation of the wise and good;—and that they should be generally patronized, as conducive to the comfort and pleasure of life, will be readily conceded. But that they fall infinitely short of the nice and inimitable perfection, the well-regulated utility, and the positive beauty, which characterize those of nature, is a fact which few can venture to disclaim, without sacrificing truth and judgment at the shrine of ignorance and impiety.

5. The works of nature are superior to those of art in their *originality*. They are all the sole productions of an all-wise Author, and all bear internal evidences of originality;—for as they were called into being from nothing, they could not be

copied from any thing antecedently existing. To suppose that they were imitated from any models, except such as were in the mind of the great Original, is to entertain questionable and irreverent notions of his Omniscience. But with regard to the works of art, they are only copies from the master-pieces of nature, and few will deny, that many of the most splendid and elaborate works of art, became so, simply from their unequaled models.

6. Scarcely a performance is executed by man, which does not glory in being a transcript from nature. It is to her hidden sources that men look for the most brilliant trophies of their talent and research,—it is with delight they hail her appearance, upon which they may display their genius; and with no less ardor than pleasure, do they avail themselves of whatever she may present to their notice. Truly, "the works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein!"

7. The works of nature are superior to those of art in their *workmanship and perfection.* Examine any of the former with the most scrutinizing eye, and it will be found to be framed with the nicest skill and proportion,—every part exactly corresponds and harmonizes with one another,—all perform the respective parts assigned them by Eternal Wisdom, without the least deviations. There is not a single object in nature, that may not court the strictest investigation as it regards its perfection; and though many objects far exceed others in wonder and beauty, yet each in itself lays open an interesting view of consummate skill,—a pleasing exhibition of divine goodness.

8. The tints which adorn the petals of a flower, and the delicate wings and body of an insect, bear well the test of examination; and the finest and most delicate specimens of the pencil, in comparison with such, appear coarse and imperfect. The color, the frame, the texture, the diversity of covering for the brute creation, and the nice adaptation to their natures, are so exquisite as to outvie every attempt of art to rival them, —even the beautiful verdure which clothes our fields and

meadows, in its several varieties, is so replete with divine skill, that it has been said, "a single blade of grass contains more than will ever be discovered by the most patient and minute investigation."

9. The works of nature excel those of art in their *variety* It is astonishing to behold the vast diversity which prevails in the grand system of animal and vegetable nature. It is calculated, that there are at present known between four and fiv hundred species of land animals, six hundred of birds, of fish five thousand, and of insects, nearly two hundred thousand. Exclusive of these, there are doubtless a vast number of the brute creation, which are unknown to man. Of plants, it is not improbable, that their number would almost defy the powers of calculation.

10. The works of nature claim unquestionable pre-eminence, in their *durability*. See with what uniform regularity the orbs of heaven have performed their revolutions, from the period when they were called into existence by the Almighty fiat,—and still perform them, without the least diminution of efficacy or irregularity. Many of the other works of nature, have remained with equal perfection from the moment of their creation to the present period. And even all the animal and vegetable tribes, notwithstanding they decay and die at stated and regular periods, may be said to have endured from the beginning; since they have been, and still are, continually reproduced in succession.

11. But it is too true, that mutability is inseparable from the works of man; they, like himself, are frail, and a few fleeting years are sufficient to mar their beauty and spoil their excellence. The most ancient relics of art are frequently so mutilated and defaced by the consuming hand of time, as to become valuable, not for the skill exhibited in their workmanship, but solely on account of their antiquity. Nature's works, however, are always blooming, are always beautiful in themselves, and they will continue to bloom till that great and terrible day, when the heavens and the earth shall pass away, and the elements melt with fervent heat.

12. Nature has ever stood unrivaled,—she must ever remain so. Her treasures have never been exhausted, and it is certain they never will. She pours forth her beauties and luxuriances with an unsparing and lavish hand, in every possible variety, to engage the heart, to charm the ear, and to delight the eye. She will ever be sought after by the curious mind and she will never disappoint the true admirer. Art, exalted and adorned, as she certainly is, will ever look up to nature as her great original,—as the beautifier of all her productions,—as the charm of all her fascinations, and the source of all her excellence.

LESSON CLIX.

NATURE.

A. B. STREET.

1. NATURE,—faint emblem of Omnipotence,
Shaped by His hand,—the shadow of His light,—
The vail, in which He wraps His majesty,
And through whose mantling folds He deigns to show
Of His mysterious, awful attributes
And dazzling splendors, all man's feeble thought
Can grasp uncrushed, or vision bear unquenched.

2. God glanced on chaos,—into form it sprang,—
Worlds clustered round Him, instant at His will,
Blazing, they darted to their destined spheres,
Spangling the void, and in their orbits wheeled,
Each with a different glory. Kindled suns
Shot their fierce beams, and gentle moons were robed
In soft, pure silvery luster. Chaos lived.

3. As the bright shapes were speeding to their goals,
The Angels gazed with wonder. Orb on orb
Swept past their vision, shedding fitful gleams
Upon their jeweled brows and glittering wings,
And trailing, as they whirled along their flight,
Pathways of splendor, till the boundless space
Flashed in a web of gorgeous brilliancy

4. But when Omnipotence had formed His robe,
And cast its spangled blazonry round heaven,
The countless myriads of those shining ones,
Their wonder changed to awe, bowed crown and harp
Before the dazzling brightness. Then, as stole
The first low music of the singing stars,
Melting along the stillness, rank on rank,
The proud Archangel in his majesty,
And the pure Seraph in her loveliness,
Leaping erect, poured from the quivering string
Their anthem to the Holiest, till Heaven's air,
Stirred by the diapason of the hymn,
Rolled on an ocean of deep harmonious sounds.

5. At the creative summons, Earth had wheeled,
In her eternal course,—Oh! not as now,
Marred by the bitter curse that flowed from sin,
Scathed by God's justice, darkened by His wrath,
And made more black by man,—but pure and sweet
In all the beauty of her blossoming youth,—
In all the fragrance of her new-born spring.

6. Nature is Man's best teacher. She unfolds
Her treasures to his search, unseals his eye,
Illumes his mind, and purifies his heart.
An influence breathes from all the sights and sounds
Of her existence; she is Wisdom's self.
Rest yields she to the "weary" of the earth,—
Its "heavy-laden" she endows with strength.

7. When sorrow presses on us, when the stings
Of bitter disappointment pierce the soul,
When our eye sickens at the sight of man,
Our ear turns lothing from his jarring voice,
The shadowy forest and the quiet field
Are then our comforters. A medicine
Breathes in the wind that fans our fevered brow,
The blessed sunshine yields a sweet delight,
The bird's low warble thrills within our breast,

The flower is eloquent with peace and joy,
And better thoughts come o'er us. Lighter heart
And purer feelings cheer our homeward way;
We prize more deep the blessings that are ours,
And rest a higher, holier trust in God.

8. And Nature teaches us Philosophy;
In the quick shading of her brilliant morn
By the dark storm-cloud; in the canker-spot
That lurks within her blushing, fragrant rose.
In the sad blighting of her summer leaves
When Autumn wields his tempests; solemnly
She warns how full of direst change is life,
How perishing our sweetest, brightest joys,
How oft death lays our dearest feelings waste,
And makes existence cold and desolate.

9. But O! she teaches also blessed Hope;
Hope, the sustainer! Hope which keeps the heart
From breaking in its sorrow. Glorious Hope!
In the light seed that cradles the green plant,—
In the bright sun succeeding the dark night,—
In blue-eyed Spring that plants her violets
Within departing Winter's melting snows.

10. And,—holier theme,—she teaches us of God,
Her Architect,—her Master. At His feet
She crouches, and in offering Him her praise
From myriad altars, and in myriad tones,
She bids man praise Him also. In the broad,
Magnificent ocean, surging in wild foam,
Yet bounded in its madness; in the fierce,
Shrieking, and howling tempest, crashing on
In desolating wrath, yet curbed with reins,
She shows His awful power, yet tender care.
In the free sunlight,—in the dropping clouds,—
And changes of the seasons,—she proclaims
His boundless goodness and exhaustless love.

11. Glorious, most glorious Nature! thus she yields
Gems to the seeker. But, alas! on earth
We see but dim reflections of her light,—
We hear but whispers of her magic voice,—
Her dazzling, cloudless splendors will be seen,
And her full, perfect harmony be heard,
Only when, bursting from its chains of clay,
The soul shall reach its immortality.

LESSON CLX.

MUSIC OF NATURE.

DRYDEN.

1. From harmony,—from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began.
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms, lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise! ye more than dead!
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations, leap,
And Music's voice obey.
From harmony,—from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began.
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man!

2. As from the power of sacred lays,
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blessed above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And music shall untune the sky.

1. All Nature speaks in music,—every tone
She utters, from the crashing thunder's roar,
Or Ocean's gush upon the rocky shore,
Down to the insect's hum, or light wind's moan,
Is full of harmony; or, if there be
A jarring discord mid her thousand strings,
One note that chimes not with the hymn she sings,
'Tis *man* that strikes the chord and mars the key.—
Then, o'er the mountains shall that sun arise
Which sees no strife, and hears no bitter voice
Of blasphemy, no sorrow's hopeless sighs,
To grate on angels' ears,—and men rejoice,
With hearts and tones in unison, to sing
One grateful song to Heaven's Eternal King.

J. H. Clinch.

LESSON CLXI.

FORMER AND PRESENT CONDITION OF NEW YORK.

Bancroft.

1. Somber forests shed a melancholy grandeur over the useless magnificence of nature, and hid in their deep shades the rich soil which the sun had never warmed. No ax had leveled the giant progeny of the crowded groves, in which the fantastic forms of withered limbs, that had been blasted and riven by lightning, contrasted strangely with the verdant freshness of a younger growth of branches. The wanton grapevine, seeming by its own power to have sprung from the earth, and to have fastened its leafy coils on the top of the tallest forest tree, swung in the air with every breeze, like the loosened shrouds of a ship.

2. Trees might every where be seen breaking from their root in the marshy soil, and threatening to fall with the first rude gust; while the ground was strewn with the ruins of former forests, over which a profusion of wild flowers wasted their freshness in mockery of the gloom. Reptiles sported in the stagnant pools, or crawled unharmed over piles of moldering

trees. The spotted deer crouched among the thickets; but not to hide; for there was no pursuer; and there was none but wild animals to crop the uncut herbage of the productive prairies.

3. Silence reigned, broken, it may have been, by the flight of land-birds or the flapping of water-fowls, and rendered more dismal by the howl of beasts of prey. The streams, not yet limited to a channel, spread over sand-bars, tufted with copses of willow, or waded through wastes of reeds. The smaller brooks spread out into sedgy swamps, that were overhung by clouds of musketoes; masses of decaying vegetation fed the exhalations with the seeds of pestilence, and made the balmy air of the summer's evening as deadly as it seemed grateful. Vegetable life and death were mingled hideously together. The horrors of corruption frowned on the fruitless fertility of uncultivated nature.

4. And man, the occupant of the soil, was wild as the savage scene, in harmony with the rude nature, by which he was surrounded; a vagrant over the continent, in constant warfare with his fellow-man; the bark of the birch his canoe; strings of shells his ornaments, his record, and his coin; the roots of the forest among his resources for food; his knowledge in architecture surpassed both in strength and durability by the skill of the beaver; drifts of forest-leaves his couch; mats of bulrushes his protection against the winter's cold; his religion the adoration of nature; his morals the promptings of undisciplined instinct; disputing with the wolves and bears the lordship of the soil, and dividing with the squirrel the wild fruits, with which the universal woodland abounded.

5. How changed is the scene from that, on which Hudson gazed! The earth glows with the colors of civilization; the banks of the streams are enameled with richest grasses; woodlands and cultivated fields are harmoniously blended; the birds of spring find their delight in orchards and gardens, variegated with choicest plants from every temperate zone; while the brilliant flowers of the tropics bloom from the windows of the green-house and the saloon.

6. The yeoman, living like a good neighbor near the fields he cultivates, glories in the fruitfulness of the valleys, and counts with honest exultation the flocks and herds that graze in safety on the hills. The thorn has given way to the rose-bush; the cultivated vine clambers over rocks where the brood of serpents used to nestle; while industry smiles at the changes she has wrought, and inhales the bland air which now has health on its wings.

7. Man is still in harmony with nature, which he has subdued, cultivated, and adorned. For him the rivers that flow to remotest climes, mingle their waters; for him the lakes gain new outlets to the ocean; for him the arch spans the flood, and science spreads iron pathways to the recent wilderness; for him the hills yield up the shining marble and the enduring granite; for him the forests of the interior come down in immense rafts; for him the marts of the city gather the produce of every clime, and libraries collect the works of genius of every language and every age.

8. The passions of society are chastened into purity; manners are made benevolent by civilization; and the virtue of the country is the guardian of its peace. An active daily press, vigilant from party interests, free even to dissoluteness watches the progress of society, and communicates every fact that can interest humanity; the genius of letters begins to unfold his powers in the warm sunshine of public favor. And while idle curiosity may take its walk in shady avenues by the ocean side, commerce pushes its wharves into the sea, blocks up the wide rivers with its fleets, and, sending its ships, the pride of naval architecture, to every clime, defies every wind, outrides every tempest, and invades every zone.

LESSON CLXII.

Note.—To read or speak the following poetry intelligibly, will be found no less difficult than to analyze it grammatically. The utterance requires a distinct and marked emphasis in order fully to express the sentiment. Previous to reading or speaking it, it should be studied with care and attention, in order clearly to comprehend the sentiment.

PHILOSOPHY.

THOMPSON.

1. EFFUSIVE source of evidence and truth!
A luster shedding o'er the ennobled mind,
Stronger than summer-noon,—pure as that,
Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,
New to the dawning of celestial day!
Hence through her nourished powers, enlarged by thee,
She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires,
That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-winged,
The hights of science and of virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear,—with Nature round,
Or in the starry regions, or the abyss,
To Reason's and to Fancy's eye displayed;—
The *first*, up-tracing, from the dreary void,
The chain of causes and effects, to Him,
The world-producing Essence, who alone
Possesses being; while the *last* receives
The whole magnificence of Heaven and Earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious, or more remote, with livelier sense,
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

2. Without thee, what were unenlightened man?
A savage roaming through the woods and wilds,
In quest of prey; and with th' unfashioned fur
Rough-clad; devoid of every finer art
And elegance of life. Nor happiness
Domestic, mixed of tenderness and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
Nor guardian law, were his; nor various skill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning Line, or dares the wintry Pole;—
Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,

And woes on woes, a still-revolving train,
Whose horrid circle had made human life
Than non-existence worse; but taught by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy and peace;
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embellish life.' While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs
The ruling helm; or like the liberal breath
Of potent Heaven, invisible, the sail
Swells out, and bears the inferior world along.

3. Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
Poorly confined, the radiant tracts on high
Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
Creation through; and, from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
Of the Sole Being right, who *spoke the word*,—
And Nature moved complete. With inward view,
Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns
Her eye; and instant, at her powerful glance,
Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear;
Compound, divide, and into order shift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train;—
To reason then, deducing truth from truth,
And notion quite abstract, where first begins
The world of spirits, action all, and life
Unfettered, and unmixed.

4. But here the cloud,
So wills Eternal Providence, sits deep.
Enough for us to know that this dark state,
In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,
This infancy of Being can not prove
The final issue of the works of God,
By boundless love and perfect wisdom formed,
And ever rising with the rising mind.

LESSON CLXIII.

PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

SAMUEL YOUNG.

1. No fact is more strongly corroborated by the annals of the past, or more fully confirmed by observation and experience, than that the human race is richly endowed with the capacity for improvement. The records of antiquity, long antecedent to the Christian era, exhibit, in several nations of the old world, a very considerable advance in mental cultivation, as well as in useful and ornamental arts of life. And although the progress of man was exceedingly desultory and slow, yet the lapse of centuries finally manifested the splendid results of human advancement in the brilliancy of Greek and Roman literature.

2. The meager chronicles of ancient times are mostly filled with wars, battles, conquests, and revolutions. Few of the names of the numerous benefactors of the human race, by whose teachings, examples, inventions, and improvements, from age to age, the ferocity of savage life was partially softened, and the arts of peace gradually multiplied, have been transmitted to our times.

3. The blank pages of ancient history are the quiet epochs of peace. The bloody struggles of infuriated man, were chronicled by the annalist, and commemorated by the poet; while all the ameliorating influences were either overlooked, or deemed unworthy of record.

4. Periods of tranquility, however, were of short and precarious duration, and were frequently interrupted by the advent of ferocious conquerors, the shock of contending armies, or the irruption of predatory hordes. How many times the feeble glimmerings of incipient knowledge were extinguished in human blood; how many Alexandrian libraries were destroyed by savage warriors; how often the pall of night was cast over the rising sun of science, and the human race thrown back into the depths of barbarism, during the primeval ages, it is impossible to estimate.

5. Carnage and devastation were the principal occupations of mankind; and prisoners of war, even down to Roman times, were liable to be butchered, or to be converted into slaves. Amidst the din of almost incessant conflicts, the rage for bloodshed, plunder, and desolation, and the consequent utter insecurity of life, liberty, and property, it is not strange that the progress of man, during more than three thousand years, should have been so tottering and feeble.

6. The mistress of the world, when there were no more valuable conquests to make, dazzled by her giddy hight, and corrupted by plunder and by power, began to feel the operation of those laws, under which the aggregated possessions of all the great conquerors of preceding times, had crumbled into ruins. Her decadence would have been accomplished by her own weight. But time was not given for the full operation of the internal causes of dissolution; and the catastrophe was accelerated by frequent inundations of barbarians.

7. It is probable that at no period since the creation of man, had every vestige of science, every monument of art, and every trace of civilization been more completely obscured and demolished than after the fall of the Roman Empire. To render the eclipse total, wave after wave of unmitigated barbarism rolled over the face of Europe for several centuries; so that even the tradition of former improvements must have been nearly extinguished.

8. So intense was the obscuration, that it would seem to have been utterly impossible that the human race should ever emerge from the gloom; and had not the germ of intellectual resurrection been deeply and firmly implanted in the breast of man, the condition of the European world would have been hopeless.

9. But an indomitable propensity to think, to compare, to reason, to obviate physical impediments, and to explore truth through its material and mental labyrinths,—to ameliorate his condition,—is a distinctive trait in the very nature of man. This vital principle may lie dormant for ages, but is never extinct. Its energy may be enfeebled by savage life, crushed by

iniquitous rulers, torpified by despotism, or suspended by the ravages of war; but whenever favorable circumstances occur, it is ever ready to act.

10. The term CIVILIZATION has a well-known and ample import. It implies not only all the preceding advances of humanity in the march of improvement, but also every step in the long career of its future progress. It embraces every art and science already known, or which industry may hereafter evolve, accident elicit, or time unfold. It indicates the full development of the moral, intellectual, and physical powers of man, as an individual, as well as the utmost attainable perfection in all the civic and social relations of society.

11. When all the scattered elements of good, which lie concealed in the material world, shall have been discovered, collected, combined, and amplified to their fullest extent,—when all portions of the moral and intellectual domains, shall have reached their highest culture,—when the knowledge of every attainable law of the universe shall have enlightened and expanded the human understanding, and secured the unwavering fealty of our race,—when man shall have achieved every conquest, of which his nature is capable, over himself as well as over the visible world,—over both mind and matter,—then, and not till then, will he be fully civilized.

12. It is only by patiently finding out, and scrupulously observing the beneficent laws of the Creator, that man can rise, from grade to grade, in the scale of being. Each evolution of the latent properties of matter; every unknown utility, to which its various modifications may be adapted; every new and useful idea which practical skill and patient industry may develop, and every mental corruscation which now lies dormant in the infinite regions of abstruse philosophy, will successively augment human civilization and happiness.

13. The discovery of the polarity of magnetized iron, insignificant as it doubtless appeared at the time, has nevertheless changed the face of the world. It has converted the broad and fearful expanse of the ocean into a highway common to all. It has produced the construction of ships, the multiplica-

tion and growth of cities, the discovery of a new continent, the safe and rapid interchange of all the products of the earth, the near approximation of distant countries, and the multiplied blessings of commerce. It has broken down the otherwise impassable barriers, which separated many portions of the human race from each other; and by a prompt intercommunication of every new art, and every growing science, will ultimately produce a perfect fusion of national prejudices, and convert the whole human race into one great family.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

I. Chase.

1. Let Science spread her wings,
   Triumphantly on high,
And teach the toneless strings
   Of hearts that sink and sigh;
Let Truth's broad banner be unfurled
In every land,—o'er all the world!

2. The gloom of Error's night
   Has long oppressed our race,
And Superstition's blight
   In every age we trace;
But glorious Science lifts the vail,—
Exalts the soul,—forbids its wail!

3. Tyrants may frown in spite,
   And mourn their waning power;
Their sun shall set in night,—
   Time, speed the happy hour!—
Proud Science shall unbounded run,
Extensive as yon circling sun!

4. Let all their skill unite,
   And each sustain his part,
To speed her progress bright,
   In each mysterious art;
Then honor shall their labors crown,—
Their sun in splendor shall go down!

LESSON CLXIV.

Note.--The following poetry purports to be a soliloquy by **Cato** in contemplating the immortality of the soul as taught by **Plato**, the Grecian philosopher.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Addison.

1 It must be so,—Plato, thou reasonest well!—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

2. Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
The wide, the unbounded prospect, lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works,) He must delight in virtue;
And that which He delights in, must be happy.
But when? or where? This world was made for Cesar.
I'm weary of conjectures. This must end them.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

3. Thus am I doubly armed; my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

LESSON CLXV.

CONSOLATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

1. If Death forever doom us to the clod,
And earth-born pleasure be our only god,
The rapid years shall bury all we love,
Nor leave one hope to re-unite above!
No more the voice of Friendship shall beguile,
No more the mother on her infant smile;
But vanishing, like snow upon the deep,
Nature shall perish in eternal sleep!

2. Illustrious beacons! spirits of the just!
Are ye embosomed in perennial dust?
Shall ye, whose names, undimmed by ages, shine
Bright as the flame that marked you for divine,
Forever slumber,—never meet again,
Too poor for sorrow, too sublime for pain?
Ah, no! celestial Fancy loves to fly
With eager pinion and prophetic eye,
To radiant dwellings of immortal fire,
Where pain can never come, and pleasure never tire.
There, as the choral melodies career,
Sublimely rolling through the seraph-sphere,
In angel-forms, you all again unite,
And bathe in streams of everlasting light!

3. When friends have vanished to their viewless home,
And we are left companionless to roam,
O! what can cheer our melancholy way,
But hopes of union in the Land of Day?
Soul-loved companions of our early years,
Warmed at our joys, and weeping at our tears,

How oft-renewing Memory paints each hour,
When Friendship triumphed, and the heart had power!
Yes, hallowed are these visions of the brain,
When Heaven unvails, and loved ones smile again!

4. O say! how will the skeptic brave the hour
Of Death's divine, inexorable power,
When all this fairy world shall glide away,
Like midnight dreams before the morning day?
See! how he shudders at the thought of death!
What doubt and horror hang upon his breath!

5. Go, child of darkness! see a Christian die!
No horror pales his lip, or rolls his eye;
No dreadful doubts, or dreamy terrors start
The hope Religion pillows on his heart,
When with a dying hand he waves adieu
To all who love so well, and weep so true!
Calm as an infant to the mother's breast,
Turns fondly longing for its wonted rest,
He pants for where congenial spirits stray,
Turns to his God, and sighs his soul away!

LESSON CLXVI.

Explanatory Notes.—1. **Christian States** are those, in which Christianity is recognized as the true religion.

2. **Intolerance** is the act of restraining or suppressing religious opinions and modes of worship not prescribed by law. In the United States, it is not admitted that government or individuals have any right to interfere in religious matters.

EUROPE AND AMERICA CONTRASTED.

WEBSTER

[*From a Speech delivered in the House of Representatives, April* 14, 1826.]

1. In many respects, the European and American nations are alike. They are alike Christian States,[1] civilized States, and commercial States. They have access to the same common fountains of intelligence; they all draw from those

sources which belong to the whole civilized world. In knowledge and letters,—in the arts of peace and war, they differ in degrees; but they bear, nevertheless, a general resemblance.

2. On the other hand, in matters of government and social institutions, the nations on this continent are founded upon principles which never did prevail, in considerable extent, either at any other time, or in any other place. There has never been presented to the mind of man a more interesting subject of contemplation, than the establishment of so many nations in America, partaking in the civilization and in the arts of the old world, but having left behind them those cumbrous institutions which had their origin in a dark and military age.

3. Whatsoever European experience has developed, favorable to the freedom and the happiness of man; whatsoever European genius has invented for his improvement or gratification; whatsoever of refinement or polish the culture of European society presents for his adoption and enjoyment,—all this is offered to man in America, with the additional advantages of the full power of erecting forms of government on free and simple principles, without overturning institutions suited to times long passed, but too strongly supported, either by interests or prejudices, to be shaken without convulsions.

4. This unprecedented state of things presents the happiest of all occasions for an attempt to establish national intercourse upon improved principles,—upon principles tending to peace, and the mutual prosperity of nations. In this respect, America, the whole of America, has a new career before her. If we look back on the history of Europe, we see how great a portion of the last two centuries her states have been at war for interests connected mainly with her feudal monarchies; wars for particular dynasties; wars to support or defeat particular successions; wars to enlarge or curtail the dominion of particular crowns; wars to support or dissolve family alliances; wars, in fine, to enforce or to resist religious intolerance.[1]

5. What long and bloody chapters do these not fill, in the history of European politics! Who does not see, and who does not rejoice to see, that America has a glorious chance of es-

caping, at least, these causes of contention? Who does not see, and who does not rejoice to see, that, on this continent, under other forms of government, we have before us the noble hope of being able, by the mere influence of civil and religious liberty, to dry up these outpouring fountains of blood, and to extinguish these consuming fires of war.

6. The general opinion of the age favors such hopes and such prospects. There is a growing disposition to treat the intercourse of nations more like the useful intercourse of friends; philosophy, just views of national advantage, good sense, and the dictates of a common religion, and an increasing conviction that war is not the interest of the human race, —all concur to increase the interest created by this new accession to the list of nations.

LESSON CLXVII.

Explanatory Notes.—1. **Arnold Winkelried**, a Swiss patriot, in the battle of Sempach, July 9, 1386, by the sacrifice of his life, enabled his countrymen to defeat the Austrian troops. In order to break the Austrian ranks, he rushed on them, grasped several lances, and, heedless of the thrusts, bore them to the ground. His countrymen rushed through the opening thus made, and won the victory.

2. **Sir Henry Vane**, one of the early governors of Massachusetts, on his return to England, rendered himself conspicuous for his public acts, and on one occasion for his advocacy for a Republican government, on which account he was falsely accused of treason, condemned, and beheaded, June 14, 1662.

3. **Lord Russell**, an English nobleman of acknowledged probity, sincerity, and private worth, was unjustly condemned for treason, and beheaded, July 21, 1683.

BEAUTY OF THE SCENE ENHANCES THE BEAUTY OF THE DEED.

R. W. Emerson.

1. The high and divine beauty which can be loved without effeminacy, is that which is found in combination with the human will, and never separate. Beauty is the mark God sets upon virtue. Every natural action is graceful. Every heroic act is also decent, and causes the place and the bystanders

to shine. We are taught by great actions that the universe is the property of every individual in it.

2. Every rational creature has all nature for his dowry and estate. It is his, if he will. He may divest himself of it; he may creep into a corner, and abdicate his kingdom, as most men do; but he is entitled to the world by his constitution. In proportion to the energy of his thought and will, he takes up the world into himself. "All those things, for which men plow, build, or sail, obey virtue," said an ancient historian. "The winds and the waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators." So are the sun, and moon, and all the stars of heaven.

3. When a noble act is done,—perchance in a scene of great natural beauty;—when Leonidas and his three hundred martyrs consume one day in dying, and the sun and moon come each and look at them once in the steep defile of Thermopylæ; when Arnold Winkelried[1], in the high Alps, under the shadow of the avalanche, gathers in his side a sheaf of Austrian spears to break the line for his comrades; are not these heroes entitled to add the beauty of the scene, to the beauty of the deed?

4. When the bark of Columbus nears the shore of America, —before it, the beach lined with savages fleeing out of all their huts of cane,—the sea behind, and the purple mountains of the Indian Archipelago around, can we separate the man from the living picture? Does not the New World clothe his form with her palm-groves and savannas as fit drapery?

5. Ever does natural beauty steal in like air, and envelop great actions. When Sir Henry Vane[2] was dragged up the Tower-hill, sitting on a sled, to suffer death, as the champion of the English laws, one of the multitude cried out, "You never sat on so glorious a seat." Charles II., to intimidate the citizens of London, caused the patriot, Lord Russell[3], to be drawn in an open coach, through the principal streets of the city, on his way to the scaffold. "But," to use the simple narrative of his biographer, "the multitude imagined they saw liberty and virtue sitting by his side."

6. In private places, among sordid objects, an act of truth or heroism seems at once to draw to itself the sky as its temple,—the sun as its candle. Nature stretches out her arms to embrace man, only let his thoughts be of equal greatness. Willingly does she follow his steps with the rose and the violet and bend her lines of grandeur and grace to the decoration of her darling child. Only let his thoughts be of equal scope, and the frame will suit the picture. A virtuous man is in unison with her works, and makes the central figure of the visible sphere.

LESSON CLXVIII.

ADDRESS OF LEONIDAS.

RICHARD GLOVER.

1. He alone
Remains unshaken. Dignity and grace
Adorn his frame, and manly beauty, joined
With strength Herculean. On his aspect shines
Sublimest virtues and desire of fame,
Where justice gives the laurel; in his eye
The inextinguishable spark, which fires
The souls of patriots; while his brow supports
Undaunted valor, and contempt of death.

2. Serene he rose, and thus addressed the throng:
"Why this astonishment on every face,
Ye men of Sparta? Does the name of death
Create this fear and wonder? O my friends!
Why do we labor through the arduous paths
Which lead to virtue? Fruitless were the toil,
Above the reach of human feet were placed
The distant summit, if the fear of death
Could intercept our passage. But in vain
His blackest frowns and terrors he assumes
To shake the firmness of the mind which knows
That, wanting virtue, life is pain and woe

That, wanting liberty, even virtue mourns,
And looks around for happiness in vain.

3. "Then speak, O Sparta! and demand my life;
My heart, exulting, answers to thy call,
And smiles on glorious fate. To live with fame
Is allowed to the many; but to die
With equal luster is a blessing Heaven
Selects from all the choicest boons of fate,
And with a sparing hand on few bestows."
Salvation thus to Sparta he proclaimed.
Joy, wrapt awhile in admiration, paused,
Suspending praise; nor praise at last resounds
In high acclaim to rend the arch of heaven;
A reverential murmur breathes applause.

LESSON CLXIX.

NOTE.—ALCHEMY was an imaginary and pretended science, much cultivated in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It related to the transmutation of base metals into gold to the finding of a universal remedy for diseases, and a universal solvent, or fluid that dissolves all substances, as well as to other things, now treated as ridiculous.

SOLILOQUY OF THE DYING ALCHEMIST.

N. P. WILLIS.

1. THE night wind with a desolate moan swept by;
And the old shutters of the turret swung,
Creaking upon their hinges; and the moon,
As the torn edges of the clouds flew past,
Struggled aslant the stained and broken panes
So dimly, that the watchful eye of death
Scarcely was conscious when it went and came.

2. The fire beneath his crucible was low;
Yet still it burned; and ever as his thoughts
Grew insupportable, he raised himself
Upon his wasted arm, and stirred the coals
With difficult energy, and when the rod

Fell from his nerveless fingers, and his eye
Felt faint within its socket, he shrunk back
Upon his pallet, and with unclosed lips
Muttered a curse on death!

3. The silent room,
From its dim corners, mockingly gave back
His rattling breath; the humming in the fire
Had the distinctness of a knell; and when
Duly the antique horologe beat one,
He drew a phial from beneath his head,
And drank. And instantly his lips compressed,
And, with a shudder in his skeleton frame,
He rose with supernatural strength, and sat
Upright, and communed with himself:—

4. I did not think to die
Till I had finished what I had to do;
I thought to pierce th' eternal secret through
With this my mortal eye;
I felt,—O God! it seemeth even now
This can not be the death-dew on my brow!

5. And yet it is,—I feel,
Of this dull sickness at my heart, afraid;
And in my eyes the death-sparks flash and fade;
And something seems to steal
Over my bosom like a frozen hand,—
Binding its pulses with an icy band.

6. And this is death! But why
Feel I this wild recoil? It can not be
Th' immortal spirit shuddereth to be free!
Would it not leap to fly
Like a chain'd eaglet at its parent's call?
I fear,—I fear,—that this poor life is all!

7. Yet thus to pass away!—
To live but for a hope that mocks at last,—

To agonize, to strive, to watch, to fast,
To waste the light of day,
Night's better beauty, feeling, fancy, thought,
All that we have and are,—for this,—for naught!

8. Grant me another year,
God of my spirit!—but a day,—to win
Something to satisfy this thirst within!
I would *know* something here!
Break for me but one seal that is unbroken!
Speak for me but one word that is unspoken!

9. Vain,—vain!—my brain is turning
With a swift dizziness, and my heart grows sick,
And these hot temple-throbs come fast and thick,
And I am freezing,—burning,—
Dying! O God! if I might only live!
My phial———Ha! it thrills me,—I revive.

10 Aye,—were not man to die
He were too mighty for this narrow sphere!
Had he but time to brood on knowledge here,—
Could he but train his eye,—
Might he but wait the mystic word and hour,—
Only his Maker would transcend his power!

11. Earth has no mineral strange,—
Th' illimitable air no hidden wings,—
Water no quality in covert springs,
And fire no power to change,—
Seasons no mystery, and stars no spell,
Which the unwasting soul might not compel.

12. Oh, but for time to track
The upper stars into the pathless sky,—
To see th' invisible spirits, eye to eye,—
To hurl the lightning back,—
To tread unhurt the sea's dim-lighted halls,-
To chase Day's chariot to the horizon-walls,—

13. And more, much more,—for now
The life-sealed fountains of my nature move,—
To nurse and purify this human love,—
To clear the godlike brow
Of weakness and mistrust, and bow it down
Worthy and beautiful, to the much-loved one,—

14. This were indeed to feel
The soul-thirst slaken at the living stream,—
To live,—O God! that life is but a dream!
And death——Aha! I reel,—
Dim,—dim,—I faint,—darkness comes o'er my eye,—
Cover me! save me!——God of Heaven! I die

15. 'Twas morning, and the old man lay alone
No friend had closed his eyelids, and his lips,
Open and ashy pale, th' expression wore
Of his death-struggle. His long silvery hair
Lay on his hollow temples thin and wild,
His frame was wasted, and his features wan
And haggard as with want, and in his palm
His nails were driven deep, as if the throe
Of the last agony had wrung him sore.

16. The storm was raging still. The shutter swung
Creaking as harshly in the fitful wind,
And all without went on,—as aye it will,
Sunshine or tempest, reckless that a heart
Is breaking, or has broken, in its change.

17. The fire beneath the crucible was out;
The vessels of his mystic art lay round,
Useless and cold as the ambitious hand
That fashioned them, and the small rod,
Familiar to his touch for threescore years,
Lay on th' alembic's rim, as if it still
Might vex the elements at its master's will.

18. And thus had passed from its unequal frame
A soul of fire,—a sun-bent eagle stricken

From his high soaring down,—an instrument
Broken with its own compass. O, how poor
Seems the rich gift of genius, when it lies,
Like the adventurous bird that hath outflown
His strength upon the sea, ambition-wrecked,—
A thing the thrush might pity, as she sits
Brooding in quiet on her lowly nest.

LESSON CLXX.

DUTIES OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.

WAYLAND.

1. IT devolves on us to sustain and chasten the love of liberty, among the friends of reform in other nations. It is not enough that the people everywhere desire a change. The subversion of a bad government is by no means synonymous with the establishment of a better A people must know what it is to be free; they must have learned to reverence themselves, and bow implicitly to the principles of right, or nothing can be gained by a change of institutions. A constitution written on paper is utterly worthless, unless it also be written on the hearts of a people.

2. Unless men have learned to govern themselves, they may be plunged into all the horrors of civil war, and yet emerge from the most fearful revolution, a lawless nation of sanguinary slaves. But if this country remain happy, and its institutions free, it will render the people of other countries acquainted with the fundamental principles of the science of government; this knowledge will silently produce its practical results, and insensibly train them for freedom.

3. From the relation which we now sustain to the friends of free institutions, it is evident that to this nation they will look for precedent and example. Thus far our institutions have conferred on man all that any form of government was ever expected to bestow. Should the grand experiment which we are now making on the human character succeed, there can be

no doubt that other governments, following our example, will be formed on the principles of equality and right.

4. And if the cause of true religion and man shall eventually triumph, who can tell how splendid are the destinies which will then await this country? One feeling,—the love of liberty, will have cemented together all the nations of the earth. Though speaking different languages and inhabiting different regions, all will be but one people, united in the pursuit of one object,—the happiness of the whole.

5. At the head of this truly holy alliance, if faithful to her trust, will then this nation be found,—the first that taught them to be free; the first that suffered in the contest;—the nation that most freely and most firmly stood by them in the hour of their calamity;—at her feet will they lay the tribute of universal gratitude. Each one bound to her by every sentiment of interest and affection, she will be the center of the new system, which shall then emerge out of the chaos of ancient institutions. Henceforth she will sway for ages the destinies of the world.

6. Who does not kindle into enthusiasm, as he contemplates the mighty interests connected with the prosperity of this country? With the success of our institutions, the cause of man throughout the civilized world, seems indissolubly interwoven.

7. It is not our duty or our policy to do any thing which shall at all interfere with the internal concerns of any other government. We should thus compromise the fundamental principle of our constitution, that civil institutions are to be established or modified only in obedience to the will of the majority. But this *will* can be ascertained only by allowing each nation to select for itself that form of government, which it chooses.

8. If the majority of any nation are willing to be slaves, no power on earth can make them free. It is certainly their misfortune; but physical force can do them no good. We may extend to them every facility for the dissemination of knowledge and religion; this we owe to them as brethren of the

human race; but having done this, we must commit them to the decision of an All-wise and holy Providence.

9. It is evident, then, that all we are called upon to do for other nations in the cause of liberty, must be done at home. Our power resides in the force of our example. It is by exhibiting to other nations the practical excellence of a government of law, that they will learn its nature and advantages, and will, in due time, achieve their own emancipation. The question then, what can we do to promote the cause of liberty throughout the world, resolves itself into another, what can we do to insure the success of that experiment which our institutions are making upon the character of man?

10. Whatever we would do for our country, must be done for THE PEOPLE. Great results can never be effected in any other way. Specially is this the case under a republican constitution. Here the people are not only the real, but the acknowledged, fountain of all authority. They make the laws, and they control the execution of them. They direct the senate, they overawe the cabinet, and hence it is the moral and intellectual character of the people, which must give to the "very age and body of our institutions their form and pressure."

11. So long as our people remain virtuous and intelligent, our government will remain stable. While they clearly perceive, and honestly decree justice, our laws will be wholesome, and the principles of our constitution will commend themselves everywhere to the common sense of man. But should they become ignorant and vicious; should their decisions become the dictates of passion and venality, rather than of reason and of right, that moment are our liberties at an end; and, glad to escape from the despotism of millions, we shall flee for shelter to the despotism of one. Then will the world's last hope be extinguished, and darkness brood for ages over the whole human race.

12. Not less important is moral and intellectual cultivation, if we would prepare our country to stand forth the bulwark of the liberties of the world. Should the time to try men's

souls ever come again, our reliance under God must be, as it was before, on the character of our citizens. Our soldiers must be men whose bosoms have swollen with the conscious dignity of freemen, and who, firmly trusting in a righteous God, can look unmoved on embattled nations leagued together for purposes of wrong.

13. When the means of education everywhere throughout our country, shall be free as the air we breathe; when every family shall have its Bible, then, and not till then, shall we exert our proper influence on the cause of man; then, and not till then, shall we be prepared to stand forth between the oppressor and the oppressed, and say to the proud wave of domination, Thus far shalt thou come and no farther.

LESSON CLXXI.

Explanatory Notes.—1. The Iliad and Odyssey are two very celebrated poems written by Homer, the great Grecian poet, who lived about 900 years before Christ.

2. Ilissus is the name of a small river in Greece.

3. Scio is the name of a small island in the Grecian Archipelago, on which it is claimed Homer resided in his old age, at which time it is said he was blind.

DUTIES OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.—Continued.

Wayland

1. The paramount duty of every American citizen, is, to put in requisition every possible means for elevating universally the intellectual and moral character of our people. The intellectual stores of the English language are open before every man, in which he may find all the knowledge that he will ever need to form his opinions upon any subjects, on which it will be his duty to decide. A man who can not read, is a being not contemplated by the genius of our constitution. Where the right of suffrage is extended to all, he is certainly a dangerous member of the community, who has not qualified himself to exercise it.

2. But though the entire mass of our population should be intellectually educated, still only a part, and by far the least

important part, of our work will have been accomplished. We have increased the power of the people, but we have left it doubtful in what direction that power will be exerted. We have made it certain that a public opinion will be formed; but whether that opinion shall be healthful or destructive, is yet to be decided.

3. We have cut our channels, by which knowledge may be conveyed to every individual of our mighty population; it remains for us, by means of these very channels, to instill into every bosom an unshaken reverence for the principles of *right*. Having gone thus far, we must go still farther; for we must be aware that the tenure, by which our liberties are held, can never be secure, unless *moral*, keep pace with intellectual, education. It is our imperative duty, therefore, to cultivate the moral character of our people.

4. The means, by which this may be effected, we have in our own hands. We have a book of tried efficacy,—a book which contains the only successful appeal that was ever made to the moral sense of man,—a book which unfolds the only remedy that has ever been applied with any effect to the direful maladies of the human heart. I refer to the Holy Scriptures.

5. That the truths of the Bible have the power of awakening an intense moral feeling in man under every variety of character, learned or ignorant, civilized or savage; that they make bad men good, and send a pulse of healthful feeling through all the domestic, civil, and social relations; that they teach men to love right, to hate wrong, and to seek each other's welfare as the children of one common Parent; that they control the baleful passions of the human heart, and thus make man a proficient in the science of self-government; and that they teach him to aspire after conformity to a Being of infinite holiness, and fill him with hopes infinitely more purifying, more exalting, more suited to his nature than any other, which this world has ever known; are facts, incontrovertible as the laws of philosophy, or the demonstrations of mathematics.

6. Of all the books, with which this world has been deluged, since the invention of writing, the number of those are

very small, which has produced any perceptible effect on the mass of human character. By far the greater part have been, even by their contemporaries, unnoticed and unknown. Not many a one has made its little mark upon the generation that produced it, though it sunk with that generation to utter forgetfulness. But after the ceaseless toil of six thousand years, how few have been the works, the adamantine basis of whose reputation has stood unhurt amid the fluctuations of time, and whose impressions can be traced through successive centuries on the history of our species.

7. When, however, such a work appears, its effects are absolutely incalculable; such a work is the ILIAD[1] OF HOMER. Who can estimate the results produced by this incomparable effort of a single mind! Who can tell what Greece owes to this first-born of song! Her breathing marbles, her solemn temples, her unrivaled elegance, and her matchless verse, all point us to that transcendent genius, who, by the very splendor of his own effulgence, woke the human intellect from the slumber of ages.

8. It was Homer who gave laws to the artist; it was Homer who inspired the poet; it was Homer who thundered in the senate, and, more than all, it was Homer who was sung by the people; and hence a nation was cast into the mold of one mighty mind, and the land of the Iliad became the region of taste,—the birth-place of the arts. Nor was this influence confined within the limits of Greece. Long after the scepter of empire had passed westward, genius still held her court on the banks of the Ilissus,[2] and, from the country of Homer, gave laws to the world.

9. The light which the blind old man of Scio[3] had kindled in Greece, shed its radiance over Italy; and thus did he awaken a second nation to intellectual existence. And we may form some idea of the power which this one work has, to the present day, exerted over the mind of man, by remarking that "nation after nation, and century after century has been able to do little more than transpose his incidents, new-name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments."

10. But considered simply as an intellectual production, who will compare the poems of Homer with the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament? Where in the Iliad shall we find simplicity and pathos to vie with the narrative of Moses, or maxims of conduct to equal in wisdom the Proverbs of Solomon, or sublimity which does not fade away before the conceptions of Job or David, of Isaiah or St. John. But I can not pursue this comparison. I feel that it is doing wrong to the mind which dictated the Iliad, and to those other mighty intellects, on whom the light of the holy oracles never shone.

11. Who that has read his poem has not observed how he strove in vain to give dignity to the mythology of his time? Who has not seen how the religion of his country, unable to support the flight of his imagination, sunk powerless beneath him? It is in the unseen world that the master-spirits of our race breathe freely and are at home; and it is mournful to behold the intellect of Homer, striving to free itself from the conceptions of materialism, and then sinking down in hopeless despair, to weave idle fables about Jupiter and Juno, Apollo and Diana. But the difficulties, under which he labored, are abundantly illustrated by the fact, that the light which he poured upon the human intellect, taught other ages how unworthy was the religion of his day of the man who was compelled to use it.

12. If then so great results have flowed from this one effort of a single mind, what may we not expect from the combined efforts of several, at least his equals in power over the human heart? If that one genius, though groping in the thick darkness of absurd idolatry, wrought so glorious a transformation in the character of his countrymen, what may we not look for from the universal dissemination of those writings, on whose authors was poured the full splendor of eternal truth? If unassisted human nature, spell-bound by a childish mythology, has done so much, what may we not hope from the supernatural efforts of pre-eminent genius, which spake as it was moved by the Holy Ghost?

13. If then we would see the foundations laid broad and

deep, on which the fabric of this country's liberties shall rest to the remotest generations; if we would see her carry forward the work of political reformation, and rise the bright and morning star of freedom over a benighted world; let us elevate the intellectual and moral character of every class of our citizens, and especially let us imbue them thoroughly with the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

LESSON CLXXII.

THE VALUE OF TIME.

YOUNG.

1. YOUTH is not rich in time; it may be poor.
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth;—
And what its worth? Ask death-beds,—they can tell.
Part with it as with life, reluctant.

2. On all-important time, through every age,
Though much and warm the wise have urged, the man
Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.
"*I've lost a day!*"—the prince who nobly cried,
Had been an emperor without his crown.
Of Rome? say, rather, lord of human race;
He spoke as if deputed by mankind.
So should all speak,—so reason speaks in all.

3. Time is eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give,—
Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile.
Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal, only not adored.
Ah! how unjust to nature and himself
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure nature for a span too short,—
That span too short we tax as tedious too,—
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the lingering moments into speed,

And whirl us,—happy riddance!—from ourselves.
Art, brainless art! our furious charioteer,
Drives headlong toward the precipice of death,—
Death most our dread,—death thus more dreadful made.

4. Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age.
Behold him when passed by,—what then is seen
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast, cry out on his career.
Time wasted is existence; used, is life;
And bare existence man, to live ordained,
Wrings and oppresses with enormous weight.
And why? since time was given for use, not waste,
Enjoined to fly with tempest, tide, and stars,
To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man.

5. Time's use was doomed a pleasure; waste, a pain;
That man might feel his error if unseen,
And, feeling, fly to labor for his cure.
Life's cares are comforts,—such by Heaven designed;
He that has none, must make them, or be wretched.
Cares are employments, and without employ
The soul is on a rack, the rack of rest,
To souls most adverse,—action, all their joy.

6. O the dark days of vanity! While here
How tasteless! and how terrible when gone!
Gone? they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still
The spirit walks of every day deceased,
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
Nor death nor life delights us. If time past
And time possessed both pain us. what can please?
That which the Deity to please ordained,—
TIME USED. The man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous effort and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death,—
He walks with nature, and her paths are peace.

LESSON CLXXIII.

ADVERTISEMENT OF A LOST DAY.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

1. LOST! lost! lost!
A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
And graved in Paradise.
Set round with three times eight
Large diamonds, clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones,
All changeful as the light.

2. Lost,—where the thoughtless throng
In fashion's mazes wind,
Where trilleth folly's song,
Leaving a sting behind;
Yet to my hand 'twas given
A golden harp to buy,
Such as the white-robed choir attune
To deathless minstrelsy.

3. Lost! lost! lost!
I feel all search is vain;
That gem of countless cost
Can ne'er be mine again:
I offer no reward,
For till these heart-strings sever,
I know that Heaven-intrusted gift
Is reft away forever.

4. But when the sea and land,
Like burning scrolls, have fled,
I'll see it in His hand,
Who judgeth quick and dead;
And when of scathe and loss,
That man can ne'er repair,
The dread inquiry meets my soul,
What shall it answer there?

LESSON CLXXIV.

EULOGY ON NOAH WEBSTER.

CHANCELLOR KENT.

1. FOR nearly half a century, amidst obstacles and toils, disappointments and infirmities, this eminent Philologist has nobly sustained his courage; and by means of his extraordinary skill and industry in the investigation of languages, he will transmit his name to the latest posterity. It will dwell on the tongues of infants, as soon as they have learned to lisp their earliest lessons. It will be stamped on our American literature, and be carried with it over every part of this mighty continent. It will be honored by three hundred millions of people,—for that is the number which, it is computed, will, in some future age, occupy the wide space of territory stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, and from the torrid to the arctic regions.

2. THE AMERICAN DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE is a work of profound investigation, and does infinite honor to the philological learning and general literature of this country. Happy the man who can thus honorably identify his name with the existence of our vernacular tongue. There is no other way in which mortal man could more effectually secure immortality beneath the skies. Obelisks, arches, and triumphal monuments, seem to be as transient as the bubble of military reputation.

3. No work of art can withstand the incessant strokes of Time. The unrivaled Parthenon,* glowing in polished marble, and which, for more than two thousand years, continued from the summit of the citadel of Athens to cast its broad splendors across the plains below, and along the coasts and headlands of Attica, is now crumbling to ruins, after being despoiled of its most exquisite materials by savage war and heartless man

4. Even the Pyramids of Egypt, whose origin is hidden in the deepest recesses of antiquity, and which have always stood

---

* See Note 1, page 40.

in awe-inspiring solitude and grandeur, are now annoyed by the depredations of curiosity, and greatly corroded by the elements, and gradually sinking under the encroaching sands of the desert. This Dictionary, and the language which it embodies, will also perish; but it will not be with *the gorgeous palaces.* It will go with *the solemn temples and the* GREAT GLOBE ITSELF.

LESSON CLXXV.

THE USES OF HISTORY.

W. IRVING.

1. How vain, how fleeting, how uncertain are all those gaudy bubbles, after which we are panting and toiling in this world of fair delusion! The wealth that the miser has amassed with so many weary days, so many sleepless nights, a spendthrift heir may squander in joyless prodigality. The noblest monuments which pride has ever reared to perpetuate a name, the hand of time will shortly tumble into ruins,—and even the brightest laurels, gained by feats of arms, may wither and be forever blighted by the chilling neglect of mankind.

2. "How many illustrious heroes who were once the pride and glory of the age, hath the silence of historians buried in eternal oblivion!" And this it was, that induced the Spartans, when they went to battle, solemnly to sacrifice to the muses, supplicating that their achievements should be worthily recorded. Had not Homer tuned his lofty lyre, observes the elegant Cicero, the valor of Achilles* had remained unsung.

3. The historian is the sovereign censor to decide upon the renown or infamy of his fellow-men,—he is the patron of kings and conquerors, on whom it depends whether they shall live in after ages, or be forgotten as were their ancestors before them. The tyrant may oppress while the object of his tyranny exists, but the historian possesses superior might, for his power extends even beyond the grave.

4. The shades of departed and long-forgotten heroes may be imagined anxiously to bend down from above, while he

---

* ACHILLES was the bravest of all the Greeks in the Trojan war.

writes, watching each movement of his pen, whether it shall pass by their names with neglect, or inscribe them on the deathless pages of renown. Even the drop of ink that hangs trembling on his pen, which he may either dash upon the floor, or waste in idle scrawlings,—that very drop, which to him is not worth the twentieth part of a farthing, may be of incalculable value to some departed worthy,—may elevate half a score in one moment to immortality, who would have given worlds, had they possessed them, to insure the glorious meed.

5. Why, let me ask, are so many illustrious men daily tearing themselves away from the embraces of their families,—slighting the smiles of beauty,—despising the allurements of fortune, and exposing themselves to the miseries of war? Why are kings desolating empires, and depopulating whole countries? In short, what induces all great men, of all ages and countries, to commit so many victories and misdeeds, and inflict so many miseries upon mankind and themselves, but the mere hope that some historian will kindly take them into notice, and admit them into a corner of his volume? For, the mighty object of all their toils, their hardships, and privations, is nothing but immortal fame.

TRUE FAME.

JAY.

1. How many are there who thirst for military glory; and what sacrifices would they not make to obtain it! We have long been spectators of the great tragedy which has been acted on the theater of Europe, and our imaginations have become inflamed. We have beheld mighty hosts encountering each other, desperate battles fought, and victories won. We think of the triumphant march, the blood-stained banner, the captured artillery, and all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, till many of us would willingly face danger and death itself, to acquire a renown equal to that of some favorite hero.

2. Yet the laurel of the conquerer grows only in a soil which

is moistened with blood. It is stained with the tears of the widow, and it thrives in the midst of desolation. Nor is it durable. Amid all the annals of destruction, how few are the names which we remember and pronounce!

3. But is there glory which is pure and enduring, and which deserves to be sought? Yes, the love of fame is a noble passion, given us not to be extinguished, but to be used aright. There is a glory which a wise man will covet, which a good man will aspire to, which will follow him from this world to the next; and there, in the presence of an assembled universe of angels, and of just men made perfect, place a crown upon his brow, that fadeth not away.

LESSON CLXXVI.

MANIFEST PRESENCE OF THE DEITY.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

1. THOU UNCREATE, UNSEEN, UNDEFINED,
Source of all life, and Fountain of the mind;
Pervading SPIRIT, whom no eye can trace,
Felt through all time, and working in all space,—
Imagination can not paint that spot,
Around, above, beneath, where Thou art not!

2. Before the glad stars hymned to new-born Earth,
Or young Creation reveled in its birth,
Thy Spirit moved upon the pregnant deep,
Unchained the waveless waters from their sleep,
Bade Time's majestic wings to be unfurled,
And out of darkness drew the breathing world!

3. Ere matter formed at Thy creative tone,
Thou wast!—Omnific, Endless, and Alone;
In Thine own essence, all that was to be,—
Sublime, unfathomable Deity!
Thou saidst,—and lo! a universe was born,
And light flashed from Thee, for its birth-day morn!

4. A thunder-storm!—the eloquence of heaven!
When every cloud is from its slumber driven,—
Who hath not paused beneath its hollow groan,
And felt an OMNIPRESENCE round him thrown?
With what a gloom the ush'ring scene appears!
The leaves all shivering with expectant fears,
The waters curling with a kindred dread,
A vailing fervor round creation spread,
And, last, the heavy rain's reluctant shower,
With big drops patt'ring on the tree and bower,
While wizard shapes the bowing sky deform,—
All mark the coming of the thunder-storm!

5. Oh! now to be alone on some still hight,
Where heaven's black curtains hang before the sight,
And watch the swollen clouds their bosoms clash,
While fleet and far the lightning-daggers flash,
Like rocks in battle, on the ocean's bed,
While the dashed billows foam around their head!
To mark the caverns of the sky disclose
The furnace flames that in their depths repose,
And see the fiery arrows fall and rise,
In dizzy chase along the rattling skies!—
How stirs the spirit while the thunders roll,
And some vast PRESENCE rocks from pole to pole!

6 List! now the cradled winds have hushed their roar,
And infant waves curl pouting to the shore,
While drenched Earth seems to wake up fresh and clear,
Like Hope just risen from the gloom of fear,—
And the bright dew-bead on the bramble lies,
Like liquid rapture upon beauty's eyes,—
How heavenly 'tis to take the pensive range,
And mark 'tween storm and calm the lovely change

7 First comes the sun, unvailing half his face,
Like a coy virgin, with reluctant grace,
While dark clouds, skirted with his slanting ray,
Roll, one by one, in azure depths away,—

Till pearly shapes, like molten billows, lie
Along the tinted bosom of the sky;
Next breezes swell forth with harmonious charm,
Panting and wild, like children of the storm!—
Now sipping flowers, now making blossoms shake,
Or weaving ripples on the grass-green lake;
And thus the Tempest dies,—and bright and still,
The rainbow drops upon the distant hill. * * *

8. Now while the starry choirs aerial rise,
And liquid moonlight mellows all the skies,
O! let sublime Imagination soar
High as the lightning's rage, or thunder's roar;
Ride on the deep, or travel with the sun,
Far as Creation smiles, or Time has run;—
So shall her eagle eye divinely see
All living,—breathing,—full of DEITY!
In every wave, and wind, and fruit, and flower,
The beauty, grace, and terror of His power.

9. Who hung yon planet in its airy shrine,
And dashed the sunbeam from its burning mine?
Who bade the ocean mountain swell and leap,
And thunder rattle from the skyey deep?
Through hill and vale, who twined the healthful stream?
Made rain to nurture, and the fruit to teem?
Who charmed the clod into a breathing shrine,
And filled it with a living flame divine?
One Great Enchanter helmed the harmonious whole,
CREATOR!—GOD!—THE GRAND PRIMEVAL SOUL!

LESSON CLXXVII.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.—1. **BRIAREUS**, among the ancients, was a fabled giant, with a hundred hands and fifty heads.

2. **GALILEO**, an illustrious astronomer, was born at Florence, in 1564. At the age of twenty-four, he was appointed mathematical professor at *Pisa*. But his opposition to old theories of philosophy, created him enemies, which led him to resign the chair. He become a strenuous advocate

of the Copernican system of Astronomy, which taught that the sun was the center, and that the planets, among which was the earth, revolved round it. He was twice compelled by a tribunal, before which he was arraigned, to abjure the system; in the last instance, after repeating the abjuration, he is said to have stamped on the earth, and said, in a low voice, "*It does move, neve. theless.*"

3 **Fire-Cross** is something used in Scotland as a signal to take arms.

INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL POWER.

E. L. Magoon.

1 True power is intellectual. Its honor and reward lie in the capacity of uttering the bright coinage of immortal thought. Providence has appointed our existence in an age and country, most favorable for the illustration of this point. In ruder ages, physical strength obtained mastership in life. In the subsequent era of chivalry, the prowess of military chieftains monopolized the brightest smiles and the richest honors. But under the higher civilization of modern times, beautiful Thought is the favorite sovereign, who from the printed page or speaking lip, sways with omnipotent energy a scepter that is omnipresent.

2. Look at the regal power of mind. If it can not "create a soul under the ribs of death," it will chisel frosty marble into the lineaments and gracefulness of more than kingly majesty. Disdaining to employ agents weak and fragile to execute its purpose, creative mind has produced a Titan progeny, whose strength is greater than Briareus'[1] with his hundred hands. Vivified with a soul ethereal and lightning-winged, these servants, whose toil is neither uncompensated nor unjust, open the quarry and drive the loom; or when linked to the car and ship, they unexhausted go,

"Trailing o'er the earth,
And bounding 'cross the sea."

3. There are intellects at this moment extant and luxuriating in the solitudes of profound meditation, or active in public toil, whose conceptions, long since dispatched on their mission of conquest, are rushing in a thousand directions with infinitely more speed and energy than the eagles of imperial Rome. As the

lightning shineth from the east unto the west, so the clear broad light of sterling thought, glittering through "the spacious circuits of her musing," is pouring an effulgence round the globe. Not the fitful coruscations of vapid mediocrity, but profound and glowing mind is the universal queen whom all must adore or serve. Republicans though we are, we must acknowledge here is a sovereign, victorious beyond our envy or our hate.

4. Even here in this doomed earth, where storms howl and disease destroys, the Empires that rise, and the institutions that rule, are only lengthened shadows of individual minds, walking before the sun of immortal glory. It is the same now as it ever has been; the thick ranks of the great army of mankind, are marching, with lock-step, over the field of time to great conflicts and eternal rewards.

5. They march to the music of thought, regular or distracting, and he who plays loudest and best, will be followed by the strongest host. A thought put into action, is infinitely more effective than exploding cannon. The tones of true eloquence will drown all their uproar, counteract the force of their destruction, and render the mightiest despots utterly impotent before the splendors of inspiring TRUTH. * * *

6. The will of God requires us not to elevate a few by depressing the many; but on the contrary to seek the greatest good of the greatest number. What means are to be used? We must EDUCATE. Let us not leave the mass of mind to grow ignorant and corrupt, and afterward attempt coërcively to bind it. Xerxes may as well expect to chain the vexed Hellespont in peace. Legislation is impotent any longer to resist the beamings of a brighter day.

7. Knowledge is generous and communicative, and jealousy at its progress is a sure symptom of its want. But the day has come when it can not be successfully resisted. Superstition may condemn GALILEO[2] for his improved astronomy, but the earth continues to turn round with all its stupid inhabitants, revolving into light. Some are born in darkness, and have always dwelt there from choice; it is *their* native land; for it

they fight; and it is the only sense, in which they are patriotic. This is natural; but they and all like them, who fear the effulgence bursting up the horizon, should quickly kindle counter fires, and *educate*, EDUCATE!

8. The more obstructions are thrown before the flooding tide of knowledge, the more destructive energies will be developed The force of cannon may quell mobs, but education will prevent them. Moral power creates the strongest munitions of safety, while arbitrary compulsion degrades both the tyrant and his victim. We may expect a few will cry out against increased illumination, as that which they deprecate, shames bigotry, cures superstition, and destroys all tyranny over body and soul. But the fire-cross' of wisdom is shining from hill-top to hill-top, and is rapidly bounding from land to land. Aggressions into the kingdom of darkness, have commenced. We do not cry, "*havoc and bloodshed*," but we do say,—"LET THERE BE LIGHT!"

1. "LET THERE BE LIGHT!" the Eternal spoke,
And from the abyss where darkness rode,
The earliest dawn of nature broke,
And light around creation flowed.
The glad earth smiled to see the day,—
The first-born day,—come blushing in;
The young day smiled to shed its ray
Upon a world untouched by sin.

2. "LET THERE BE LIGHT!" O'er heaven and earth,
The God who first the day-beam poured,
Uttered again His fiat forth,
And shed the Gospel's light abroad;
And, like the dawn, its cheering rays
On rich and poor were meant to fall.
Inspiring their Redeemer's praise,
In lowly cot and lordly hall.

HOFFMAN.

LESSON CLXXVIII.

SCOTLAND AND NEW ENGLAND.

Robert Turnbull

"Land of the forest and the rock,
Of dark blue lake and mighty river,
Of mountains reared aloft to mock
The storm's career, the lightning's shock,
My own green land forever!
Land of the beautiful and brave!
The freeman's home, the martyr's grave!
The nursery of giant men,
Whose deeds have linked with every glen,
The magic of a warrior's name!"

1. It is the mind which transfers its own ethereal colors to the forms of matter, and invests scenes and places with new and peculiar attractions. Like the light of the moon streaming through a leafy grove, and transforming its darkness into its own radiant beauty, the spirit of man diffuses its own inspiration through the universe,

"Making all nature
Beauty to the eye and music to the ear."

2. No country will appear to us so beautiful, as the one which happens to be endeared to our hearts by early recollections and pleasant associations. No matter how rude and wild,—that spot of all others on earth, will appear to us the sweetest and most attractive. "New England," says a native of Massachusetts, "is the glory of all lands. No hills and vales are more picturesque than hers, no rivers more clear and beautiful."

3. Others may speak disparagingly of the sour climate and barren soil of Scotland; but to a native of that country, the land of his fathers is invested with all the charms of poetry and romance. Every spot of its varied surface, is hallowed ground. He sees its rugged rocks and desolate moors mantled with the hoary memories of by-gone days, the thrilling associations of childhood and youth.

4. What visions of ancient glory cluster around the time-honored name! What associations of wild native grandeur,—of wizard beauty and rough magnificence! What gleams of

poetic sunlight,—what recollections of martial daring by flood and field,—what hallowed faith and burning zeal,—what martyr toils and martyr graves,—monuments of freedom's struggles and freedom's triumphs in moor or glen,—what ancient song echoing among the hills,—what lofty inspiration of the Bible and covenant,—in a word, what dear and hallowed memories of that "Auld lang syne," indigenous only to Scotland, though known throughout the world!

5. Beautiful is New England, resembling as she does, in many of her features, "auld Scotia's hills and dales," and moreover being much akin to her, in religious sentiment and love of freedom; so that a native of either might well be forgiven for clinging with peculiar fondness to the land of his birth, and, in certain moods of mind, preferring it to all the world beside.

6. Though far away, and even loving the place of his estrangement, he can not, if he would, altogether renounce those ties which bind him to his early home. A viewless chain which crosses ocean and continent, conveys from the one to the other that subtile, yet gracious influence, which is quicker and stronger than the lightning's gleam.

---

7. STERN land! we love thy woods and rocks,
Thy rushing streams, and winter glooms,
And memory, like a pilgrim gray,
Kneels at thy temples and thy tombs;
The thoughts of these, where'er we dwell,
Come o'er us like a holy spell,
A star to light our path of tears,
A rainbow on the sky of years!

8. Above thy cold and rocky breast,
The tempest sweeps, the night-wind wails,
But virtue, peace, and love, like birds,
Are nestled 'mid thy hills and vales;
A glory o'er each plain and glen,
Walks with thy free and iron men,
And lights her sacred beacon still,
With Bennington and Bunker Hill.— G. D. PRENTICE.

LESSON CLXXIX.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

George D. Prentice

1. 'Tis midnight's holy hour,—and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling,—'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moon-beams rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand,—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter with its aged locks,—and breathe,
In mournful cadences that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the Earth forever.

2 'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a specter dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That specter lifts
The coffin-lid of Hope, and Joy, and Love,
And, bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms, that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness.

3 The year
Has gone, and, with it, many a glorious throng

Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course,
It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful,—
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man,—and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous,—and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones, is heard where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded.

4. It passed o'er
The battle-plain, where sword, and spear, and shield,
Flashed in the light of mid-day,—and the strength
Of serried hosts, is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and moldering skeleton. It came,
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

5. Remorseless Time!
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe!—what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on,
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern Hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag,—but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinions.

6. Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast

Of dreaming sorrow,—cities rise and sink
Like bubbles on the water,—fiery isles
Spring blazing from the Ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns,—Mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain,—new Empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations,—and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter a while in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away
To darkle in the trackless void,—Yet, Time,
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

LESSON CLXXX.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.—1. RICHELIEU and MAZARINE were celebrated French statesmen.

2. CECILS were eminent English statesmen, who lived in the sixteenth century.

3. THE EARL OF CHATHAM, or WILLIAM PITT, one of the most illustrious statesmen of England, ruled his country solely by the superiority of his genius. In eloquence he was not surpassed by any of his countrymen. Integrity and patriotism were united in him with indefatigable industry and sagacity. He became particularly distinguished as a friend and advocate of the American colonies, and strongly deprecated the coërcive measures of his country toward them.

4. AMPHICTYONS were deputies from the different Grecian states, who composed the general assembly, which regulated certain general affairs. It was established by AMPHICTYON.

5. ACHÆANS were the inhabitants of ACHAIA, one of the Grecian states. The ACHÆAN LEAGUE was formed by a few cities for the maintenance of their security and independence.

6. LYCIANS were the inhabitants of LYCIA, a province of Asia Minor.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

JARED SPARKS.

1. IN many respects the history of North America differs from that of every other country, and in this difference it possesses an interest peculiar to itself, especially for those whose lot has been cast here, and who look back with a generous pride to the deeds of ancestors, by whom a nation's existence has been created, and a nation's glory adorned. The acts of the Revolution derive dignity and interest from the character of the actors, and the nature and magnitude of the events.

2. In all great political revolutions, men have arisen, possessed of extraordinary endowments, adequate to the exigency of the time. It is true, that such revolutions, or any remarkable and continued exertions of human power, must be brought to pass by corresponding qualities in the agents; but whether the occasion makes the men, or the men the occasion, may not always be ascertained with exactness. In either case, however, no period has been adorned with examples more illustrious, or more perfectly adapted to the high destiny awaiting them, than that of the American Revolution.

3. Statesmen were at hand, who, if not skilled in the art of governing empires, were thoroughly imbued with the principles of just government, intimately acquainted with the history of former ages, and, above all, with the condition, sentiments, feelings of their countrymen. If there were no Richelieus nor Mazarines,[1] no Cecils[2] nor Chathams,[3] in America, there were men, who, like Themistocles, knew how to raise a small state to glory and greatness.

Twenty-seven cities of Lycia formed a confederated Republic, with a CONGRESS which regulated the general public concerns, and a PRESIDENT, called *Lyciarch*, or *Governor of Lycia*.

7. **WILLIAM PRESCOTT** was a distinguished Revolutionary officer. He was the commander of the American soldiers at the battle of Bunker Hill.

8. **WARREN** was a Major-General in the Revolutionary army, of distinguished learning and ability. In the Battle of Bunker Hill he joined the Americans as a volunteer to encourage them and was killed.

9. **FABIUS**, one of the greatest Generals of ancient Rome, saved his country, when threatened with ruin after the Romans had been defeated by the Carthaginians under Hannibal.

4. The eloquence and the internal counsels of the Old Congress, were never recorded; we know them only in their results; but that assembly, with no other power than that conferred by the suffrage of the people, with no other influence than that of their public virtue and talents, and without precedent to guide their deliberations, unsupported even by the arm of law or ancient usages,—that assembly levied troops, imposed taxes, and for years not only retained the confidence, and upheld the civil existence of a distracted country, but carried through a perilous war under its most aggravated burdens of sacrifice and suffering.

5. Can we imagine a situation, in which were required higher moral courage, more intelligence and talent, a deeper insight into human nature and the principles of social and political organization, or, indeed, any of those qualities which constitute greatness of character in a statesman? See, likewise, that work of wonder, the Confederation, a union of independent states, constructed in the very heart of a desolating war, but with a beauty and strength, imperfect as it was, of which the ancient leagues of the Amphictyons[4], the Achæans,[5] the Lycians,[6] and the modern confederacies of Germany, Holland, Switzerland, afford neither exemplar nor parallel.

6. In their foreign affairs these same statesmen showed no less sagacity and skill, taking their stand boldly in the rank of nations, maintaining it there, competing with the tactics of practiced diplomacy, and extorting from the powers of the old world, not only the homage of respect, but the proffers of friendship.

7. The military events of the Revolution, which necessarily occupy so much of its history, are not less honorable to th actors, nor less fruitful in the evidences they afford of large designs and ability of character. But these we need not recount. They live in the memory of all; we have heard them from the lips of those who saw and suffered; they are inscribed on imperishable monuments; the very hills and plains around us tell of achievements which can never die; and the day will come, when the traveler who has gazed and pondered

at Marathon[*] and Waterloo, will linger on the mount where Prescott[*] fought and Warren[*] fell, and say, "Here is the field where man has struggled in his most daring conflict; here is the field where liberty poured out her noblest blood, and won her brightest and most enduring laurels."

8. Happy was it for America, happy for the world, that a great name, a guardian genius, presided over her destinies in war, combining more than the virtues of the Roman Fabius[*] and the Theban Epaminondas,[†] and compared with whom the conquerors of the old world, the Alexanders and Cesars, are but pageants crimsoned with blood and decked with the trophies of slaughter, objects equally of the wonder and the execration of mankind. The hero of America was the conqueror only of his country's foes, and the hearts of his countrymen. To the one he was a terror, and in the other he gained an ascendency, supreme, unrivaled, the tribute of admiring gratitude, the reward of a nation's love.

9. The American armies, compared with the embattled legions of the old world, were small in numbers, but the soul of a whole people centered in the bosom of these more than Spartan bands, and vibrated quickly and keenly with every incident that befell them, whether in their feats of valor, or the acuteness of their sufferings. The country itself was one wild battle-field, in which not merely the life-blood, but the dearest interests, the sustaining hopes, of every individual, were at stake.

10. It was not a war of pride and ambition between monarchs, in which an island or a province might be the award of success; it was a contest for personal liberty and civil rights, coming down in its principles to the very sanctuary of home and the fireside, and determining for every man the measure of responsibility he should hold over his own condition, possessions, and happiness. The spectacle was grand and new, and may well be cited as the most glowing page in the annals of progressive man.

11. The instructive lesson of history, teaching by example,

---

[*] See Note 1, page 332. [†] See Note, page 40.

can no where be studied with more profit, or with a better promise, than in this revolutionary period of America; and especially by us who sit under the tree our fathers have planted, enjoy its shade, and are nourished by its fruits. But little is our merit, or gain, that we applaud their deeds, unless we emulate their virtues.

12. Love of country was in them an absorbing principle, an undivided feeling,—not of a fragment, a section, but of the whole country. Union was the arch, on which they raised the strong tower of a nation's independence. Let the arm be palsied, that would loosen one stone in the basis of this fair structure, or mar its beauty,—the tongue mute, that would dishonor their names, by calculating the value of that which they deemed without price.

13. They left us an example already inscribed in the world's memory,—an example portentous to the aims of tyranny in every land,—an example that will console in all ages the drooping aspirations of oppressed humanity. They have left us a written charter as a legacy, and as a guide to our course. But every day convinces us that a written charter may become powerless. Ignorance may misinterpret it; ambition may assail and faction destroy its vital parts; and aspiring knavery may at last sing its requiem on the tomb of departed liberty.

14. It is the spirit which lives;—in this are our safety and our hope,—the spirit of our fathers; and while this dwells within our remembrance, and its flame is cherished, ever burning, ever pure, on the altar of our hearts,—while it incites us to think as they have thought, and do as they have done, the honor and the praise will be ours, to have preserved unimpaired the rich inheritance which they so nobly achieved.

THE END.

428.6
Sa56

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA
wils
428.6 Sa56
Sanders, Charles W. (Charles Walton), 18
The school reader. Fifth book. Designed
3 1951 002 358 246 A